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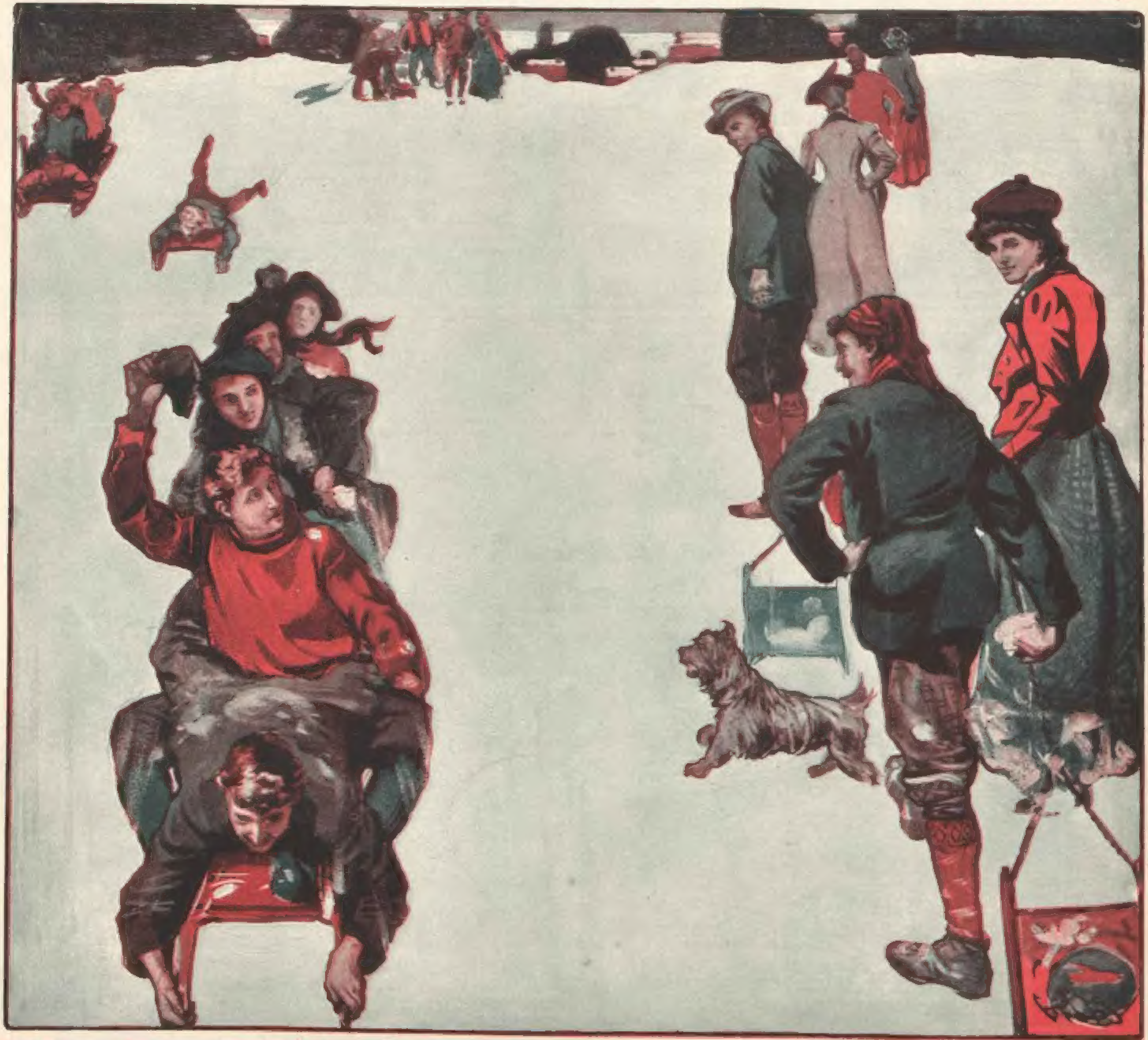

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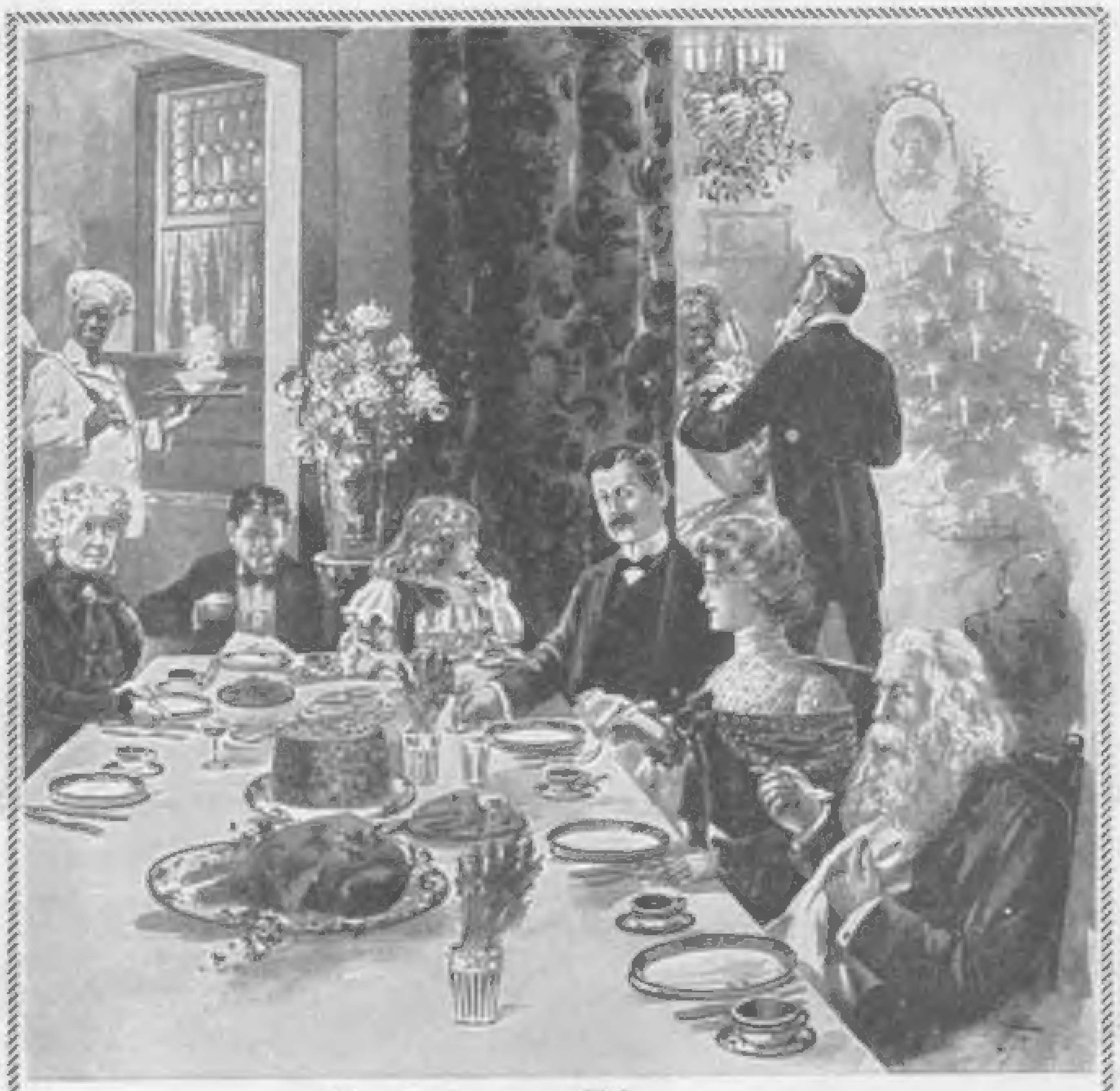

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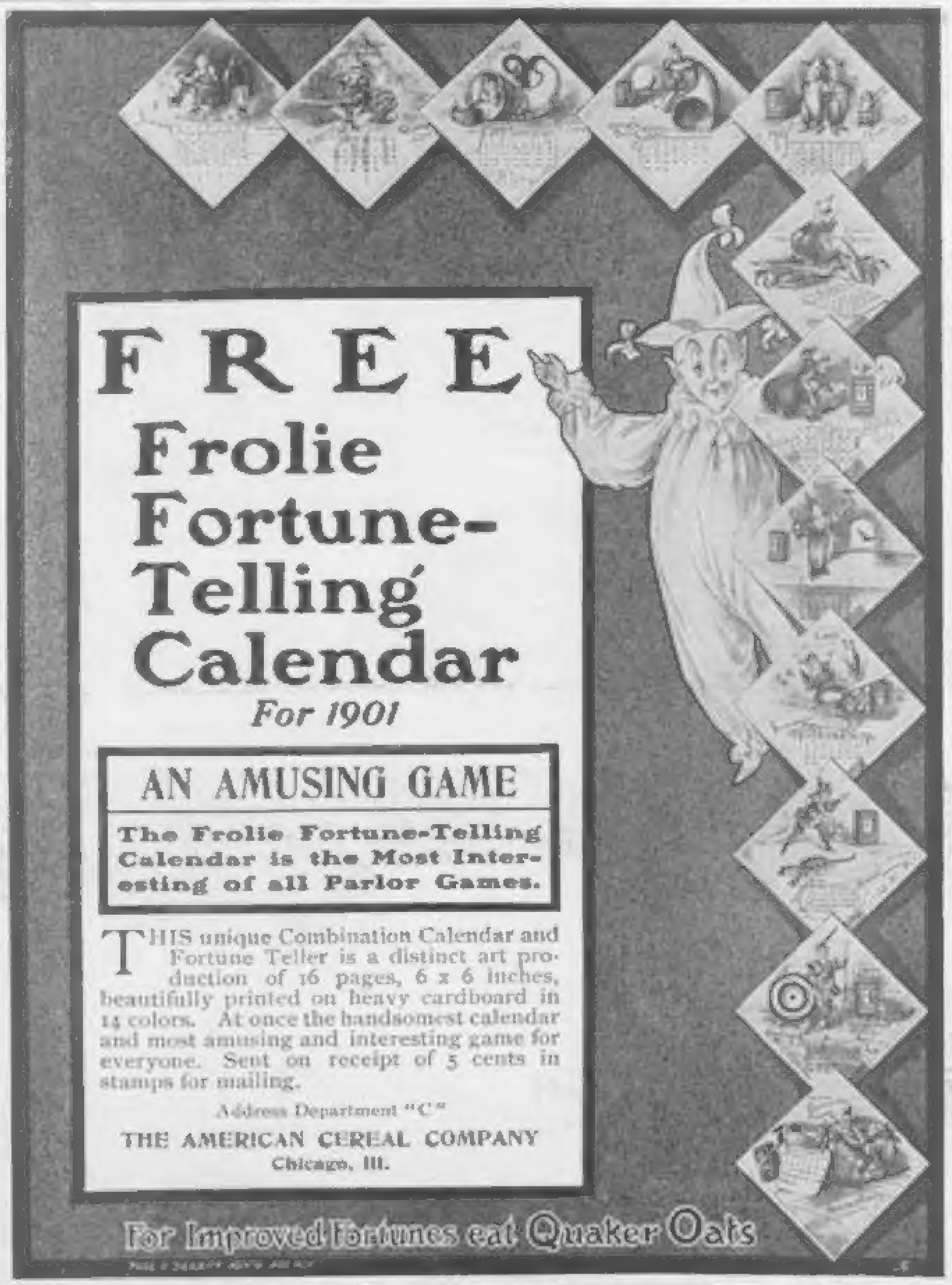

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Our Diplomatic Relations with China. By Hon. John W. Foster

LI HUNG CHANG
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LONG before our independence the American Colonies had established a trade with China, through the port of Canton, but for many years after the opening of the present century no official intercourse existed between the Governments. The war between Great Britain and China which began in 1840 and ended in 1842, known as the "Opium War," was the culmination of efforts on the part of the Western Powers to secure protection for their commerce and establish a greater equality of official relations.

Previous to that war a Consul had been appointed by the United States at Canton, but his relations were confined to intercourse by letter with the Governor of Canton. By that time the American trade with China through that single port had grown to large proportions, and President Van Buren had made it the subject of a message to Congress. At the conclusion of the British war, Secretary Webster, who had a clear conception of the great trade which might be opened to the enterprising American merchant in China, wrote for President Tyler an important message which was sent to Congress in December, 1842, and inaugurated our diplomatic relations with that Empire. In this message he stated that "a citizen of much intelligence and weight of character" should be sent as a Plenipotentiary to establish official intercourse with the Chinese Government, and that "to secure the services of such an individual a compensation should be made corresponding with the magnitude and importance of the mission." Congress acted upon the recommendation, the desired appropriation was made, and Caleb Cushing, a distinguished member of Congress from Massachusetts, was appointed Commissioner Plenipotentiary.

Mr. Cushing had many difficulties and much trial of his patience in accomplishing his mission. He was taken to his post in a man-of-war, but when he arrived at the mouth of the river the vessel was refused permission to ascend to Canton, and the Governor of the city declined to give him a personal audience. Although his appointment and expected arrival had been long before announced to the Chinese authorities by the American Consul, no steps had been taken to receive or treat with him. He thereupon proposed to proceed to Tien-Tsin in the man-of-war, en route to Peking. He was told in reply, by Imperial edict, that "America never as yet having complied with the custom of presenting tribute," and the danger of exciting alarm by the presence of a man-of-war being so great, he would not be permitted to go to Tien-Tsin. Mr. Cushing then proposed to go to the capital by land, and by a second edict the Governor was told to "clearly explain that neither by sea nor by land can it be permitted him to enter Peking," but that an Imperial commissioner of high rank had been appointed by the Emperor to come to Canton and treat with him. In this way weeks and months wore away before Mr. Cushing could have sight of a Chinese official. Finally, after about four months' waiting outside of Chinese territory, at Hongkong and Macao, he received a communication from Tsi Yeng, the Imperial Plenipotentiary, conveying the cheerful intelligence, as he wrote, that "in a few days we shall take each other by the hand and converse and rejoice together with indescribable delight," which, in view of the delays and tergiversations experienced, Mr. Cushing was inclined to accept as a somewhat exaggerated figure of speech.

But even then the negotiations were not to take place in Chinese territory, as Tsi Yeng appointed Macao, a Portuguese port, as the place of meeting. The time consumed in framing and agreeing upon a treaty, however, was not unduly prolonged, as the British Government had only recently concluded a treaty, and this was followed in most of its provisions, the treaty being signed July 3, 1844. Mr. Cushing received much credit for the successful accomplishment of his mission, and from that day forward our diplomatic relations with the Celestial Empire have remained unbroken.

Webster's Attempted Retreat

The establishment of these relations recalls a piece of domestic political history of the period, especially interesting because of the distinguished personages connected with it. Mr. Webster, appointed Secretary of State by Harrison, was the only member of the Whig Cabinet who remained in it under Tyler, after the latter apostatized from the party which elected him. After he had concluded the settlement of the northeastern boundary dispute, the main object for which he retained his portfolio, and smarting under the criticism of his old party associates, he resolved to retire from the Cabinet, but desired an honorable means of escape. So it was arranged with President Tyler that a special mission to London be created to adjust the Oregon boundary and other irritating questions with Great Britain; Congress was asked to make the necessary appropriation; and Mr. Webster was to be appointed the special Plenipotentiary. But Congress refused to vote the appropriation; it had, however, as we have seen, just made a liberal appropriation for the new mission to China; whereupon, in order to secure a vacancy for Webster, Edward Everett, our Minister in London, was nominated to the new mission to China, and strong influences were brought to bear to induce him to accept; but he declined. Thus for a second time Webster was frustrated in having closed to him what John Quincy Adams termed "the back door by which he was skillfully to secure to himself a safe retreat from the Tyler Cabinet"; and nothing was left to him but to resign as Secretary of State.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT
PHOTO BY [illegible], NEW YORK

Mr. Everett was probably the best example our country has furnished of a polished and accomplished scholar achieving success in politics. Educated for the pulpit, he turned his attention to literature, attended the German universities and enjoyed the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of letters of Europe, became a professor of Greek in Harvard College and afterward its president. Entering politics, he served successive terms in the lower House of Congress, was repeatedly elected Governor of Massachusetts, appointed Minister to England, succeeded Webster as Secretary of State, and closed his political career as Senator from Massachusetts. He was a polished writer, but his distinguishing talent was his oratory, and this constituted the chief element of his success in public life. His last appearance on the platform was with Lincoln on the battlefield of Gettysburg, when at the close of Everett's oration the Martyr-President gave to the world his immortal utterance on free institutions.

When Mr. Everett's declination of the Chinese mission was made known in London, Lord Ashburton wrote to Secretary Webster expressing gratification at the result, and, referring to the Chinese mission, he added: "He would be much too fine an instrument for such a purpose; it would be cutting blocks with a razor." The sequel proved that Mr. Cushing was better adapted to the work. He was a unique figure in American politics, occupying a prominent place before the public for more than forty years. He began life as a Jeffersonian Democrat; became a Whig; "Tylerized" after the death of Harrison; for many years was an ardent Democrat, strongly supporting the Mexican War, in which he was a general; a faithful adherent of the Southern wing of the party at the Charleston and Baltimore conventions which nominated Breckenridge as the pro-slavery candidate for President in 1860; became a supporter of Lincoln and the Union cause; a follower of President Johnson; and again a Republican during the Grant Administration. Probably no man of his time had such a checkered career. He was a fine scholar and one of the ablest lawyers

Looking from the right, the first of the group of three in the front of the picture is Chang Yen Hoon, Chinese Plenipotentiary, who was recently beheaded by order of the Dowager Empress for his pro-foreign sentiments. In the middle is Ex-Secretary Foster, and on the left the second Plenipotentiary. The other persons are the staff of the mission, the American Consul at Nagasaki and Mr. Foster's secretary.

in the country. Thrice was he nominated by Tyler as Secretary of the Treasury and thrice rejected by the Senate; he held the post of Attorney-General under Pierce; was three times Minister to foreign countries; and his last public duty was as counsel with Evarts and Waite before the Geneva tribunal of arbitration. He was nominated by President Grant to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but the Senate failed to confirm him. Notwithstanding his acknowledged abilities, his character was not such as fitted him for that high post. He is one of several examples of our history where moral obliquity has, in the judgment of the American people, stood in the way of the attainment of the goal of his ambition. Of his appointment to the Chinese mission, John Quincy Adams makes this record in his diary: "His obsequiousness and sacrifice of principle lost him the favor of his constituents, who repudiated him at the recent elections; but Mr. Tyler had more precious favors in his gift, and has lavished them in profusion upon Cushing."

When Blood Was Thicker Than Water

The Cushing treaty remained the basis of our diplomatic and commercial intercourse with China until 1858, when a general revision of treaty relations with the Western Powers occurred. The United States, Great Britain, France and Russia entered into new conventions in that year, whereby new ports were opened to commerce and the missionaries and native Christians were guaranteed protection. When the Chinese Government manifested a reluctance to carry the treaties into effect, Great Britain and France declared war, but the United States and Russia declined to resort to force. Secretary Marcy, on being invited by Great Britain to participate in the armed expedition against Peking, declined on the ground that the allies had objects beyond those contemplated by the United States, informing our Minister in China that he regarded peaceful measures as preferable to secure respect for the treaties. It was difficult, however, for Americans not to sympathize with the Anglo-French effort to open up the great Empire to commerce and Western civilization; and in the bombardment of the Taku forts the memorable incident occurred when Captain Tatuall, of the Navy, witnessing the engagement from one of our vessels, and seeing an English ship in distress, exclaimed, "Blood is thicker than water," and interposed with his crew for its relief, even in violation of our neutrality.

The peaceful method of diplomacy with China has been uniformly followed by our Government up to the late Boxer outbreak and the assault on the American Legation at Peking. This friendly policy has been especially noticeable in our treatment of the opium traffic. At an early period in that controversy with Great Britain our Government discouraged the participation of Americans in the trade, and in 1880 entered into a treaty stipulation by which our citizens are prohibited from engaging in the trade of importing opium into China.

A marked indication of the spirit of justice which has animated our Government in its treatment of China is the voluntary return to it of a large sum which had been paid to indemnify American citizens for damages, which upon investigation proved to have been exaggerated.

Problems Regarding Immigration

The labor question has been the one out of which has grown some unpleasant feeling, but that happily has not broken the harmony of the diplomatic relations. By the Burlingame treaty of 1868 Chinese of all classes were granted liberty of unlimited immigration to this country. The construction of the Pacific railroads brought over several thousand Chinese laborers, and soon thereafter they came in such large numbers as to alarm the native labor element of the Pacific Coast, and compelled our Government to take notice of this influx of cheap labor. A commission of able men, at the head of which was President Angell, was sent to China in 1880, and upon their representation of the embarrassment occasioned to our country, the Chinese Government consented so to modify the treaty of 1868 as to permit legislation of Congress to restrict the immigration. And when it was found that the treaty amendment made in 1880 was insufficient for the purpose, the Chinese Government consented to a still further restriction of immigration by the treaty of 1894. It is true that Congress has been quite extreme in the laws passed to enforce the treaties, but the Chinese Government, recognizing the pressing character of the demand for restriction under our popular system, has only asked that the existing laws be equitably applied. We have been put to shame by the mob violence which has been inflicted upon innocent Chinese, as at Rock Springs and Tacoma, much resembling the Boxer outrages; but our Government has not failed to make indemnity, though it seemed impotent to punish the leaders of the riots.

A feature of our relations with China is the prominent part which Americans have taken in its affairs. Much credit is awarded to the famous British Colonel Gordon for his part in the suppression of the Taiping rebellion. In that connection there is a tendency to belittle the services of the American officer, General Ward, who organized the "Ever-Victorious Army" and demonstrated its effectiveness in action before Gordon was engaged, he having been called after Ward had fallen in battle. No greater indorsement of the latter's military genius could have been given than by Gordon himself in adopting his organization and following his methods to the smallest details.

The highest compliment ever paid by one nation to the people of another was the selection by the Emperor of China of Anson Burlingame, then Minister of the United States at Peking, to be the head of an imposing Embassy in 1868, to visit America and Europe and negotiate treaties whereby the Chinese Empire could be placed on better relations with the family of nations. Burlingame will be recalled as a conspicuous actor in the stirring political events just preceding our Civil War. As a member of Congress from Massachusetts, it was he who denounced in the House the brutal assault of Preston Brooks upon Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber. For this speech he was challenged by Brooks to fight a duel. Burlingame promptly accepted and named rifles at short range; and the duel never came off!

In discharge of his Chinese mission, Burlingame and his mandarin suite visited Washington and most of the capitals of Europe, where he was received with distinguished honors, but at the height of his success he died at St. Petersburg. We can well surmise that had his life been spared he would have brought China out of its seclusion, and it would have been the Flowery Kingdom, and not Japan, which would have led in the regeneration of the far East.

The Great Influence of Gen. Grant

When General Grant made his tour of the world, in no country was he received with higher honors or with greater confidence than in China. John Russell Young, his traveling companion, tells the story, which may sound a little exaggerated to one not familiar with Oriental speech, that when Li Hung Chang came to welcome him he said: "This is an auspicious day, in which the greatest man in the East has the honor to salute the greatest man of the Western world." At his arrival Grant found the relations between China and Japan very much strained and war imminent between the two empires. It was through his active interposition that peace was preserved. He then strongly urged the two neighboring governments to enter into an alliance, but unhappily his advice was not acted upon. Referring to his mediation, Li Hung Chang in his peace negotiations in 1895 with Marquis Ito said: "When General Grant visited Tien-Tsin, and we became friends, he said to me: 'The loss of life in the Civil War in my country was so terrible that after I became President I was always anxious to avert war, and have ever since advised others to do so.'"

So highly were Grant's services appreciated by China, that every year on Decoration Day the Chinese Minister in Washington visits New York and, in the name of the Emperor, lays a wreath on the General's tomb.

Other Americans might be named who have rendered useful service to China, among whom may be mentioned Dr. W. A. P. Martin, who has spent nearly half a century in that country, first as a missionary and afterward at the head of the Imperial University of Peking. He is an accomplished Chinese scholar, has translated Wheaton and other Western authors on international law, and has acted as the adviser of the Tsung-li Yamen, or Chinese foreign office, in diplomatic matters.

It is gratifying to note that in the recent outbreak of anti-foreign hate and bigotry, which has taxed the patience and the charity of the Christian Powers to the utmost, the Government of the United States has not departed from its traditional policy of disinterested friendship and forbearance, and that, while it will spare no effort to secure indemnity and protection for American citizens, it will exert its influence to preserve the autonomy of China.

Personalities About Our Presidents

By Fannie Casseday Duncan

THE study of the lives of the Presidents of the United States will reveal many curious and interesting coincidences. For example, John Adams, second President, was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson, who succeeded him in office; Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison, who came after him; and Madison was eight years older than James Monroe, who succeeded him.

By another coincidence, President Washington ended his term of office in his sixty-fifth year; and so, too, did John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison.

Again, John Adams' death took place on the same day and very nearly at the same hour as the death of Thomas Jefferson. Stranger still, both of these great men died on the Fourth of July, 1826, whilst the nation was joyously celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which both these men had signed and which one of them had written. Mr. Adams was asked if he knew what day it was, and he answered: "Oh, yes, it is the Fourth of July. God bless it! God bless you all! It is a great and glorious day."

One other President passed out of life while the joy-bells were ringing on a Fourth of July — James Monroe, fifth President. He died in 1831.

Still another strange coincidence, or rather fact — a fact that would seem to give countenance to the oft-repeated statement that the blue-eyed race is the conquering race of the world — is that, with one, or perhaps two, exceptions, every President of the United States has had blue eyes of the typical Saxon.

With all the Marys there are in the world — and perhaps every family, either directly or in a collateral branch, has its Mary — it seems odd that only one of our Presidents had a Mary for his wife: Mary Todd, wife of Abraham Lincoln; and only three Marys have been mothers of Presidents: Mary Ball, mother of George Washington; Mary Armistead, mother of John Tyler; and Mary McDonough, mother of Andrew Johnson.

Nancys have brought into the world two men who, through strange providences, have been called to office in great periods of far-reaching consequences to this nation: Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln; and Nancy Campbell Allison, mother of William McKinley.

Great and widely-adopted as is the fashion for double names, only seven, or less than one-third, of our twenty-five Presidents have had double names. All of the early Presidents, except John Quincy Adams, bore single baptismal names, as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison.

Leaving the matter of coincidences, other interesting facts connected with the story of the Presidents will readily occur to the reader of American history.

Of the twenty-four Presidents, eleven were of Southern nativity, two having been born in North Carolina, one in South Carolina, one in Kentucky, and seven in Virginia, thus bearing out the right of Virginia to the title she early acquired of "Mother of Presidents." Ohio is nearest to becoming Virginia's rival in this respect, having already to her credit five Presidents. Kentucky had the honor of being the mother of the men who occupied the Presidential chairs of the opposing parties during the Civil War, Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

The tallest President was undoubtedly Abraham Lincoln; he was six feet four inches in height. The shortest was probably Benjamin Harrison, although John Adams and Martin Van Buren were also very short men. The oldest President, when inaugurated, was William Henry Harrison, who was then sixty-eight years and one month. The youngest was Ulysses S. Grant, who was not quite forty-seven.

The only babe ever born in the White House to a ruling President was little Esther Cleveland, who was born in 1893, though nine other babes have first opened their eyes in the Executive Mansion.

Noting the sectarian bias of the various Presidents, we find a large number have been Episcopalians — Washington, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Pierce and Chester A. Arthur. Washington laid claim to great liberality of creed, once saying to a number of friends who were conversing on the different faiths: "Though I am a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities."

Zachary Taylor gave the subject of religion very little thought, but he regularly paid his wife's dues to the Episcopal church and probably favored that church more than any other.

John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, came of a long line of Puritan ancestors. In his early life John Adams had the intention of entering the ministry in the Congregational church, but soon found he could not assent to the Puritan doctrines. He studied law instead and joined the Unitarian church, of which church his illustrious son, too, became a member.

Thomas Jefferson joined no church, and was accused by the religious people of his day of being a rank infidel because of his delight in reading the works of Thomas Paine. But his life was a strictly moral one, and his writings do not show that he was an unbeliever. He it was who declared that the principles of a wise government included "equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political."

Andrew Jackson was notoriously irreligious in early life, but after his retirement from the Presidency he became converted and joined the Presbyterian church. It has been said that he was led to Christianity by the godly life of his wife. In his final illness Doctor Edgar asked him what he would have done with Calhoun and the other nullifiers if they had kept on. "Hanged them, sir, as high as Haman!" was his reply. His last words were: "I hope and trust to meet you all in Heaven, my dear children and servants."

Martin Van Buren never made any profession of religion, though his private character was above all suspicion.

James K. Polk, on his death-bed, asked to be baptized into the Methodist faith. He received the sacrament and then "died without a struggle, simply ceasing to breathe, as when deep and quiet sleep falls upon a weary man."

Millard Fillmore affiliated with the Baptist church. We have not much account of his religious views.

James Buchanan was a Presbyterian, but joined the church after he retired from office. Buchanan was the prince of entertainers, and during his Administration the White House perhaps more nearly approached the ideal of an American court than at any time in its history. He was a bachelor President, but was ably seconded in his love of style and magnificent entertainments by his beautiful and accomplished niece, Harriet Lane.

Abraham Lincoln was a member of no sect. He it was who, when passion and prejudice were at their highest, uttered this immortal sentence: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in." If the White House during Buchanan's Administration approached the ideal of a foreign court, it lost all trace of such during the Administration of Lincoln, who succeeded him; for the humblest and most oppressed had right of entrance there while President Lincoln reigned in the Executive Mansion.

Andrew Johnson, though but a tacit believer, was inclined to Methodism. Grant and Hayes were both Methodists, though neither of them was noted for an aggressive type of religion.

Garfield was a member of the Church of the Disciples, or Campbellite church, and sometimes preached in churches of that faith. Not many weeks before his assassination he told a friend with whom he was walking that he found the Lord's Prayer infinitely restful to him as he went about the daily duties of life. In those long and burdensome days at the last, when death and life fought so terribly within him for the mastery, he often dwelt upon the radiant belief of the Apostle Paul.

Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland are both Presbyterians, Harrison being an elder in that church. Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister, and his grandmother on his mother's side was a German Quakeress.

President McKinley is a communicant in the Methodist church.

Men Who Make Money in Wall Street

By S. V. White

THE man who goes into Wall Street to make a living will probably succeed in making a fortune. The man who goes into Wall Street to make a fortune will probably not succeed in making a living.

That, in a nutshell, sums up the problem of a career in Wall Street. The Street is lined with examples that prove the truth of this aphorism. In half an hour you can pick up a dozen wrecks, men who went into the Street full of ambition, firmly convinced that they would become millionaires. Their money gone, they still hang around the scene, pitiable objects. They seem unable to realize that their day is past, that no hope exists for them.

Passing them on all sides are men who, having the elements necessary to success, have made fortunes. They went into the Street in the belief that it would yield them a good subsistence. They had no wild-eyed dreams of getting rich over night. They generally had little money, but they have made a success of it, where the other fellows, more fairly started at the outset, made a failure.

No other life in all the world is so intense, so exacting as the life in Wall Street. Any man launching out on it had better examine his qualifications with a microscope; and let it be a microscope of high power.

He must have the physical equipoise. He must have the mental equipoise. He must have the moral equipoise. If he is mentally and morally fitted for the life, and lacks the physical strength, he will fail. He will fail with equal certainty if he lacks either the morality or the mentality.

A man must have nerves of iron and a body that knows no fatigue. Weariness is as fatal as foolhardiness. It impairs the will. Unless he has exceptional strength of will, a man cannot follow up his opportunities or get out of the way of danger.

When I say that there must be perfect mental equipoise, I mean that he must be able in a high degree to think for himself. He must be absolutely free from irresolution.

Having made up his mind, after a very careful survey of the situation, he must be able to pass by the opinions of others, no matter what the temptation. He must be able to act for himself, even when his actions are in direct opposition to those of the men all about him.

There are many men who could have stormed San Juan Hill. There are few who can face a panic-stricken crowd in Wall Street and remain firm. The inclination to run with the pack on such an occasion is irresistible, except to the man gifted with almost superhuman strength of will power. When stocks are tumbling five and ten points at a time, and the Street is in an uproar, when securities are raining in from all sides, when sellers are frantically throwing their holdings into the pile at any price, a man must be made of stern stuff to hold on.

Talk about facing shot and shell; talk about standing firm against a bayonet charge; that is almost child's play compared with the fearful inclination to run to cover that comes over a man when he sees his fortune melting away at the rate of thousands of dollars every minute. To stand on the floor of the Stock Exchange and face a break that is sending stocks down so fast that the minute hand on the clock seems to have stopped, is a test of will power that few men can endure. Those who can, make fortunes when their time comes.

The man with the proper moral equipoise is he who can handle other people's money, as a banker, without ever being tempted to use it in speculation. The temptation to take a flyer when everything tells you that things are going your way is so tremendous that unless a man is thoroughly and strongly balanced he will almost inevitably yield to it. Nothing seems so safe as to invest the money of your clients in stocks that you are confident must rise or fall as your experience indicates. The men are countless who have yielded to this temptation. They were unfit for a Wall Street career.

People who think that the three qualifications I have set down are the property of any considerable number of men should study the records. They can pick out failure after failure, due entirely to the absence of one or all of these three traits. It is a combination that is rarely met with in life. In every pursuit there are vicissitudes and trials that demand fortitude, but the worst of these that may arise can be foreseen with a reasonable degree of certainty. Where they cannot be foreseen the conditions that bring disaster do not come in a moment, as they do in Wall Street.

Disasters that Cannot be Foreseen

The man who goes into the manufacture of woolens, for example, with a capital of $150,000, has a reasonable chance of success, provided he understands the business thoroughly. No conditions can arise that will wipe out half of his capital in less than an hour's time. He begins by building his plant; that will take him a year. When he starts his machinery it will be a month or six weeks before he accumulates sufficient stock to go into the market. Arrived at this time, being a prudent man, he studies the conditions. If they are favorable he puts his stock out, and if they are the reverse he holds back. His credit system may be poor, and after he has sent his goods to market he may find that his collections are slow, or that several concerns to which he has sold are untrustworthy. All these processes are slow, and no tremendous strain on his system is involved in meeting every emergency that may arise. Even if bankruptcy comes he has been prepared for it by weeks or months of preliminary events. But in Wall Street disaster comes with the suddenness of a lightning flash.

Over and over again in our history it has come through incidents that the operator could not possibly have foreseen. Who, for example, could have anticipated the Venezuelan message that sent stocks tumbling so fast that no one could see a stopping-place.

In 1872, during the Grant-Greeley campaign, I became convinced that there was not enough money to go around, and sold out my stocks and traded on the "short" side tentatively. One bright Monday morning, and it was very bright for the "bulls," came an incident that no human being could have foreseen. The Treasury Department announced that $44,000,000 of greenbacks, which had been withdrawn in 1865, had never been canceled, and were still cash in the Treasury. At the same time the Treasury Department appeared as a purchaser of Government Bonds, disbursing $10,000,000 for that purpose in a few days. Stocks started up, and I started to run to cover and get on board the train. The market did not stop rising before March or April, 1873. The panic of 1873 came one year later than I had figured out that it would, and before we got through with that spasm the Stock Exchange closed for a week.

Wall Street responds immediately to circumstances that leave other business interests practically unaffected for days and weeks and months. The sound of the pistol with which Guiteau took Garfield's life had hardly expended itself in the air before Wall Street felt the effect in the stock market.

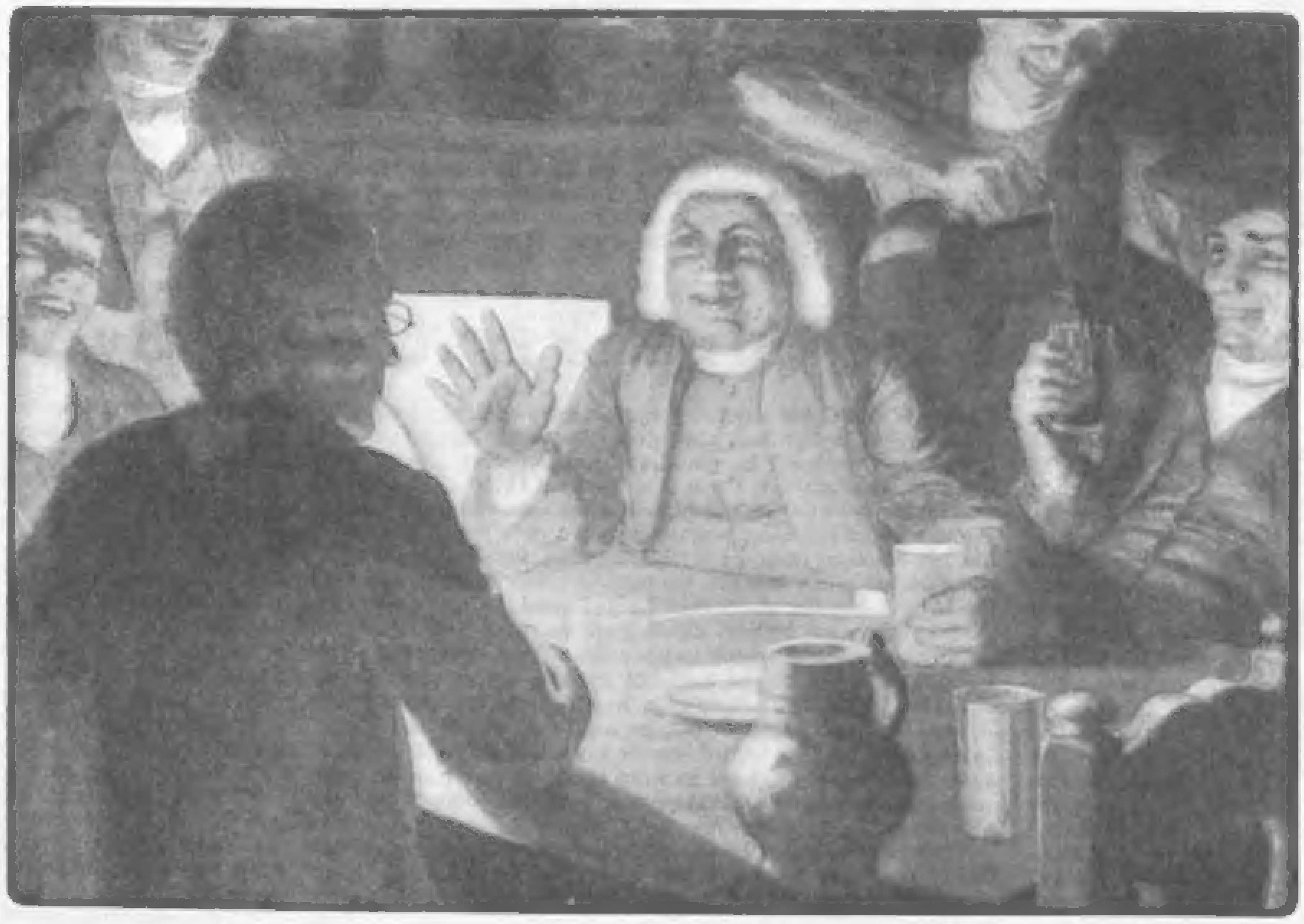
The announcement of the suspension of a big firm will knock values to pieces on the Street in less than five minutes.

The man who goes into the business down there with $150,000 may see one-half of his capital wiped off the slate in thirty minutes, owing to an occurrence that no one could have anticipated.

An institution that ranks high one moment may have the props knocked entirely from under it at the next. The checks of a bank may be circulating freely all morning. At one o'clock the bank examiner may step in, close down the business and render these checks non-negotiable.

Duncan, Sherman & Co., a banking house in the foreign exchange business, of boundless credit, its bills floating in every part of the world, stood one hour where J. P. Morgan & Co. stand to-day in public estimation. The next its suspension was announced. Confidence in the stability of the house had been unlimited up to the very moment that it shut down. Every stock in the market went to pieces. Hundreds were wiped out through no fault of their own. No amount of experience and conservatism could have saved them. They were the victims of an occurrence with which they had absolutely nothing to do, and which, nevertheless, affected all their holdings.

Perpetually to face conditions such as these is a struggle which few can stand. It is a fierce fight for survival, and the man who is not equipped for it had better keep away. A nervous headache at an inopportune moment may mean the loss of a fortune.



At the Authors' Club

By Richard Henry Stoddard

MEETINGS like this, dear comrades of the pen,
Though new with us, were old with lettered men:
They carry us back in thought three hundred years,
To the days of gentle Will and rare old Ben:

Who at the Mermaid Tavern loved to sit,
Fresh from the parts they played, the plays they writ,
And while they set the table in a roar
Indulged in combats of good-natured wit.

Nay, further back. For many a learned tome
Recounts how in the palmy days of Rome
Mæcenas, Horace, drained their cups of wine,
And sometimes Virgil from his rustic home.

Johnson in Boswell's pages still we see
Presiding at the Mitre, drinking tea:
But was it tea he drank there? I forget:
Hardly, I think, so disputatious he.

The poet in the time of good Queen Anne
Whate'er he was not, was a thirsty man,
Frequenting coffee-houses, Button's, Wills',
Where blood did often end what ink began.

Less prodigal in these less poetic days,
We prosper more in more prosaic ways:
Good husbands, fathers, some good business men,
Preferring solid cash to empty praise.

We are happier, wiser, stronger now than then,
Since, governing ourselves, we govern men:
They knew of old no weapon but the Sword:
We know to-day a better one — the Pen!

A man to succeed on the Stock Exchange should know when to stand out of the market. The instinct to stay by an operation is almost universal. It was some time before I could learn that unless I was in absolutely perfect condition physically I had better stay out of the market, no matter what my interests were at the time.

Until I was sixty years old I could do without sleep all night and yet go into the Street the next morning with a perfectly clear head and unimpaired mental faculties. Now I cannot do this. Experience has taught me that a sleepless night impairs my will power, and such an impairment is fatal.

Another trait that is seldom found is the ability to let the market alone. Once a man has the fever of speculation he feels that he must be perpetually doing something. For years we had a customer who, no matter what the conditions, could never rest content. Day after day he had to go into the market and operate on one side or the other. I remonstrated with him. I pointed out that such a course was enough to ruin a man who had the Bank of England behind him, but the man was absolutely unable to watch the market fluctuate and not do something.

It takes a cool head and excellent judgment to let a whole day pass without making a single turn. More money has been made by the exercise of this judgment by the few men who possess it than has been made in many big operations.

No task is more difficult than to outline for the guidance of others the knowledge necessary to a successful career in Wall Street. It is subtle and evasive. There are no hard and fast lines. A man must learn most things for himself. Those who have succeeded and those who have failed cannot leave for their successors a specified route that must be traveled to make success or avoid failure. It is as impossible as it is for the critic in art to hand down his faculty of criticism to the men who come after him. So many combinations arise that mean different things at different times that safe directions cannot be given. I don't know any other business where this is true.

To the right man Wall Street offers no unattractive career. Money is made very fast when it is made.

Beginning Without a Single Dollar

There are any number of very wealthy men in the Street to-day who started without a dollar in money. Out of my own office have come three bankers who can write their checks to-day for sums ranging from $250,000 to $750,000. They entered my employ as poor boys without special connections or alliances on which they could rely for help. They proved themselves shrewd, trustworthy and bright, and their advancement was natural and rapid. Every office of consequence in the Street can show similar instances. In proportion to success won in other lines of business, I dare say Wall Street is fairly well in the lead.

It is not a safe proposition, however, for a man to embark on this career unless he has some capital and good connections. Without these his qualifications must be exceptionally unusual if he goes to the front.

The field of operation in proportion to the amount of capital required is enormous. It is this very fact that makes the life such a strenuous one. When selling on margin you are carrying enormous values on a comparatively small investment. Chances on either side, therefore, are tremendously multiplied as against the chances where capital is invested dollar for dollar.

There are many instances where bankers and brokers make a very handsome income by acting simply as middlemen. In this field Wall Street offers a very safe career. The houses that stick closely to their province as brokers invest their earnings outside of the speculative field. They buy dividend-paying stocks which they lock up in their strong boxes. But the opportunity for making money quickly in Wall Street is so often presented that it is almost impossible to keep out of speculation. Many ambitious men find it absolutely impossible. Therefore, though it can be done, it is done rarely.

It is a fascinating game—when things are coming your way. When the market is going right, the money piles up in a way that fills your heart with delight. It seems then as easy as it seems to the little girl to learn to write when she is making all m's and n's. But when it is going the other way! I know of nothing with which to compare the sensation unless it might be a midsummer sleigh-ride in the sands of Coney Island, with the August sun broiling down on your head. The fascination disappears fast enough then. You wonder that it ever existed.

The future of Wall Street is written in large letters. Its importance as a financial centre will grow constantly. It will become a greater and greater factor each year in the country's industrial life. Where seats on the Stock Exchange are selling to-day at $40,000 they will in the near future be sold for $100,000, so eager will be the scramble for them.

Wall Street must always grow. It is the outlet for the money that pours in from all over the country, making New York the financial centre. The great financial institutions cannot exist without the Stock Exchange. What could the City National Bank, for instance, do with its deposits of one hundred and twenty millions if Wall Street operations did not offer a constant market for call loans, in which it invests its money subject to check at sight. This consideration alone will keep Wall Street alive. And as the country grows, and prosperity grows, Wall Street will ever take to itself an equal growth. From the standpoint of the future, therefore, the man who goes into the Street for a career will be assured of a permanent avenue for his exertions.

An Illogical Currency

IT WAS originally intended that the currency of the United States should be decimal throughout, but somehow there seems to have been an irresistible tendency to escape from that system. The quarter is certainly not a decimal fraction of a dollar, and one is at a loss to account for the persistence of the number three, which has turned up in the three-cent pieces (two kinds) and the three-cent postage stamp. That three-dollar bills have not been printed is due merely to the good sense of Secretaries of the Treasury, inasmuch as the now-existing law, which dates back to 1864, authorizes the issue of notes of that denomination. There was, as will be remembered, a three-cent note in the days of the fractional paper currency.

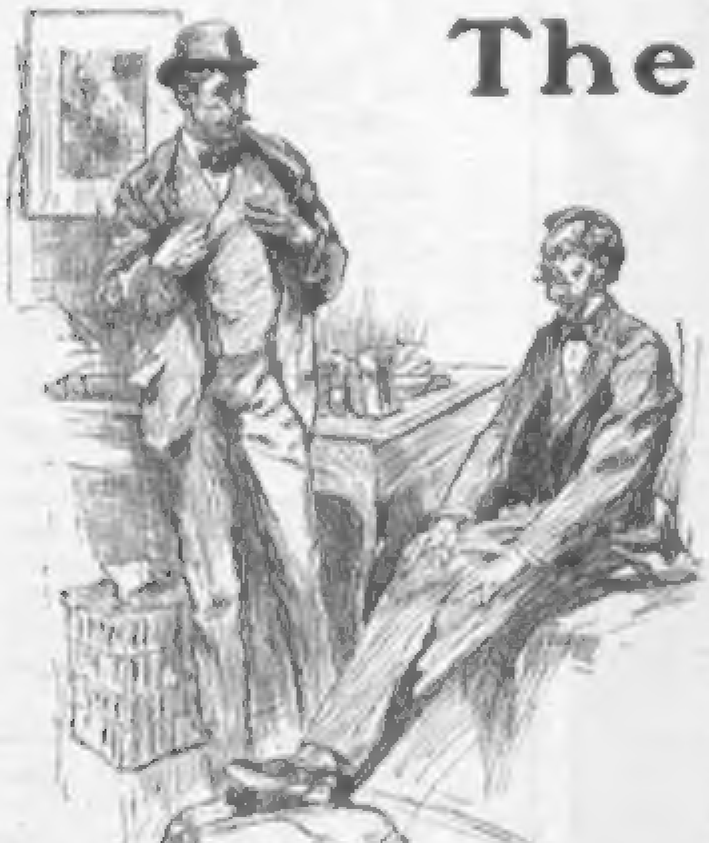
The nickel three-cent piece was authorized in 1865 and stopped in 1890. In 1857 first appeared the nickel cent with a flying eagle, which was discontinued in 1864, and in the latter year the two-cent piece was started, running until 1873. The twenty-cent silver piece was first issued in 1875, but after three years it was withdrawn, because so many people mistook it for a "quarter." Another of Uncle Sam's recent mistakes in coinage was the nickel five-cent piece with the big V, and without any mark of "cents" on it—an omission of which ingenious but dishonest persons took frequent advantage by gilding the token and passing it for a five-dollar gold piece. The "trade dollar," authorized in 1873, was intended for exportation to the Orient, where, being worth slightly more as bullion than the Mexican dollar, it was expected to make a market for American silver. It was suspended in 1878.

The old copper cents and half-cents returned to the Treasury are converted into new-style cents by adding to their material five per cent. of tin and zinc. Bronze two-cent pieces already have this alloy, and they are converted into cents also.

Blanks for the modern cents are sold to the Government under contract at the rate of seventy-three cents per 1000, so that Uncle Sam's profit on these little pieces is very large. On the other hand, he loses on the gold coins, each of which contains exactly its face value in gold bullion, without counting the copper alloy. Our "nickel" coins are seventy-five per cent. copper.

The Last of the Pirates.

By W. L. Alden



"Well!" says Smith, "I'm going to be a pirate"

"NO, SIR!" said the doctor of the American liner, as we sat together on the deck of the steamer on the first night out of Shanghai. "I'll never sign another certificate of lunacy, for I've quit dividing men into sane persons and lunatics. There isn't enough difference between the two to warrant making a distinction between them. I've known men who were perfectly sane, but who would some day break out and do the maddest sort of things; and I knew one lunatic who was the clearest-headed man I ever met, except when you mentioned archangels, when he would be sure to confide to you as a state secret that he was the archangel Gabriel. We're all more or less sane and more or less mad. My friends think I am mad because I took this berth as ship's surgeon, and I don't doubt that they are right."

"By the by," said I, "are there any pirates in these seas nowadays?"

"That's an odd question for you to ask me, considering that we were just speaking of lunatics," he replied. "Why, I was once a pirate in this very part of the world myself, and my chief was a sane lunatic. I'll tell you the story, if you're not in a hurry to turn in.

"If I don't tell it after what I've said, you'll be sure that I am stark mad, which isn't at all a good reputation for a doctor to have.

"When I was in practice in New York I knew a man whom we'll call Smith, seeing as I don't care to mention his real name. He was a bookkeeper in an insurance office, where he had a responsible place and a lot of hard work and just pay enough to keep body and soul together. You see the president of the company had a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars, and consequently there wasn't much money left for his subordinates. Smith was a single man who had very few acquaintances, and was considered by the other men in the office to be a meek, bashful, timid fellow, who neither knew nor cared for anything except his official duties. But I knew him better than they did. I was his only intimate friend, and we used to spend at least two evenings a week together, except when I was sent for by a patient. The man was meek and modest, but he had a soul above bookkeeping. He was about the most romantic chap I ever met. He spent his leisure time reading novels, and he lived in a world of imagination. He was always putting himself in the place of the hero of the last story that he had read. One day he felt that he was an Indian chief, and he would walk down Broadway in the morning to his office with a stealthy sort of tread, keeping a bright look-out up and down every cross street for fear that Indians of a hostile tribe might be lying in wait for him. Another day he would be one of the Three Musketeers, and he would handle his umbrella as if it was a sword and he might have to whip it out at any minute, and set his back against a lamp-post and defend himself against a dozen armed brigands.

"There isn't a girl in any girls' school who is more chuck full of romantic fancies than was meek little Smith. That was the reason why he was a happy man in spite of the bookkeeping, which was a thing that he naturally detested. But mind you! he was as sane as they make them. I never detected the slightest sign of anything abnormal about his brain so long as he was a poor clerk, adding up figures by day and dreaming of adventure by night. The only thing I ever knew him to do in those days that seemed inconsistent with his steady, sensible way of life was his purchase of a lottery ticket in the big Soldiers' Home lottery that was started two or three years after the end of the Civil War, and he was, so to speak, bullied into buying it by the other clerks, who told him that it was a patriotic duty to help forward a scheme for the relief of the suffering soldiers.

"Now, when that lottery was drawn Smith won the first prize, which was five hundred thousand dollars. He had paid five dollars for his ticket, and had told me at the time that he considered it a waste of money, and that in his opinion any man who expected to draw a prize in a lottery was no better than a professional idiot. But he won the prize all the same, and they say that he was far and away the coolest man in the whole insurance office when he heard the news and the boys came to congratulate him.

"Smith gave notice that he would resign his place as bookkeeper at the end of the month, and he kept on adding up his figures just as he had always done, and giving no sign that he considered himself a capitalist. I was out of town when he drew the prize, and I didn't see him until a day or two before his time at the insurance office was up. After I had congratulated him on his good luck and told him how glad I was to see him take it so coolly, I asked him what he calculated to do when he left the insurance company for good and all.

"Smith answered in a general way that he expected to travel for a while and see the world. I saw plainly enough that he wasn't telling me all that he meant to do, and I told him so, and said that, considering what old friends we were, he ought to make a clean breast to me and let me advise him about the future. I could always fetch Smith by an appeal to our old friendship, and when he began to say in a hesitating sort of way that he hoped I wouldn't judge him too harshly if I didn't altogether approve of his plans, I knew that I was going to have the truth.

"Presently he said: 'Doctor, if you had had a longing to do something particular all your life and couldn't do it on account of not having enough money, and if you should suddenly come into no end of money, wouldn't you naturally think of carrying your old longing into effect?'

"'Of course I should,' said I; 'that is, provided it wasn't something which an honest man couldn't do.'

"'I'm going to have a yacht,' says Smith.

"'That's all right,' says I. 'Only I can't make out why you should have any hesitation about mentioning it to me.'

"'I haven't told you all yet,' says Smith. 'If I tell you what I mean to do with the yacht you'll not give me away, will you?'

"'You can trust me,' I replied. 'In my profession I have to be a sort of well of dark and deadly secrets, and I'll regard you as a patient, confessing something to me as a doctor.'

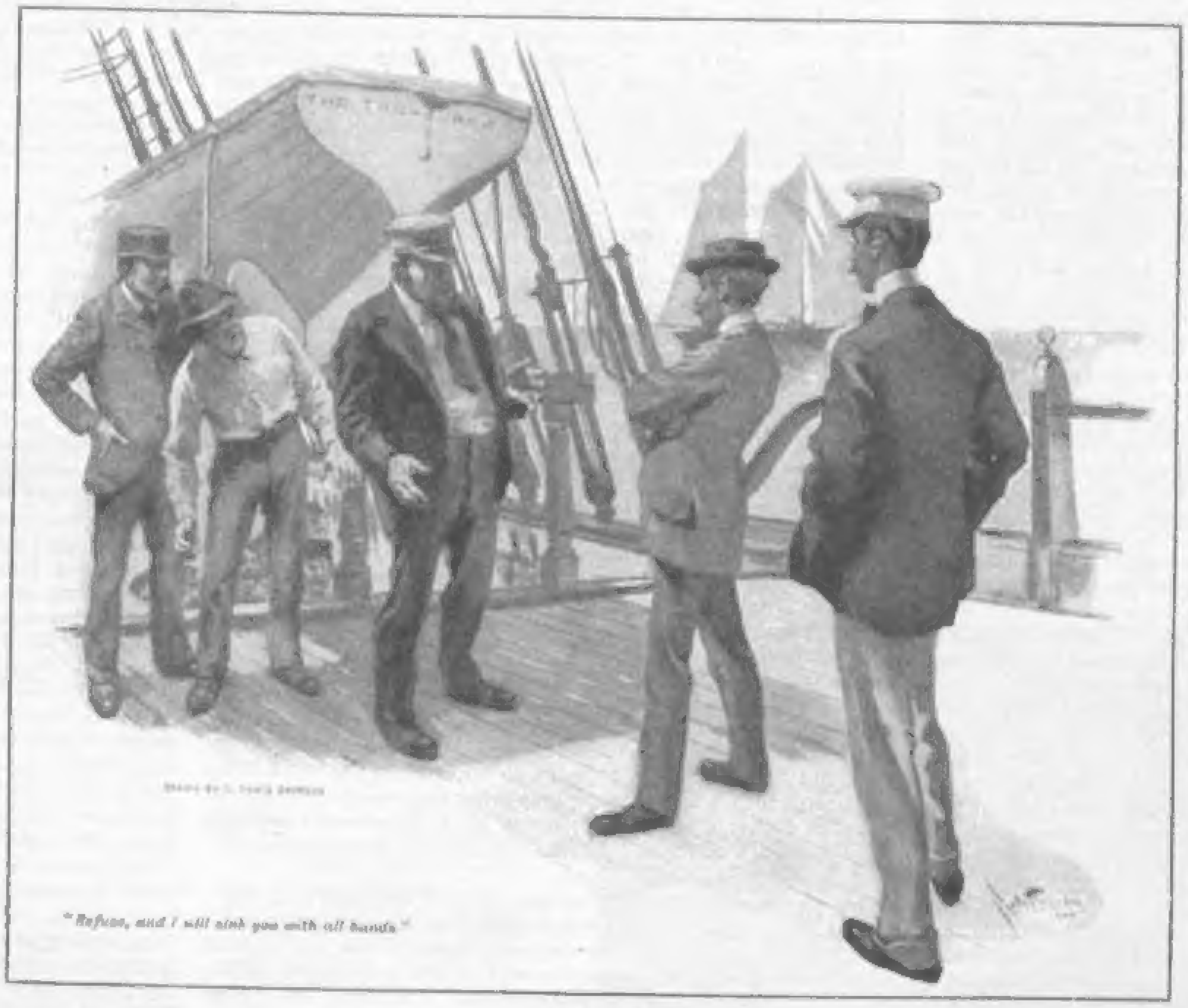
"'Well!' says Smith, 'I'm going to be a pirate.'

"'Rather late in the day for that sort of thing,' says I, humoring him, for I began to think that his brain had been turned, after all, by his sudden good luck.

"'Doctor,' says Smith, 'I've longed to be a pirate ever since I was a boy. Of course I don't mean that I wanted to make people walk the plank, or to do anybody any injury, but there was always a tremendous fascination for me in the thought of scouring the seas in my own vessel and making war on the whole world. I don't expect you to understand it, but I've fancied myself a pirate thousands of times, and it has been one of the chief comforts of my life down at that insurance office. Often when I was adding up columns I would fancy that I was adding up the pieces of eight and the treasure generally that I had captured, and when I lay in bed at night I would feel my schooner rising and sinking on the swell of the Pacific, and would say to myself that I should be sure to overtake the Spanish galleon in the morning. I have led boarding parties without number with my umbrella, and rushed aft along the bloody deck of a captured ship to pull down the flag with my own hands. No, I'm not crazy. I'm only a peculiar sort of ass. But I'm telling you the truth when I say that the dream of my life has been to be a pirate, and now that the chance has come to me I'm going to realize that dream just long enough for me to know what it feels like.'

"Well! we talked a lot more that evening, and I made up my mind that Smith was just as sane as he ever had been. The only difference between him and other men was that he meant to carry out a longing that lots of other men have had, who lacked the courage to carry it out. I gathered that Smith meant to fit out a yacht as a pirate vessel and to cruise with her until he had captured one ship. He said that he would then abandon piracy and would make good to the owners of the ship all the loss that he might have caused them. He said he should need a doctor on board his yacht and he wanted me to take the place. As he assured me that nobody should be killed or hurt in the least by him or his pirate crew I said I would accept his offer. You see I wanted a holiday, and had always been fond of the sea. Besides, I calculated that if I went with Smith I could keep him from carrying his scheme any further than arming the yacht and occasionally flying a black flag when nobody was in sight. There was where I was wrong, as the result showed, but I never really supposed when I accepted the post of doctor on board Smith's yacht that I was going to be a genuine pirate and run the risk of a halter.

"The yacht was built in accordance with Smith's plans. He didn't know much about boat-building, but he told a builder what he wanted and the man went ahead and turned out a craft that suited Smith down to the ground — or perhaps I should say down to the water. She was of about four hundred tons and she had two screws, one on each side of the keel, so far forward of her stern that they were completely out of sight. So far as I know, she was the first twin-screw boat ever built, and nobody has ever since tried the plan of putting the screws where Smith had them, though I've always thought that it had its advantages over the usual plan. The lines of the boat were those of an ordinary sailing yacht instead of a steamer, and when her telescopic funnel was out of sight, and she was under sail, no one would have dreamed that she was a steamer. Smith had her rigged as a fore-and-aft schooner, and painted her white. She was as handsome a boat as you'd care to have, and a good sea boat besides. She would do fourteen knots under steam, which in those days was considered fast, and when her screws were disconnected and she had a good leading breeze she would do nine knots under sail.


"Refuse, and I will sink you with all hands."

"When the yacht was ready for sea, Smith and I went aboard her and we started for China, by way of the Suez Canal, which had just been opened. He had a captain who was a first-class sailor and an intelligent, gentlemanly companion, but I knew the man had once been tried for having run a cargo of slaves from Africa to Florida, and had escaped hanging by the skin of his teeth. The mate was a stupid sort of chap from Nova Scotia, and the crew were rather a rough set who had been selected by the captain himself. Smith hadn't said a word about piracy to me for a long time, and I had almost forgotten that he had ever proposed to turn pirate. He talked as sensibly as ever about other things, and so far as I could see he was bound on a regular yachting cruise like any other rich and idle man.

"We started under steam and kept under steam all the way to Shanghai. I'm not going to bore you with an account of the passage out to China. We stopped at the regular places, such as Bombay and Colombo and Singapore; and we had a look at Batavia and Bangkok and Canton. Smith seemed to enjoy himself, and I'm sure that I did the same. Everything went smoothly with the machinery and the crew, and I made up my mind that living on board a first-class yacht was a great sight better than practicing medicine in New York. I suppose that was what made me take this berth that I have now. It's an easy, comfortable life, and now I've got used to it I seldom feel sorry that I gave up living ashore.

"When we reached Shanghai I noticed that Smith seemed to have something more on his mind than mere sightseeing, and, as you know, there isn't very much of that to be done at Shanghai. He and the captain used to talk a good deal together by themselves, but as it wasn't any business of mine I didn't take the trouble to ask Smith what it meant. But one day there came aboard eight Chinese sailors, and a hard crowd they were. As I afterward found out, they were professional pirates to a man and the captain had hired them for a job of piracy.

"After we had shipped the Chinamen, who, I ought to say, lived by themselves, and weren't called upon to do any work — same as if they had been passengers — we steamed out of Shanghai harbor and headed about southwest. I knew that wasn't the course for Japan, which I had supposed would be our next stopping place. Smith told me that he wanted to have a look at some of the Pacific islands, and as he might meet with cannibals who would attack the yacht he had taken along the Chinamen to add to our fighting strength. As soon as we were clear of the land the men went to work and got up a six-inch rifled gun and two howitzers and a Gatling gun from the hold, where they had been stowed under the ballast. That startled me considerably, for it convinced me that Smith hadn't given up his notion of playing pirate; and the fact that he had shipped that gang of Chinamen looked as if he meant to play it seriously. However, I didn't say much to him, for he hinted to me pretty plainly that he didn't care for my advice except in a medical way, and so I let things drift along, calculating that Smith wouldn't have the cheek to commit a genuine act of piracy, but would content himself with owning an armed vessel, and with overhauling and scaring an occasional Kanaka fisherman or Chinese junk.

"In the course of a few days we reached a quiet little island, inhabited by only about half a dozen lazy Kanakas. It wasn't big enough to hold many more, and they told us that traders never came there. We anchored the yacht inside the reef, and then Smith began a transformation scene that occupied about a week. Three yards were brought up from below and crossed on the foremast and foretopmast, turning the yacht into a topsail schooner. Then she was painted black, her funnel was telescoped and her screw disconnected, and we sailed out of harbor as a topsail schooner, that resembled the steam yacht that had put into that harbor about as much as a North River steamboat resembles a monitor. The Chinamen and the rest of the crew were exercised with rifles every day, and the gunner got his guns in order and taught the men how to handle them well enough to make a fair show.

"We ran back to the China coast under sail and, having a fair wind, we made the passage in less than a week. We hove to about forty miles south of Shanghai, and then Smith called all hands and made them a speech. He said that for reasons which he needn't go into he meant to stop a certain American tea clipper that was about due at Shanghai, and take a certain small article out of her. He would be obliged to make a display of force in doing this, and although no one would be hurt, for of course there would be no resistance offered by the clipper, the act would legally be piracy. He went on to say that he had taken such steps to conceal the identity of his yacht that the act of piracy could never be traced to him or to any one on board the yacht, provided the men kept their mouths shut. After he had accomplished his purpose in stopping the clipper he should take the yacht back to the island and restore her to her original appearance. Then he would put the crew ashore at any port of the Pacific that might suit them, paying each man a thousand dollars in addition to his wages.

"'Now,' he concluded, 'if there is any man who doesn't dare to stand by me in this affair he is at liberty to go below and stop there as soon as we sight the clipper. All I have to say to him is that he will lose the best chance of making a thousand dollars that a sailorman ever had.'

"Well! Every man of the white crew agreed to stand by Smith, and of course the Chinamen weren't consulted. The mate was the only man who kicked. He said that he had a family ashore, and that he didn't propose to be hung as a pirate to gratify any man's foolishness. However, considering that Mr. Smith had always treated him like a white man, he didn't want to interfere with his plans; and if, when the time for attacking the clipper came, Mr. Smith would kindly put him in irons and keep him there until the thing was over, he would be greatly obliged to him and would turn to afterward and do his duty as usual. This was agreed to, and I don't believe a better satisfied and jollier set of pirates ever sailed than we were while we lay waiting for that blessed clipper.

"I knew that it would be of no use trying to persuade Smith to drop his piratical scheme, and, as I wanted to see how it panned out, I didn't care to imitate the mate's example and go into irons. I found out from Smith that he wasn't looking for a particular clipper, but was meaning to attack the first one that we sighted. Also, that his story about wanting a particular article that was aboard a clipper was all nonsense. What he wanted to do was to commit one act of real piracy, and he calculated that if he boarded a ship and took out of her only so much as an old comb, he would be entitled to consider himself a genuine pirate.

"We hove to for about three days, and then we sighted a big clipper coming up hand over fist, with skysails set and weather topmast stunsails. We hauled our sheets aft and went for her, and when we were within about half a mile we fired a shot across her bows with our six-inch rifle. At first the captain of the clipper didn't understand that we meant him to heave to, but a second shot, which passed pretty close to him, couldn't be misunderstood, and he hauled down his stunsails and backed his main-yard. Then Smith ordered his eight Chinamen — each man with a rifle and with two revolvers stuck in his belt — into a boat, and he and I followed them and rowed over to the ship.

"I went on board with Smith, leaving the Chinamen alongside. The captain met us as we climbed over the rail and wanted to know what in —— we meant by stopping his ship on the high seas, and who we were, anyway. I would hardly have known Smith, he was that stern and short. He said: 'Captain! You will have the box of treasure brought up and handed over to me. On that condition I will spare your lives and let your ship go free. Refuse, and I will sink you with all hands.'

"'Are you a —— lunatic, or what are you?' says the captain. 'Whatever you are, I'll see you —— before I'll obey your orders.'

"Smith turned to the rail and waved a handkerchief to his yacht. In answer to the signal a flag was run up to the peak of the mainsail. It was a black flag with a white skull and bones.

"'That will show you what I am,' said Smith quietly. 'Now bring up that box or I will pull back to my schooner and open fire. You know how many six-inch shells your ship can take in between wind and water and still keep afloat.'

"The captain knew when he was beaten. He sent an officer and two men below into the saloon, and presently they brought up a box with a seal on it. 'There's the money,' said the captain. 'Take it and go. I'm helpless just now, but I shall live to see you dance on nothing.'

"Smith ordered the box to be lowered into the boat, and then he said to the captain: 'Do not think too harshly of me. It is the injustice of man that has driven me to this wild and lawless life. Remember that the Pirate of the Yellow Sea spared your life when it was at his mercy, and do not teach your children to curse him.' With that Smith bowed politely and we went over the side into our boat and rowed back to the yacht. Then we hauled down the black flag and, putting the schooner close-hauled, with her head to the southwest, we left the clipper hull down in an hour.

"We ran back to our island, where we changed our rig, painted the yacht white once more, sent our guns down below and hoisted up our funnel. Then we steamed away for Valparaiso, where we arrived in due time and paid off our men, shipping a new crew and sailing for Yokohama without having been in port more than twenty-four hours.

"You never saw a more astonished man than Smith was when he opened the box that we took from the clipper. It contained six thousand trade dollars in silver. You see Smith never supposed that there was such a thing as a box of treasure aboard the ship and he had asked for it merely because the demand sounded piratical. And what was more, he never supposed that the captain would be fool enough to give him a box that contained anything valuable, seeing as he might have handed over a box of old clothes, and taken the chance that Smith wouldn't open it until it would be too late to come back and rectify the mistake. Smith didn't wait an hour before he sent to the owners of the clipper an order for twelve thousand dollars, which he afterward knew that they had received, although they never published the fact.

"We stopped at Yokohama for about a month, and then Smith sailed for home. I didn't go with him, for I took a vacant berth as surgeon on one of the Pacific Mail boats and here I have been ever since. Smith never did any more piracy. He said that he was completely satisfied. He had been a pirate once and the recollection was enough to make him happy for all the rest of his days. Nobody ever suspected that we were concerned in the attack on the clipper. It was generally believed that our schooner was a Chinese pirate with a renegade English or American captain, and as she was never heard of after her single act of piracy, it was supposed that she must have gone to the bottom. The sailors that we left at Valparaiso never talked, or if they did, nobody believed what they said. Smith died a year or two ago, and the papers all said what a good and honest man he was. That was true enough, though he had been a pirate. What I should like you to tell me is whether Smith was a lunatic or a sane man? Take your time, for it's a conundrum that you can't find the answer to very easy."

Dividends Paid on College Parchments

THE series of articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exhibiting the character of the contemporary engineering school of the United States, and the "direct practical benefits" accruing to young men fortunate enough to secure the special training which they offer, is a novel, and should be a very useful, contribution to current literature. The technical instruction of young men, after the conclusion of their academic education, concerns not only the graduates of these schools themselves but also every member of the community. It is through the enlarging and perfecting of manual training, trade school and professional engineering and other forms of technical education that the highest prosperity of the nation, in a material sense, is to be secured. It is not until material prosperity can be attained that moral and intellectual growth can be given highest development in any people. Leisure and opportunity, comfort and freedom from sordid cares and anxieties regarding the immediate future must be secured if a nation is to find time for study and thought and intellectual cultivation, or even if it is to develop its best morality and spiritual life.

The Great Work Done in Germany

The best illustration of the outcome of systematic education directed toward the perfection of the productive industries and the improvement of professional methods, and of their joint output, is seen in Germany, where now for generations the whole nation has been engaged in the production of a "complete and perfect" system of national technical education, comprehending every department of production and construction. The recent wonderful progress of that nation in its competition with other and more favored countries, its rapid increase in wealth, and its immense development of manufactures and of commerce are largely due to, if not mainly the result of, this scientific and universal and systematic training of the people for the life and work of the people, continued under the direction of the ablest minds among the statesmen, the educators and the professional men of the nation. No other nation has developed such a system to a similar extent or with anything like equal returns. No other nation, in fact, has ever yet developed so wise a body of statesmen or so admirable a national policy for the promotion of the industrial interests of its people.

Why Progress Here Has Been Slower

The United States has had no such consistent and controlling policy, and the several States have usually only occasionally taken up their greatest problem with real earnestness. Effective action could not be had in our country, as in Germany, as the outcome of official, governmental, systematic and universal promotion of the "practical" side of education. Educators, in fact, as a rule in our country have little knowledge and less interest in that department which is so vitally important to the average citizen and workingman, and often are in absolute ignorance of what is being done by other nations.

The Morrill Land Grant bill of 1862, apportioning large areas of public lands to the several States for educational purposes, the foundation by a number of States of "mechanical and agricultural" colleges in compliance with that law, and here and there a privately endowed institution, constitute the whole equipment of the country for a work in which Germany employs technical universities, colleges, lower-grade schools and special schools in large numbers in every province and in all her great cities, placing the technical university and college beside the academic both in rank and in honor, and giving them equal support. The result has been that Germany has increased her manufactures tenfold in less than a generation, and her commerce twentyfold. The technical university at Berlin has four thousand students and is compelled to refuse admission to outside applicants formerly accepted with cordiality. Every city and town in Germany has its schools offering special instruction in those branches of industry and their underlying sciences in which the place has special interest. There are schools of textile manufactures in the cotton and woolen manufacturing districts, schools of chemical engineering and of chemical manufactures in those cities in which those industries are most extensive, and commercial schools—forty of them—in the commercial cities.

American Schools Need More Money

With us, comparatively little of this education supplementary to the academic is to be found. It is not because there is no demand, or because our young men are not ready to take advantage of the opportunity to learn the systematic and scientific methods and principles of their chosen life-work; it is simply because we have not yet developed statesmen, in national or state legislatures or in our boards of education, sufficiently well-informed and far-seeing and patriotic to inaugurate such a system, or such schools, as a part of the national or of the state system of governmental work. Such schools as we have are crowded, and such graduates as are available are promptly found place in the mechanism of business. Our primary need is a body of national and other bodies of state legislators capable of planning and efficient enough to carry into successful operation a system such as Germany has developed, modified to meet the special needs and the peculiar conditions of our country.

Some progress is, however, being made, and the state universities of the Middle and Western States and the great colleges of the Eastern States are all beginning to do good work. A beginning is actually made; although the former class of institutions still need far more effective backing by the state governments, and the latter need considerably larger endowments and more intelligent interest in the work on the part of their directors.

The special schools, the various "institutes of technology," are usually quite untrammeled and are doing a grand work, only hampered by lack of funds. This latter disability is indeed universal among our institutions of learning of all grades. All are more or less mendicant and dependent upon individual liberality for their extension, their equipments and their endowments.

The Success of a Practical College

The alumni of these institutions, public or private, are now beginning to secure their opportunities in the great work, and, although Germany is far in advance of us in this direction, we may hope that the peculiar genius of the American people may prove equal to meeting the handicap successfully. We are now sending out graduates from our technical schools and colleges, and from the manual training and trade schools of various grades, large bodies of very well-trained men in many departments of industry, mechanical and agricultural, and they are rapidly bringing our people to a realization of the opportunities and the needs of our industrial system, and are showing no less effectively the advantages of vocational and professional training in the industrial arts. Sibley College, for example, has sent out from a hundred to one hundred and thirty graduates each year, recently, in mechanical, electrical and other departments of engineering, and is, to-day, giving technical instruction to over 650 young men, and the other departments of technical work of Cornell University are doing each its share, while the College of Agriculture is teaching scores of thousands, literally, in its "university extension" and "nature study" work, and every state university and some of the "academic" colleges are taking hold effectively of the same great work.

The demand for such specially educated and trained men, "liberally and practically" trained, as the Morrill bill puts it, is large and is increasing with great rapidity, and the sentiment of employers regarding this class of young men has been completely revolutionized since the writer began his work in this field a generation ago. For years it was next to impossible to induce superintendents and managers of establishments to admit these young men to their shops or to give them opportunity to secure a business experience supplementary to their school training; now our letter-files often contain applications for ten where one is available, and, recently, we have had requests to supply dozens to single employers. The country needs such men and is discovering the fact.

Practically all the graduates of such schools of reputation find immediate employment, and the smaller among the best grades of school often have every man engaged long before he completes his course of technical work and takes his degree. Now and then a student appears, to enter upon the work, who has been sent by a proposing employer to prepare himself, in advance of his engagement; many have practically secured their places in advance by some provisional arrangement.

Why the Graduates are in Demand

Nearly a hundred of our students were employed during their long summer vacation in the workshops of the railways of the country and in the locomotive building establishments. A few, as might have been expected, failed to meet the demands made upon them; but the great majority not only proved efficient but, through their exceptional efficiency, often secured a promise of permanent employment after completing their college work.

Of one man the superintendent wrote: "He has done more work and better work than any man, old or young, in the whole establishment." He had profited well by his instruction in the practical side of his work. We have seventy-five men in the shipbuilding establishments of the country, although the school of naval construction is still in its infancy. A thousand of our men are distributed among the engineering establishments of the land, and they are to be found in all parts of the country, operating the manufacturing establishments, the electric light and railway works and innumerable minor industries. Nearly a hundred are teaching engineering science. The Purdue Exponent gives the following as the average salaries of such cases as have been reported: After graduation, $460; after one year, $690; two years, $875; three years, $1090; four years, $1150; five years, $1200; six years, $1500. On our lists is one young man who has refused an offer of $8000, and many others are securing the highest compensation in their respective departments of industry.

Among the teachers of engineering science, fully one-half are professors in charge of departments and all are engaged in the dissemination of "liberal and practical" education, through the applied sciences, throughout the land. Germany will some time, it is hoped, have a successful rival in the United States in systematic industrial education. In the higher departments, and especially in the practical work of the shops and drawing rooms, and in laboratories of mechanics, engineering and applied physics and chemistry, the Germans are, in fact, now taking lessons from our technical institutions. In the business world our young men of combined scientific and practical knowledge are taking their proper place, and foreign visitors to our great iron and steel works and to other extensive industrial establishments are astonished to find already the direction so largely in the hands of this class of ambitious, talented, well-educated and efficient young men, comparatively recently from the technical schools.

The next generation will see the whole industrial system of the United States, probably of the civilized world, directed by men of higher education, technically and professionally trained in all the sciences as well as the arts of their special fields of labor, and such a renaissance of invention, discovery and general improvement in the arts and trades and manufacturing systems of the country and the world as will transcend anything seen even during the nineteenth century. Brain and brawn, science and art, learning and labor, working together as parts of one integral mechanism, will promote the advancement of the highest and best interests of the nation through the advancement of its material interests at an unprecedented rate—provided educators, and especially statesmen, are wise, patriotic and efficient in their respective departments.

R. H. THURSTON,
Director of Sibley College (Cornell University).

* * *

MORE than twenty-five years ago, when the first class of graduates was sent out by the Stevens Institute of Technology, there was, in the minds of most employers, a decided prejudice against the graduates of so-called technical schools, founded, I believe, on the rather impracticable character of some such graduates of foreign schools, or of graduates holding diplomas from some colleges in this country where the training was of an imperfect, non-practical character.

For example, I recollect that one of our earliest graduates, who went into the employment of one of our most important railways, was told by the superintendent under whose immediate charge he was placed, that he would probably require a couple of years to unlearn the stuff with which he had been loaded at the Institute. It is of interest to note that some months later when, at my suggestion, the superintendent of another division of the same railway sent for this young man to conduct some tests, the superintendent first referred to declined to part with him as he was too useful where he was, and within some six or eight years this young man was the division manager of an important section of the same road.

The history of this young man finds its parallel in a number of other cases, and suggests what is the fact, namely, that as years rolled on our graduates grew in favor, until for some years past my effort has been directed to picking out men among our graduates to fill places offered, rather than to find places for our graduates.

Indeed, in the case of the last two graduating classes (those of 1899 and of 1900) every man was engaged before the day of Commencement.

As an illustration of this change of view on the part of employers, and of the light in which our graduates are now regarded, I cannot do better than quote a few words from a letter in which Mr. Andrew Carnegie announced his intention of presenting to the Institute a building to be used as a Laboratory of Engineering. In this letter Mr. Carnegie says: "We owe much to Stevens, for many a valuable man has come to us from it."

It is not, however, to be forgotten that in a number of our best-managed railroads and machine shops it is the rule to accept no newcomer, in a position which offers the prospect of future indefinite advancement, except as an apprentice. This rule has been adopted for various reasons, one of which is to nullify the effect of personal influence and "pulls," and a graduate must not be disappointed if he is refused any higher position at the start, or be surprised if he is directed to do very menial or trying work as a test of "grit."

One of our graduates, who is now general manager of one of the most important systems of electric railways, told me that the first piece of work he was set to do was the attachment of the insulators and wires to the poles of a road under construction, and the next was to get down into the pit in the car-sheds and clean up the electric switches on the cars.

Another was directed to clean out some cattle cars which had come in for repairs on a railway of which, within a few years, he was superintendent of motive power.

I will again quote a few words from Mr. Carnegie which illuminate this situation. In a recent letter he says: "Our boys begin at the foot, and I could not introduce even a nephew of my own in any position whatever. We train our own boys, taking them young from the technical schools (*Stevens preferred*)." The italics are Mr. Carnegie's.

Some time since I had occasion to go over our list of graduates and classify them in reference to the positions they then occupied. I thus found that over twenty-five per cent. were superintendents, general managers or like officers of large corporations, or, in other words, were the executive heads of the various corporations in which they were employed; and of the remaining seventy-five per cent., the great majority were in the direct line of advancement to like positions.

The above may sound somewhat like an example of boasting, but it is simply a statement of fact which can be verified by any one who will take one of our catalogues and run through the names and locations or positions of our graduates there recorded.

HENRY MORTON, PH. D., LL. D.,
President of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by the heads of our technical colleges setting forth the material advantages which have accrued to their graduates from their special training.

Condensed Novels. *By* Bret Harte

THE STOLEN CIGAR CASE. *By* A. Co——n D——le

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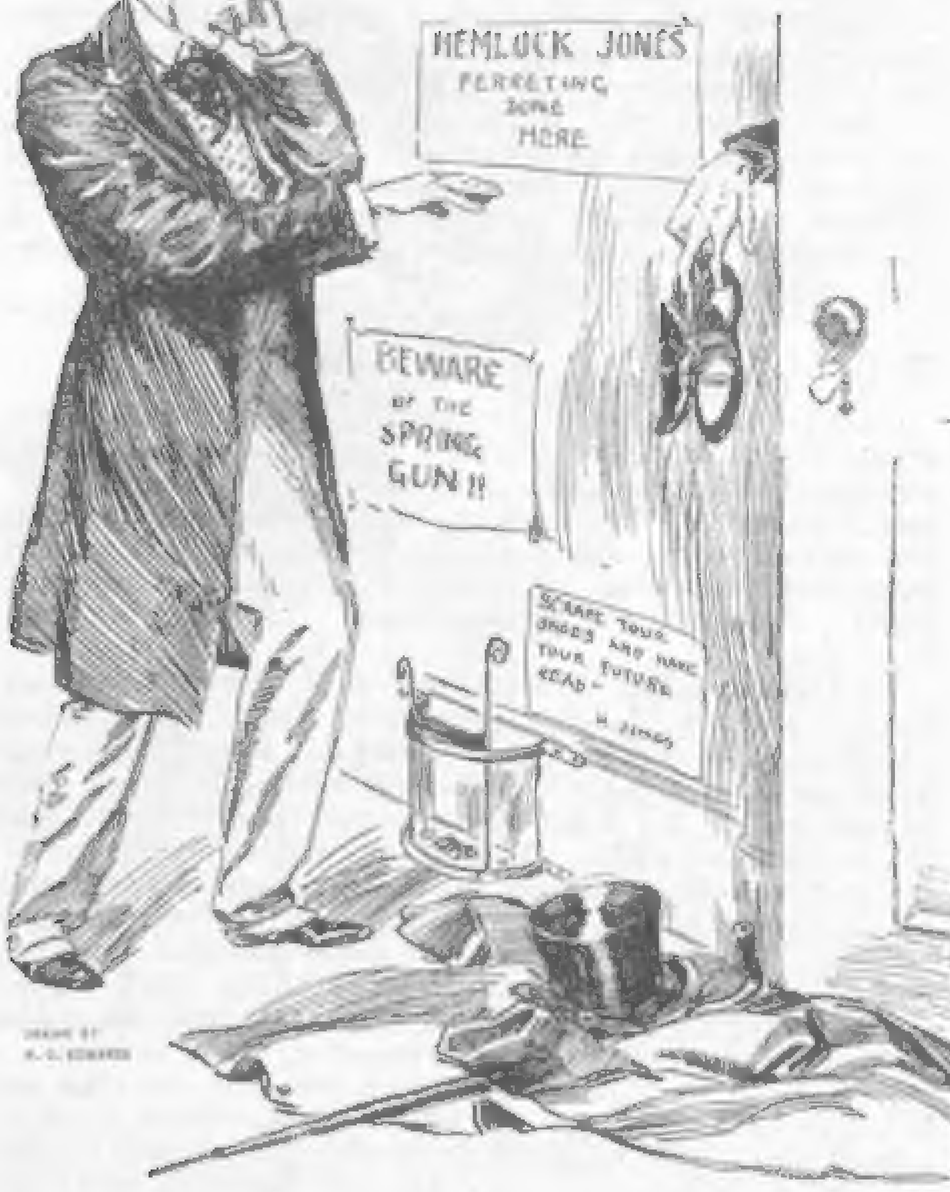


—thrust out my hat, overcoat, umbrella and overshoes

I FOUND Hemlock Jones in the old Brook Street lodgings, musing before the fire. With the freedom of an old friend, I at once threw myself in my usual familiar attitude at his feet, and gently caressed his boot. I was induced to do this for two reasons: one that it enabled me to get a good look at his bent, concentrated face, and the other that it seemed to indicate my reverence for his superhuman insight. So absorbed was he even then, in tracking some mysterious clue, that he did not seem to notice me. But therein I was wrong—as I always was in my attempt to understand that powerful intellect.

"It is raining," he said, without lifting his head.

"You have been out, then?" I said quickly.

"No. But I see that your umbrella is wet, and that your overcoat has drops of water on it."

I sat aghast at his penetration. After a pause he said carelessly, as if dismissing the subject, "Besides, I hear the rain on the window. Listen."

I listened. I could scarcely credit my ears, but there was the soft pattering of drops on the panes. It was evident there was no deceiving this man!

"Have you been busy lately?" I asked, changing the subject. "What new problem—given up by Scotland Yard as inscrutable—has occupied that gigantic intellect?"

He drew back his foot slightly, and seemed to hesitate ere he returned it to its original position. Then he answered wearily: "Mere trifles—nothing to speak of. The Prince Kupoli has been here to get my advice regarding the disappearance of certain rubies from the Kremlin; the Rajah of Pootibad, after vainly beheading his entire bodyguard, has been obliged to seek my assistance to recover a jeweled sword. The Grand Duchess of Pretzel-Brauntswig is desirous of discovering where her husband was on the night of the fourteenth of February, and last night"—he lowered his voice slightly—"a lodger in this very house, meeting me on the stairs, wanted to know why they didn't answer his bell."

I could not help smiling—until I saw a frown gathering on his inscrutable forehead.

"Pray to remember," he said coldly, "that it was through such an apparently trivial question that I found out Why Paul Ferroll Killed His Wife, and What Happened to Jones!"

I became dumb at once. He paused for a moment and then, suddenly changing back to his usual pitiless, analytical style, he said: "When I say these are trifles, they are so in comparison to an affair that is now before me. A crime has been committed and, singularly enough, against myself. You start," he said; "you wonder who would have dared to attempt it. So did I; nevertheless, it has been done. *I have been robbed!*"

"*You* robbed! You, Hemlock Jones, the Terror of Peculators!" I gasped in amazement, arising and gripping the table as I faced him.

"Yes! Listen. I would confess it to no other. But *you* who have followed my career, who know my methods; you, for whom I have partly lifted the veil that conceals my plans from ordinary humanity; you, who have for years rapturously accepted my confidences, passionately admired my inductions and inferences, placed yourself at my beck and call, become my slave, groveled at my feet, given up your practice except those few unremunerative and rapidly decreasing patients to whom, in moments of abstraction over *my* problems, you have administered strychnine for quinine and arsenic for Epsom salts; you, who have sacrificed anything and everybody to me—*you* I make my confidant!"

I arose and embraced him warmly, yet he was already so engrossed in thought that at the same moment he mechanically placed his hand upon his watch chain as if to consult the time. "Sit down," he said. "Have a cigar?"

"I have given up cigar smoking," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

I hesitated, and perhaps colored. I had really given it up because, with my diminished practice, it was too expensive. I could afford only a pipe. "I prefer a pipe," I said laughingly. "But tell me of this robbery. What have you lost?"

He arose and, planting himself before the fire with his hands under his coat-tails, looked down upon me reflectively for a moment. "Do you remember the cigar case presented to me by the Turkish Ambassador for discovering the missing favorite of the Grand Vizier in the fifth chorus girl at the Hilarity Theatre? It was that one. I mean the cigar case. It was incrusted with diamonds."

"And the largest one had been supplanted by paste," I said.

"Ah," he said with a reflective smile, "you know that?"

"You told me yourself. I remember considering it a proof of your extraordinary perception. But, by Jove, you don't mean to say you have lost it?"

He was silent for a moment. "No—it has been stolen, it is true—but I shall still find it. And by myself alone! In your profession, my dear fellow, when a member is seriously ill, he does not prescribe for himself, but calls in a brother doctor. Therein we differ. I shall take this matter in my own hands."

"And where could you find better?" I said enthusiastically. "I should say the cigar case is as good as recovered already."

"I shall remind you of that again," he said lightly. "And now, to show you my confidence in your judgment, in spite of my determination to pursue this alone, I am willing to listen to any suggestions from you."

He drew a memorandum book from his pocket and, with a grave smile, took up his pencil.

I could scarcely believe my senses. He, the great Hemlock Jones, accepting suggestions from a humble individual like myself! I kissed his hand reverently, and began in a joyous tone:

"First, I should advertise, offering a reward; I should give the same intimation in handbills, distributed at the 'pubs' and the pastry cooks'. I should next visit the different pawnbrokers; I should give notice at the police station. I should examine the servants. I should thoroughly search the house and my own pockets. I speak relatively," I added with a laugh. "Of course I mean *your* own."

He gravely made an entry of these details.

"Perhaps," I added, "you have already done this?"

"Perhaps," he returned enigmatically. "Now, my dear friend," he continued, putting the notebook in his pocket and rising, "would you excuse me for a few moments? Make yourself perfectly at home until I return; there may be some things," he added with a sweep of his hand toward his heterogeneously filled shelves, "that may interest you and while away the time. There are pipes and tobacco in that corner."

Then nodding to me with the same inscrutable face he left the room. I was too well accustomed to his methods to think much of his unceremonious withdrawal, and made no doubt he was off to investigate some clue which had suddenly occurred to his active intelligence.

Left to myself I cast a cursory glance over his shelves. There were a number of small glass jars containing earthy substances labeled, "Pavement and Road Sweepings," from the principal thoroughfares and suburbs of London, with the subdirections "for identifying foot tracks." There were several other jars labeled, "Fluff from Omnibus and Road Car Seats," "Cocoanut Fibre and Rope Strands from Mattings in Public Places," "Cigarette Stumps and Match Ends from Floor of Palace Theatre, Row A, 1 to 50." Everywhere were evidences of this wonderful man's system and perspicacity.

I was thus engaged when I heard the slight creaking of a door, and I looked up as a stranger entered. He was a rough-looking man with a shabby overcoat and a still more disreputable muffler around his throat and the lower part of his face. Considerably annoyed at his intrusion, I turned upon him rather sharply, when, with a mumbled, growling apology for mistaking the room, he shuffled out again and closed the door. I followed him quickly to the landing and saw that he disappeared down the stairs. With my mind full of the robbery, the incident made a singular impression upon me. I knew my friend's habit of hasty absences from his room in his moments of deep inspiration; it was only too probable that, with his powerful intellect and magnificent perceptive genius concentrated on one subject, he should be careless of his own belongings, and no doubt even forget to take the ordinary precaution of locking up his drawers. I tried one or two and found that I was right—although for some reason I was unable to open one to its fullest extent. The handles were sticky, as if some one had opened them with dirty fingers. Knowing Hemlock's fastidious cleanliness, I resolved to inform him of this circumstance, but I forgot it, alas! until—but I am anticipating my story.

His absence was strangely prolonged. I at last seated myself by the fire, and lulled by warmth and the patter of the rain on the window I fell asleep. I may have dreamt, for during my sleep I had a vague semi-consciousness as of hands being softly pressed on my pockets—no doubt induced by the story of the robbery. When I came fully to my senses I found Hemlock Jones sitting on the other side of the hearth, his deeply concentrated gaze fixed on the fire.

"I found you so comfortably asleep that I could not bear to awaken you," he said with a smile.

I rubbed my eyes. "And what news?" I asked. "How have you succeeded?"

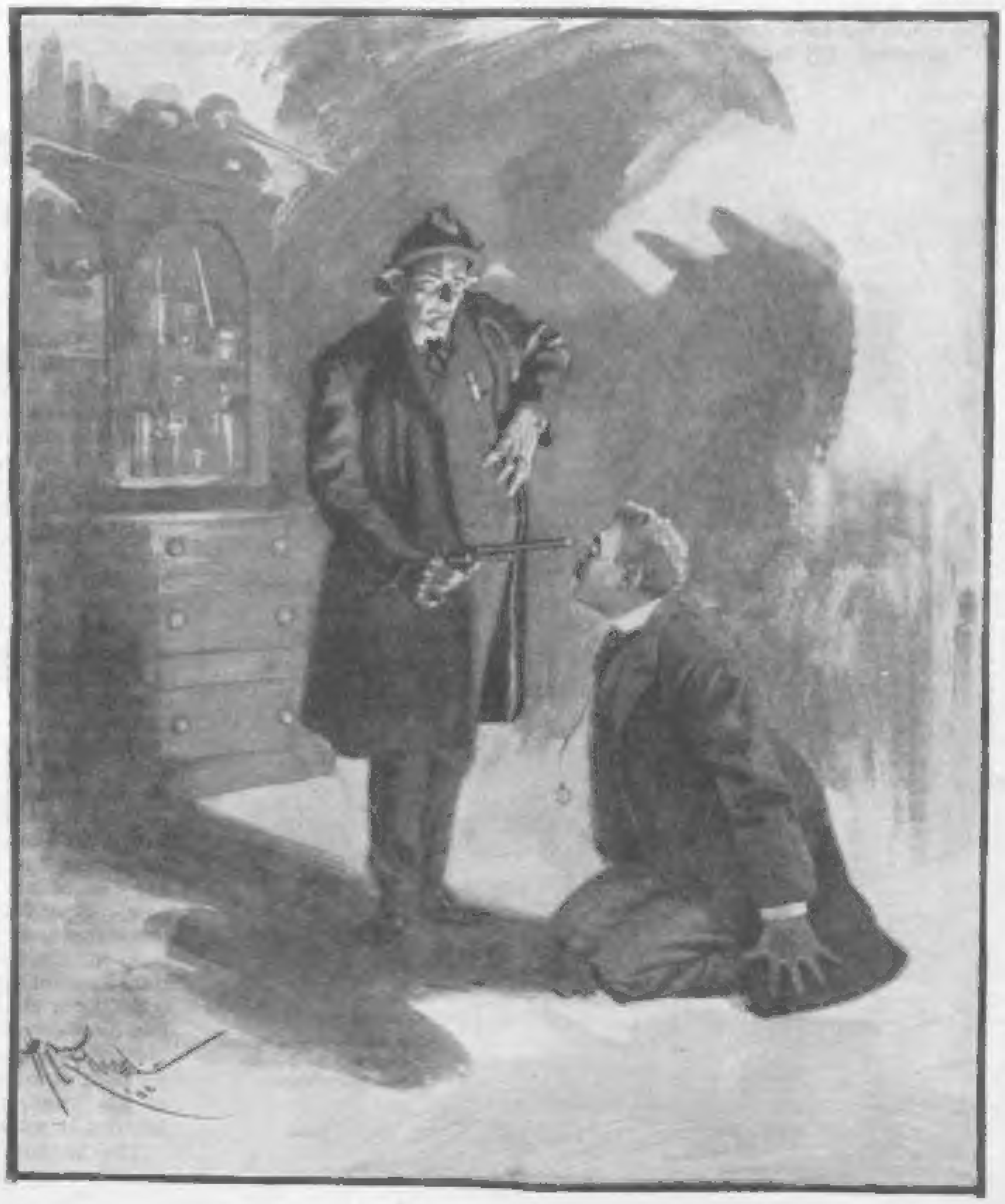
"Better than I expected," he said, "and I think," he added, tapping his notebook, "I owe much to *you*."

Deeply gratified, I awaited more. But in vain. I ought to have remembered that in his moods Hemlock Jones was reticence itself. I told him simply of the strange intrusion, but he only laughed.

Later, when I arose to go, he looked at me playfully. "If you were a married man," he said, "I would advise you not to go home until you had brushed your sleeve. There are a few short, brown sealskin hairs on the inner side of your forearm—just where they would have adhered if your arm had encircled a sealskin sacque with some pressure!"

"For once you are at fault," I said triumphantly; "the hair is my own, as you will perceive; I have just had it cut

"Hand over that cigar case!"



at the hairdresser's, and no doubt this arm projected beyond the apron."

He frowned slightly, yet, nevertheless, on my turning to go he embraced me warmly—a rare exhibition in that man of ice. He even helped me on with my overcoat and pulled out and smoothed down the flaps of my pockets. He was particular, too, in fitting my arm in my overcoat sleeve, shaking the sleeve down from the arm-hole to the cuff with his deft fingers. "Come again soon!" he said, clapping me on the back.

"At any and all times," I said enthusiastically; "I only ask ten minutes twice a day to eat a crust at my office, and four hours' sleep at night—and the rest of my time is devoted to you always—as you know."

"It is indeed," he said with his impenetrable smile.

Nevertheless, I did not find him at home when I next called. One afternoon, when nearing my own home, I met him in one of his favorite disguises—a long blue swallow-tailed coat, striped cotton trousers, large turn-over collar, blacked face and white hat, carrying a tambourine. Of course to others the disguise was perfect, although it was known to myself, and I passed him—according to an old understanding between us—without the slightest recognition, trusting to a later explanation. At another time, as I was making a professional visit to the wife of a publican at the East End, I saw him, in the disguise of a broken-down artisan, looking into the window of an adjacent pawnshop. I was delighted to see that he was evidently following my suggestions, and in my joy I ventured to tip him a wink; it was abstractedly returned.

Two days later I received a note appointing a meeting at his lodgings that night. That meeting, alas! was the one memorable occurrence of my life, and the last meeting I ever had with Hemlock Jones! I will try to set it down calmly, though my pulses still throb with the recollection of it.

I found him standing before the fire, with that look upon his face which I had seen only once or twice in our acquaintance—a look which I may call an absolute concatenation of inductive and deductive ratiocination—from which all that was human, tender or sympathetic was absolutely discharged. He was simply an icy, algebraic symbol! Indeed, his whole being was concentrated to that extent that his clothes fitted loosely, and his head was absolutely so much reduced in size by his mental compression that his hat tipped back from his forehead and literally hung on his massive ears.

After I had entered he locked the doors, fastened the windows, and even placed a chair before the chimney. As I watched these significant precautions with absorbing interest, he suddenly drew a revolver and, presenting it to my temple, said in low, icy tones:

"Hand over that cigar case!"

Even in my bewilderment my reply was truthful, spontaneous and involuntary. "I haven't got it," I said.

He smiled bitterly, and threw down his revolver. "I expected that reply! Then let me now confront you with something more awful, more deadly, more relentless and convincing than that mere lethal weapon—the damning, inductive and deductive proofs of your guilt!" He drew from his pocket a roll of paper and a notebook.

"But surely," I gasped, "you are joking! You could not for a moment believe——"

"Silence! Sit down!" I obeyed.

"You have condemned yourself," he went on pitilessly. "Condemned yourself on my processes—processes familiar to you, applauded by you, accepted by you for years! We will go back to the time when you first saw the cigar case. Your expressions," he said, in cold, deliberate tones, consulting his paper, "were, 'How beautiful! I wish it were mine.' This was your first step in crime—and my first indication. From '*I wish* it were mine' to '*I will* have it mine,' and the mere detail, '*How can* I make it mine,' the advance was obvious. Silence! But, as in my methods it was necessary that there should be an overwhelming inducement to the crime, that unholy admiration of yours for the mere trinket itself was not enough. You are a smoker of cigars."

"But," I burst out passionately, "I told you I had given up smoking cigars."

"Fool!" he said coldly, "that is the *second* time you have committed yourself. Of course you told me! What more natural than for you to blazon forth that prepared and unsolicited statement to *prevent* accusation. Yet, as I said before, even that wretched attempt to cover up your tracks was not enough. I still had to find that overwhelming, impelling motive necessary to affect a man like you. That motive I found in the strongest of all impulses—Love, I suppose you would call it," he added bitterly—"that night you called! You had brought the most conclusive proofs of it in your sleeve."

"But——" I almost screamed.

"Silence!" he thundered. "I know what you would say. You would say that even if you had embraced some Young Person in a sealskin sacque, what had that to do with the robbery? Let me tell you, then, that that sealskin sacque represented the quality and character of your fatal entanglement! You bartered your honor for it—that stolen cigar case was the purchaser of the sealskin sacque!

"Silence! Having thoroughly established your motive, I now proceed to the commission of the crime itself. Ordinary people would have begun with that—with an attempt to discover the whereabouts of the missing object. These are not *my* methods."

So overpowering was his penetration, that although I knew myself innocent, I licked my lips with avidity to hear the further details of this lucid exposition of my crime.

"You committed that theft the night I showed you the cigar case and after I had carelessly thrown it in that drawer. You were sitting in that chair and I had arisen to take something from that shelf. In that instant you secured your booty without rising. Silence! Do you remember when I helped you on with your overcoat the other night? I was particular about fitting your arm in. While doing so I measured your arm with a spring tape measure, from the shoulder to the cuff. A later visit to your tailor confirmed that measurement. It proved to be *the exact distance between your chair and that drawer!*"

I sat stunned.

"The rest are mere corroborative details! You were again tampering with the drawer when I discovered you doing so! Do not start! The stranger that blundered into the room with a muffler on—was myself! More, I had placed a little soap on the drawer handles when I purposely left you alone. The soap was on your hand when I shook it at parting. I softly felt your pockets when you were asleep for further developments. I embraced you when you left—that I might feel if you had the cigar case or any other articles hidden on your body. This confirmed me in the belief that you had already disposed of it in the manner and for the purpose I have shown you. As I still believed you capable of remorse and confession, I twice allowed you to see I was on your track; once in the garb of an itinerant negro minstrel, and the second time as a workman looking in the window of the pawnshop where you pledged your booty."

"But," I burst out, "if you had asked the pawnbroker, you would have seen how unjust——"

"Fool!" he hissed, "that was one of *your* suggestions—to search the pawnshops! Do you suppose I followed any of your suggestions—the suggestions of the thief? On the contrary, they told me what to avoid."

"And I suppose," I said bitterly, "you have not even searched your drawer."

"No," he said calmly.

I was for the first time really vexed. I went to the nearest drawer and pulled it out sharply. It stuck as it had before, leaving a part of the drawer unopened. By working it, however, I discovered that it was impeded by some obstacle that had slipped to the upper part of the drawer, and held it firmly fast. Inserting my hand, I pulled out the impeding object. It was the missing cigar case! I turned to him with a cry of joy.

But I was appalled at his expression. A look of contempt was now added to his acute, penetrating gaze. "I have been mistaken," he said slowly; "I had not allowed for your weakness and cowardice! I thought too highly of you even in your guilt! But I see now why you tampered with that drawer the other night. By some incredible means—possibly another theft—you took the cigar case out of pawn and, like a whipped hound, restored it to me in this feeble, clumsy fashion. You thought to deceive me—Hemlock Jones!—more, you thought to destroy my infallibility. Go! I give you your liberty. I shall not summon the three policemen who wait in the adjoining room—but out of my sight forever!"

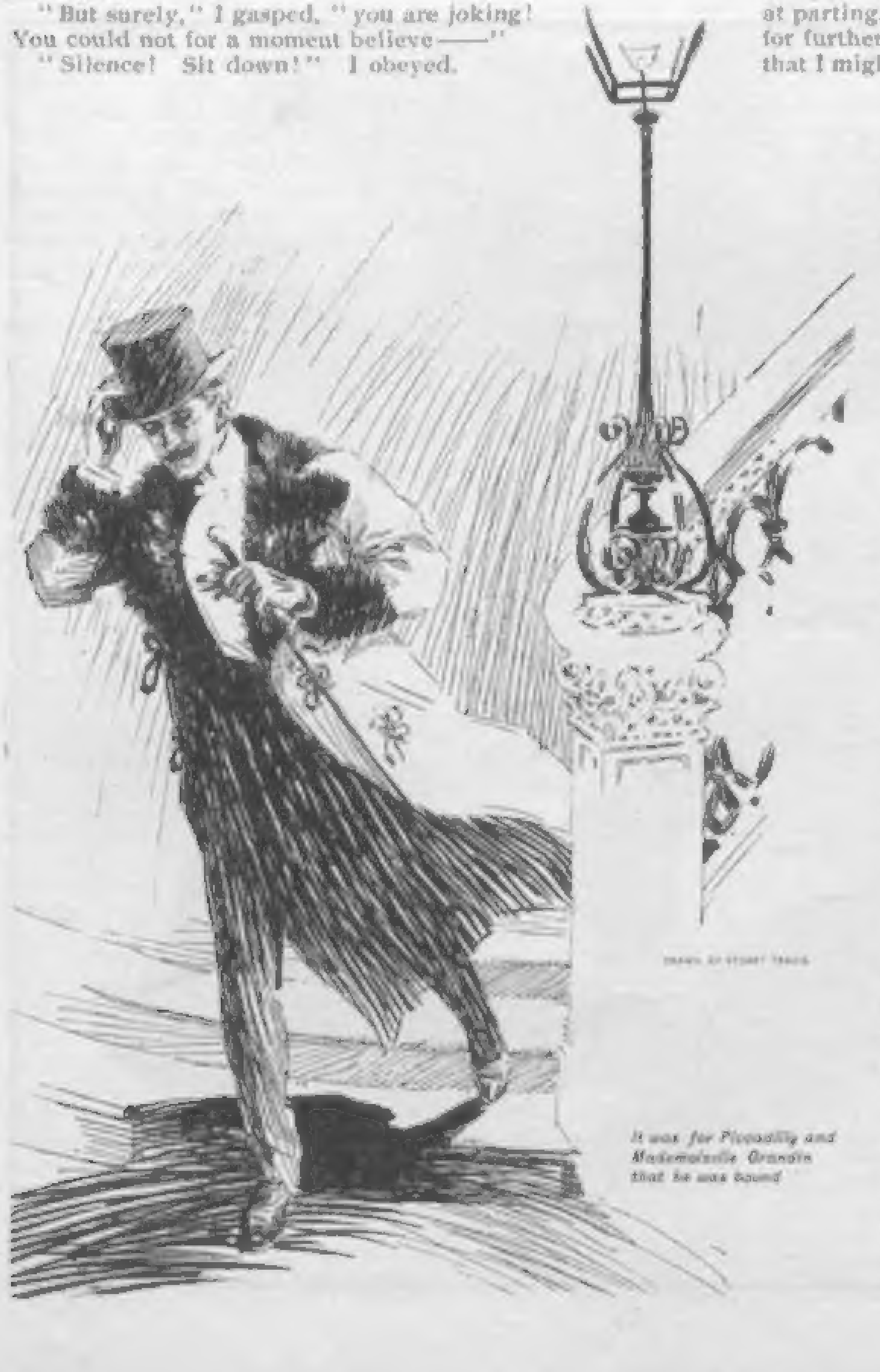
As I stood once more dazed and petrified, he took me firmly by the ear and led me into the hall, closing the door behind him. This reopened presently, wide enough to permit him to thrust out my hat, overcoat, umbrella and overshoes, and then closed against me forever!

I never saw him again. I am bound to say, however, that thereafter my business increased, I recovered much of my old practice, and a few of my patients recovered also. I became rich. I had a brougham and a house in the West End. But I often wondered, pondering on that wonderful man's penetration and insight, if, in some lapse of consciousness, I had not really stolen his cigar case!

The Untitled Noblesse of England

THERE are many families in the United Kingdom that, generation after generation, have refused titles offered them.

In the south of England live a family, the possessors of an estate the records of which antedate by some generations the Domesday Book. At any time during the past 250 years the head of this family could have had a title for the asking—rather, for the accepting—but for generation after generation the head has held that no one who has occupied the throne of England has been possessed of a pedigree that enabled him or her to confer any honor upon the head of the oldest English family of which records bear testimony.



It was for Piccadilly and Mademoiselle Grandin that he was bound

Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company. *By* William Armstrong

THE ROMANCE OF A BARITONE

"THE German baritone that Mademoiselle met in Paris is going to sing the Toreador tonight instead of Signor Fremelli," said Mademoiselle Grandin's maid. As Mademoiselle's maid was engaged in turning up the gas in the wire globes on either side of the dressing-table she failed to see the heightened color aroused by her information. When she turned it was to find the Mademoiselle seated in front of her dressing-table, intent on the duties of her make-up and alike indifferent to the absence of Signor Fremelli or the presence of Herr Krohn.

True, at this particular moment Herr Krohn might naturally have been supposed at his post, at the Ducal Theatre of Enzisweiler. That he should be here, at Her Majesty's Covent Garden, was very much out of the usual. The maid had indicated her own knowledge of this by the elaborate slowness with which she had made the announcement.

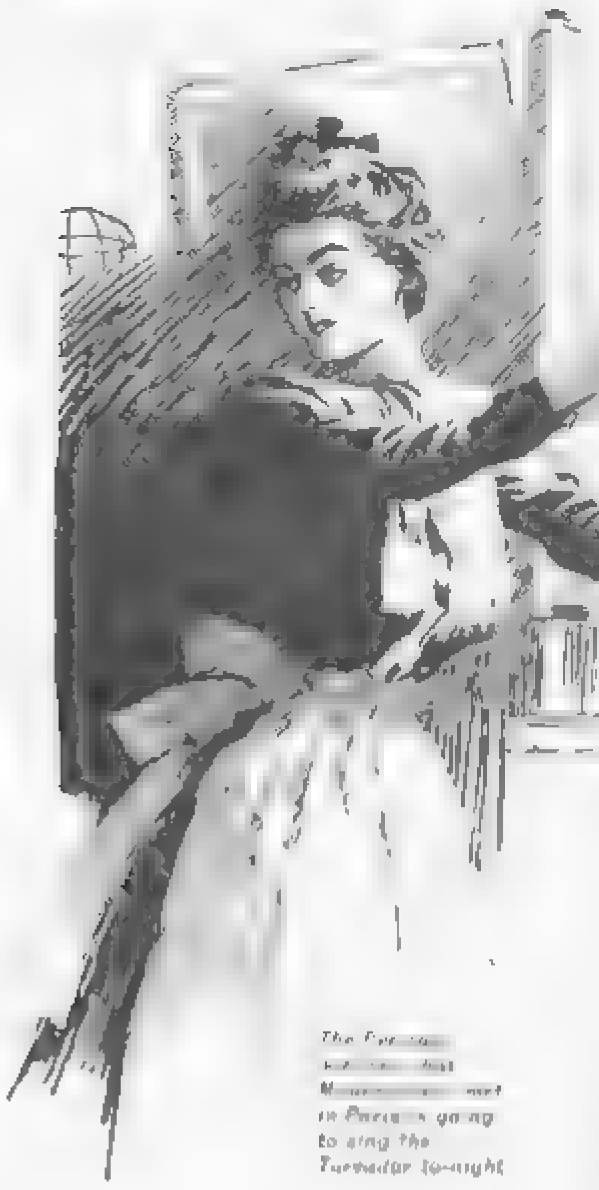
The season previous the Duke had loaned Herr Krohn to Madame Wagner for the Festival performances, but a year ago the Duke was not having one of his six daughters married as he was now. Opera being His Grace's chief resource for the amusement of his guests on such occasions as this, and the baritone one of his foremost favorites, the situation appeared involved.

Stranger still, not a line in any London paper had announced his coming. Fremelli was ill and Herr Krohn had arrived at an opportune moment for both audience and manager; but the question of his coming, to the informed, absorbed any interest in attendant conditions.

The baritone himself paced his dressing-room, or rather one of the boxes dignified by that name, at Her Majesty's. It was not of the Duke, her ladyship's wedding, an absence without leave, the heat of the June night, or even of Fremelli that he was thinking. People would doubtless wonder how he got there, why a man of his reputation should make a London début as the Toreador in Bizet's Carmen, and who would take his place at Enzisweiler in the Festival performance the night before the wedding. Just now none of these things interested him so much as what Mademoiselle Grandin would say, or perhaps only look, when she saw him in the smugglers' inn in the second act. He had frankly to acknowledge to himself that he had small right to expect anything. He had met her but twice. The first time he had spoken with his eyes; the second he had found his tongue. Neither had seemed to make an important impression. In all the long months (they were but two, yet so he counted them) since those consecutive days he had endeavored to abide his lot and the Duke's decision after the established plan of the Enzisweiler Theatre and await the time of his short annual leave. But His Grace and the calendar proved insufficient as delaying powers. He was not the groom, and the groom was the only man indispensable at a wedding. He grinned to himself when he thought how fortunate this especial daughter of His Grace was in finding a groom at all. Surely the music to commemorate such a festival mattered but little if only it were triumphant in character.

Perhaps he might get back with an assurance of some kind from her in time to sing. If he did he would sing in a way that should make even the Duke forgive him. He was taking the chances into his own hands. He had a broken contract behind him and an uncertain future in front of him. The latter if happily adjusted might help out with the former. Just now he was pacing his dressing-room at Covent Garden uncertain of either.

The call boy passed the open door, and inside of two minutes he was going on a mission for Herr Krohn.



The [illegible] in Paris [illegible] going to sing the Toreador to-night

'Mademoiselle Grandin is talking in the wings with M Mocque who sings the Don José," was the news he brought back Three times Herr Krohn started to interrupt that conversation in the wings and three times his heart failed him. He was afraid of two things, the reception that Mademoiselle Grandin might give him in this moment of suspense and the degree of attention he might find her devoting to M. Mocque. He did not stop to think that M. Mocque had a wife and six homely daughters who strongly resembled him; he only resented the fact that Mademoiselle Grandin should be talking to any man, married or single, at the moment he had so long pictured when he should be near her again. Women had no hearts, anyway. Here he had sacrificed everything to be near her, and he had arrived only to find her happily entertained by another

By this time he had worked himself into a rage, but his curiosity got the better of his temper, and the call boy went on a second errand of inquiry. This time Herr Krohn felt more comfortable. Mademoiselle Grandin was at the middle back entrance waiting to go on in the first act. The sound of the orchestra came dimly to him as the searching sweetness of her voice rang out in her opening phrases of Carmen He knew just how her eyes shone, the radiance in her face, the carnations in her hair. It seemed an age, that first act, and the wait until the second. Then the torch bearers formed in line in front of him and the pompous bars preceding the entrance of the Toreador sounded in the orchestra He had entirely forgotten London, his French leave and everything else but the fact that Mademoiselle Grandin was at the edge of the throng on the stage with him

At first he had not the courage to look at her, but his art helped him. He was a singer, after all, and the sound of his own voice thrust for a moment even the thought of her from his mind. The exhilaration of her presence was felt rather than recognized. In the moment that Carmen offers the cup to Escamillo and sings L'Amour he had the courage to look into her eyes. What he saw there gave him heart and the audience demanded a double encore as direct consequence Later, while they were standing together on open scene she asked, "Why are you here so unexpectedly?"

He answered, "To be near you.'

She turned on her heel and walked off with Frasquita.

That was the last word he got with her until the bull fight Then she had to listen as they walked on the scene together, her head touching his shoulder. When he fell into a rage because she told him she could not receive him the next day because of other engagements he was for stopping to argue it out in the middle of the stage — but for her he would have forgotten his cue. The recollection of her thoughtfulness was the one grain of consolation in the evening's proceedings.

The next day brought the papers, and as he laboriously made out the English he found that adjectives regarding his work were as plentiful in London as in Enzisweiler. The chief satisfaction that he got out of it was that she would see what was thought of him

After twenty-four hours of waiting he called upon her at eleven o'clock in the morning only to be told that she had gone out. He did not believe it, and his manner plainly told it. Even Suzette blushed as the rattle of a coffee cup came from Mademoiselle Grandin's apartment.

When he got home there were two telegrams awaiting him, one from the manager of the Enzisweiler Theatre, the other from His Grace's secretary. Both told the same story of upbraiding and forgiveness if he would come to his senses in time for the festival performance. His defeat had made him the more determined. He smoked cigars all the afternoon, and that night he sang Telramund. She was not in the cast. The more direct critics wrote that his performance of this rôle, for which he was noted, was "colorless," the indirect ones said he "appeared indisposed."

Fremelli got suddenly well in time to sing Escamillo in the succeeding performance of Carmen. Castlemann, the bass, told of a scene in which Fremelli had threatened not to sing in America if throaty German baritones were given his parts, under illness or any other conditions. For a week he was not called upon to sing; perhaps Castlemann's information was correct. He had not yet been successful in seeing her, even the telegrams from Enzisweiler had gradually ceased, and he smoked until his throat was parched, trying to break the monotony

On the eighth day a big, square envelope, bearing her monogram, was sent to his room. She invited him to make one of a party up the Thames. He smiled grimly when he saw through her plan, founded on the homely adage of safety in numbers. One happy moment he had alone with her, and Mademoiselle Grandin was pink with surprise at the masterful air with which he ruled it. The next afternoon he dropped in to five o'clock tea with her. Fremelli was there, but the German proceeded in such a high handed manner to monopolize the hostess that he held the field alone before the world had grown an hour older. His triumph was short Mademoiselle Grandin left the room almost as soon as the door had closed on the retreating Fremelli, and after Krohn had waited for twenty minutes Suzette came in to say that her mistress had a bad headache

His ensuing rage did not last so long as he would have liked, and he felt the last atom of his self-respect blow away when he agreed to sing Valentine in Faust, on the next Tuesday, because she was to sing the Marguerite. In the wings he was suave but indifferent in his greeting, and gave his attention to Madame Kruger who sang the Martha From her he heard all the news of Enzisweiler. Something like a pang of homesickness struck him with her words Mademoiselle Grandin, whose eyes were fixed upon him as he struggled with his emotion, turned pink on her forehead when he gazed searchingly at her

"I think I shall go back to-morrow, he said, elevating his tone and speaking with great decision

"And leave her?" asked Madame Kruger under her breath, drawing her eyebrows together

"Why do you put such a question?"

"Dear innocent, don't you suppose we all know it? This afternoon it got into one of the papers — broken contract and all. They called it The Romance of a Baritone."

"If all the world knows it I'm sure I'm glad of it!" he cried impulsively. "I'm proud of it. I'll tell her so now."

"Boy, boy!" exclaimed Madame Kruger, catching his arm; "don't ruin your chances by making a fool of yourself"

"Do you think I have any chances?" he asked eagerly, ignoring her allusion to uncomplimentary possibilities

"She is interested."

"Interested!" he echoed derisively. "Interested; when I have risked my reputation, my chances, everything to be near her. Interested? Why, she leaves me to take a nap when I go to call on her," and he glared at Madame Kruger shamefacedly the moment the confession escaped him

I wouldn't give much for the good her sleep did her," she said with the mien of an oracle

From that moment he had a staunch friend in this compatriot He was her theme to Mademoiselle Grandin.

"If he has so many good qualities why don't you accept him?" finally asked that lady yawning

"Your memory seems to be forsaking you lately in other things than your parts," answered Madame Kruger [illegible]

So it does," was the suave rejoinder. "I had forgotten Herr Kruger."

As the theme was a tender one, Kruger never being in evidence, his wife left the dressing room of her colleague with considerable show of dignity

Two days later Mademoiselle Grandin embraced her.

For the next week Fremelli seemed to be making a kind of continuous performance of Krohn's affairs The uncertain future of the German baritone, whom persistent report about the theatre insisted would return to Enzisweiler at any moment to be forgiven, had its effect upon the management. Fremelli, who was as useful as he was popular, had sung every one of his accustomed parts to the exclusion of the German. The time had come for him to sign his American contract and that should be the price of it

Cut off from immediate appearances and with the season well under way, Krohn called daily at Mademoiselle Grandin's. When he was admitted Fremelli was always there. When he was not admitted he went away in glum certainty that Fremelli was out with her. After one of these calls he returned to his hotel to find a command to sing in a state concert at Buckingham Palace. This failed to give him the slightest sensation of pleasure until he read the name of Mademoiselle Grandin in the list of assisting artists

They happened to be seated next each other on the singers' platform facing the royal dais, and while they were awaiting the entrance of the Princess and the other royalties he said, "I am going to Australia.'

"Indeed?" she said smilingly [illegible]

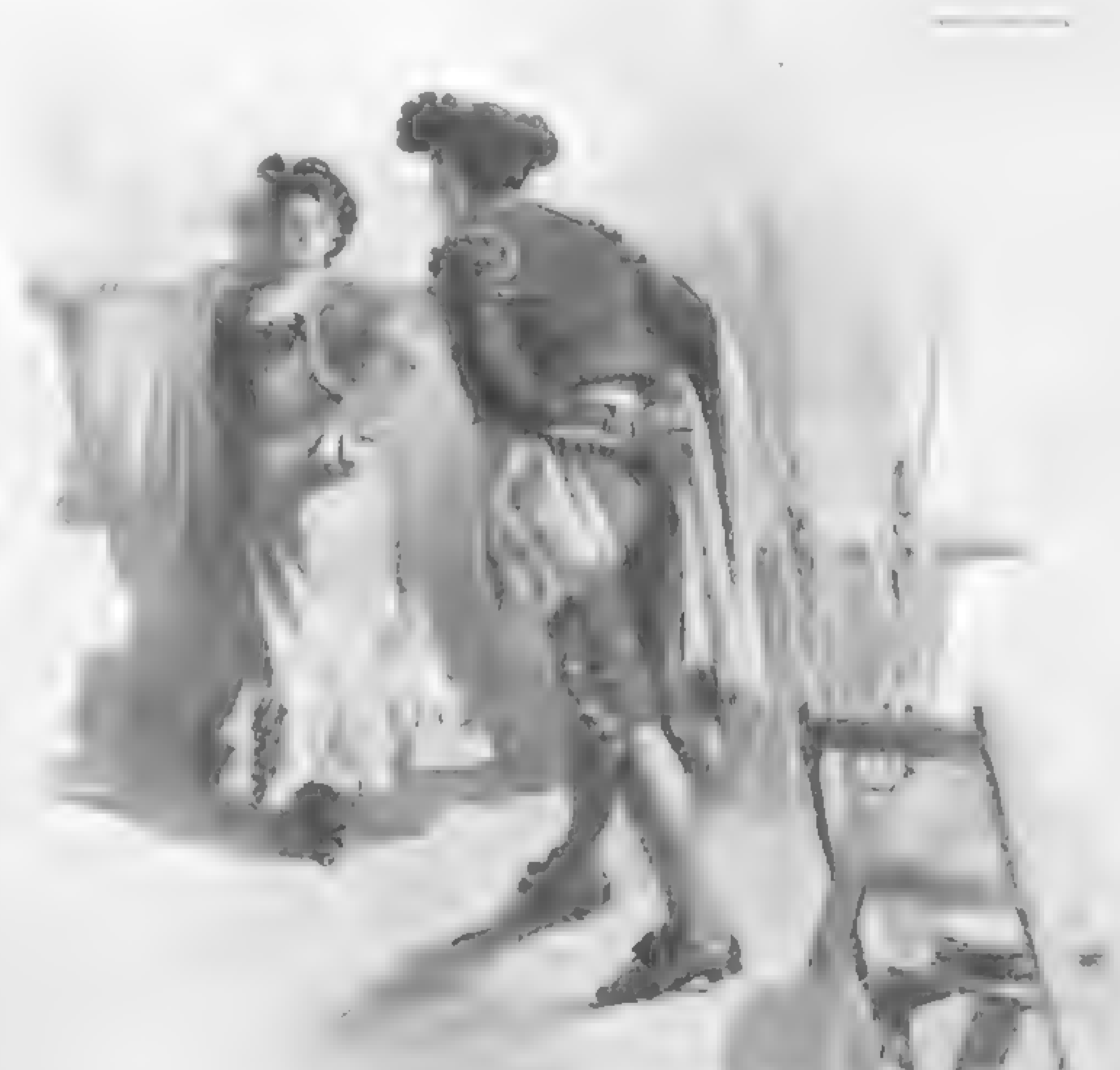
Now he had neither intention nor opportunity to go in any such direction, and instead of surprising her into some sudden display of feeling by his bald prevarication, as he had vainly hoped, he was himself betrayed into chagrin

"I am not going," he said presently, and with unnecessary acrimony; "I never had any such intention."

"You had not?" she asked in mock surprise, and then added serenely, "neither had I."

Then they looked at each other and laughed

If the Princess had entered then instead of five minutes later it would have been well for him. As it was, instead of letting her turn the bent of conversation he took it upon himself, not with any great degree of calmness, and began to pour out some of the speeches he had been rehearsing for the last seven afternoons at his hotel and on the way there. He was in the midst of them when the royalties entered. The silence that followed was not particularly inspiring Mademoiselle Grandin was looking straight ahead of her, suave and serene. She was still looking suave and serene when he got up to sing two Russian love songs. In the midst of the passion that he was putting into them — for somehow the sound of the music had made him forgive her and sing as though she alone heard him — he caught the eye of the old Duchess Ottilie, sister in-law to His Grace of Enzisweiler. She was seated on the *banc des duchesses,* eyeing him through her quizzing glass with calm approbation. Etiquette barred applause after he was done, but the very air of satisfaction with which the Duchess closed her lorgnette, an air that almost said, "He is one of our singers



— she asked, "Why are you here so unexpectedly?"

Editor's Note — The second of these Tales of the Grand Duke's Opera Company will appear in an early issue.

from Enzisweiler — not at all bad, is he?" went a very long way toward soothing his spirit. Clearly she, at least, held no grudge toward him for broken engagements. Mademoiselle Grandin vanished before he could find her, though frankly, because of the scene on the platform, his search was neither hasty nor diligent.

He was picking his way through the crowd outside when a voice called him brusquely. The Duchess Ottilie looked from her carriage. "Get in," she said, "but you don't deserve such distinction."

Then, as he seated himself, facing her, she eyed him quizzically. "Have you issued invitations to the wedding?" she asked.

"There will never be one, Your Grace," he answered gravely, a troubled look springing in his blue, boyish eyes.

"I saw you quarreling on the platform and I thought it was all settled."

The memory of that one-sided quarrel rankled pretty freshly just then.

"She has made a fool of me, Your Grace."

"Oh, no; you did that for yourself — nicely, too, running away from Enzisweiler before the wedding. I should be provoked with you, but really I can't. The Duke's rage was too delightful. It did me more good than anything in years. Especially when the new son-in-law told him that the best man in his chorus was the one who sang Telramund. Think of it. Grumpke! The chorus!" and Her Grace laughed until her parasol quivered.

"How often have you been in love before?" she asked abruptly.

"I have imagined," he began hesitatingly and with heightened color, "I have imagined myself so several times — only imagined, Your Grace — but I never really knew."

"No, of course not," swept in the Duchess. "How could you? Still, I rather think you are in earnest, for once. You have surely given up everything in taking your chances to get her."

"If I get her," he said slowly, "I shall have everything."

The cynicism faded out of her face.

"Boy, I never thought you would turn out so well."

"I thank Your Grace, but I haven't turned out at all — that is, not yet; and I think I have rather slim chances."

"What are you doing at the opera?" she asked, growing suddenly practical.

"Nothing, madame. I shall not likely sing again at Covent Garden this season. There is trouble over the parts with another baritone and they need him in America."

"How are you going to live?"

"I hadn't thought of that," he answered indifferently.

The Duchess Ottilie flew suddenly into a rage. "They will stop you, will they, at Covent Garden! They will stop the first baritone at the Ducal Theatre at Enzisweiler ——"

"I *was* the first," he corrected.

"Quite right, you were the first. Stuffy little place; no career. But you were the first. Get out," she exclaimed abruptly. "I am going this minute to see Lady de Pay of the opera syndicate. Not let you sing, indeed! The ——" The last of Her Grace's sentence was lost as he climbed from the carriage. "Lady de Pay's," she ordered the footman, and drove away without so much as glancing at him, and with a look in her eye that he had seen once before when a junior Duchess had tried to take precedence of her in a state function at Enzisweiler.

Twice the following week he sang at the opera. The visit to Lady de Pay was evidently having its effect. He called at the Duchess' to thank her, but she was out.

At the theatre conflict was in the air. No sooner had Lady de Pay's dictum set Fremelli at defiance than the singers separated into camps. Krohn, being a newcomer, was at a disadvantage, but Madame Kruger, who led his forces, made up in energy for numbers. The lagging season took on fresh interest for those behind the scenes. Old scores were buried through the present absorbing excitement, and Fremelli announced for the twentieth time that he had not, after all, signed for America.

But the climax was yet to come. Mademoiselle Grandin did not appear for two consecutive performances that had to be changed on short notice because no one else could take her place. The statement that she was ill was politely dismissed. She, also, had not yet signed for America, and report, very generally accredited, had it that she would not sign without Fremelli.

Krohn, more miserable than he had yet been, called to inquire after her health. He failed to see her, but he heard her. She was running a scale and her voice was as fresh as a lark's. When he got home he found a duplicate contract for America.

That settled it. Fremelli would not go. Mademoiselle Grandin would not go. Neither would he go. In five minutes the contract was in bits so small that no living expert could piece it together. He decided upon twenty plans in as many minutes. The last he put into execution. Throwing himself into a cab he drove to the Duchess'. If his life was done he would go back to Enzisweiler, if they would forgive him, and doubtless they would. Already he pictured himself in lonely old age and cracked voice eking out life on a ducal pension.

As he turned into the drive along the Victoria Embankment a sight of the Thames — it was ebb tide and the water was flowing out toward the sea — gave him a pang. They would doubtless sail to America together, Fremelli and she, now that he was out of the way.

The Duchess was at home, and with her was Lady de Pay.

"Your baritone," said the latter significantly as Her Grace presented him.

They put him to singing French songs. In an interlude he heard Lady de Pay's voice. "She wouldn't sing two performances, trying to bring them to terms, and refused absolutely to go to America unless he went too. At that they threw Fremelli over and made the other an offer instead."

"How interesting," said the Duchess.

"I've torn up my contract," he cried, springing to his feet. "But I'm going, I'm going!"

"How interesting," said Lady de Pay.

Enzisweiler? He did not even name it to the Duchess while he was managing to get away. It was for Piccadilly and Mademoiselle Grandin that he was bound; no cab could carry him quickly enough.

He brushed past Suzette and landed in the middle of the salon. The door bell rang five minutes later.

Suzette, whose knowledge of human affairs was not founded alone on intuition, had brushed aside the portière in passing to answer the call. Mademoiselle Grandin's head reposed on the shoulder of Herr Krohn, the baritone.

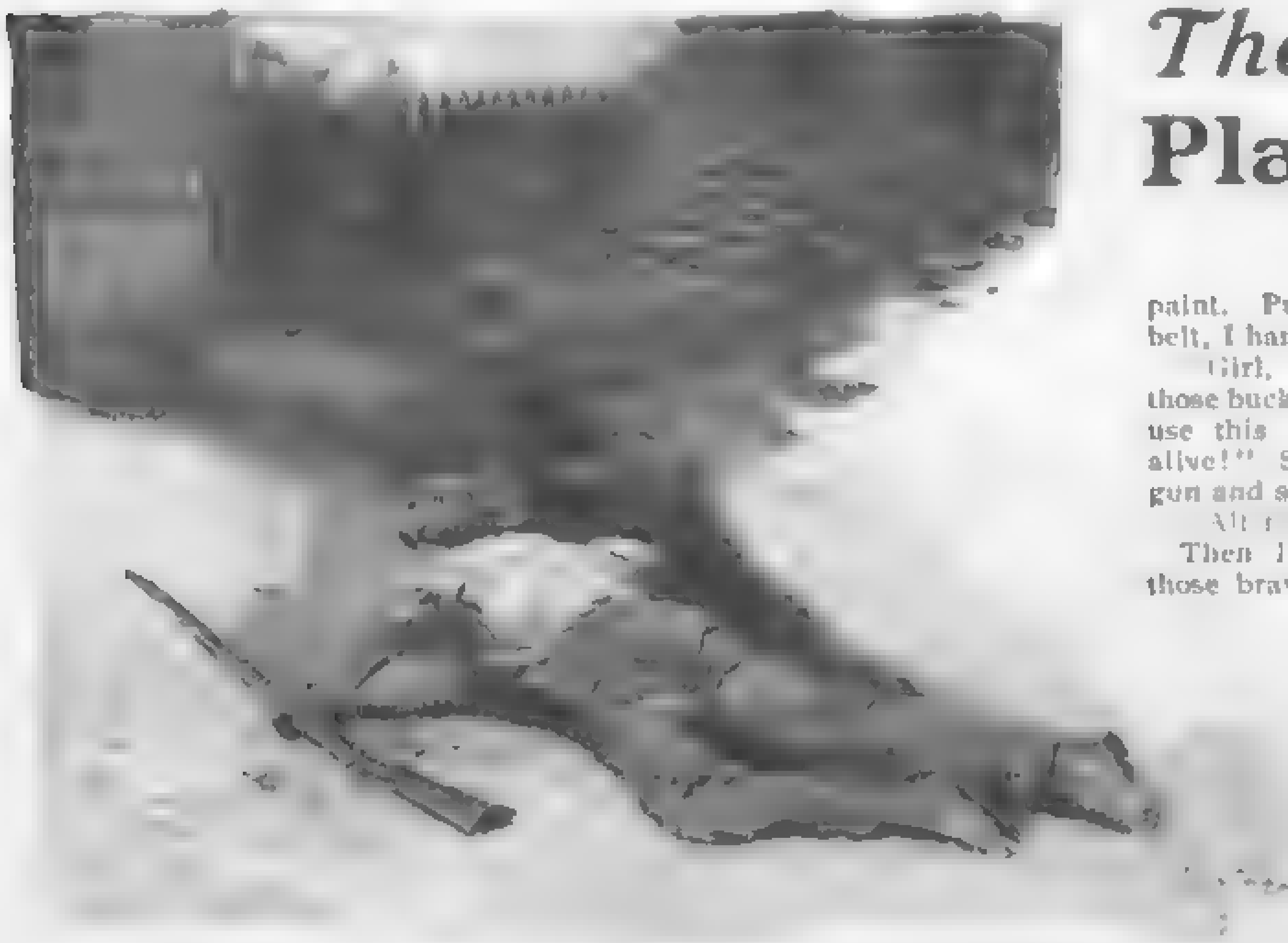
"Are you quite sure your mistress is not in?" asked Fremelli.

"Quite sure, Monsieur," she answered sweetly, closing the door with a gentle insistence.

The Adventures *of* a Pioneer Plainsman.

The Night Raid on Sun River

Told by Captain John J. Healy. Written by Forrest Crissey



By careful crawling I managed to reach the

IT TOOK good grit for a woman born and bred on the frontier to go out into the Indian country back in the sixties and become the mistress of a little trading-post; but for a New York City girl to follow her husband to a post up in the heart of the Blackfoot country called for nerve and daring of the first order. And that is precisely what the mother of my children did. That kind of backing would put pluck and backbone into any man and make a home of the poorest and most isolated post ever opened — a home worth fighting for to the death!

I knew the kind of devils we had to deal with, for I had been fighting them ever since I went out across the plains with Johnson's Mormon Expedition as a boy of seventeen, but my young wife staked everything on her faith in me. She gave good proof of her grit on the way up into that country about the second day after we had left civilization behind and had struck out with the wagon and three or four saddle horses on what we called our wedding trip — seven years before the big raid on our trading post.

An army officer and his wife were with us on that wedding journey, bound for the frontier garrison. The Indians were in a nasty mood, and there were alarming reports of trouble, but I had always pulled through all right before and I didn't expect this trip would break my luck. Although my wife knew there was danger she stood game and so we went ahead. Suddenly, at the top of the ridge, about a mile ahead, I saw three or four mounted Indians in their war paint. Pulling my six-shooter from my belt, I handed it to my wife and said:

"Girl, if anything should happen and those bucks make trouble, promise me you'll use this and never fall into their hands alive!" She didn't flinch — simply took the gun and said:

"All right, [illegible]."

Then I headed my bronco straight for those braves and didn't pull up until just barely out of their range, when I jerked my pony to a standstill and began to talk with them in the sign language. They gave me "heap good talk," and professed all manner of friendship, but insisted on paying a visit to the wagon, which had been halted and converted into a temporary fort. Of course I knew that such a move would end in a massacre and must be prevented. Meantime a dozen or more bucks had come up with the advance riders and the situation looked desperate enough. But one element of Indian nature is always to be counted on, and it was my knowledge of that trait which governed my actions. No matter how many hostile Indians surround a white man armed with a good rifle and stationed in the open, they always calculate that at least one or two braves will be killed before the white man goes down — and not one of them wants to become the dead Injun!

Staking all my hopes on this calculation, I drew my rifle ready for instant use and told the bucks that they could not go near the wagon, but must keep to the ridge which circled about to the right. Then I stood my ground and waited to see which way they would move. The suspense of those moments was something terrific. Finally, after talking among themselves for several minutes, the band moved forward along the ridge — and I moved as fast as the Indians, keeping between them and the wagon. When I saw the danger had passed, I cantered back to my party and found the girl white as a sheet, but calm and cool as an old mountaineer. That was her introduction to the wild life of the plains, and from that time until the night of the attack on the post I never saw her show the white feather by attempting to hold me back when trouble was threatened. But intuition will sometimes shake a woman who will stand pat in the face of actual danger.

Although that raid on the trading-post was more than thirty years ago, every detail of it is as plain to me now as it was then, in the spring of '69. That was a red-hot night, and the scar where an Indian's bullet plowed across the bridge of my nose calls it all back whenever I look in a mirror.

There isn't a handsomer valley in Montana, or the whole West, than that threaded by Sun River, and I made no mistake when I selected it as a location for a trading-post and put up the first house in the region, built a bridge and named the place Sun River Crossing. It was on the main freighting thoroughfare, four miles from the military post and twenty-five miles from the Indian reservation. Just across the river were the headquarters of the old Diamond R. Transportation Company, where fifteen or twenty freighters wintered, waiting for the business to open up in the spring. Our log cabin was built with heavy board doors and window shutters and with loop holes for shooting so that we could resist an attack to advantage. The trading-store was connected with the cabin and was also well fortified.

That night a band of Blood Indians — the pick of the Blackfoot nation — had camped in the "L" of the cabin and store. These were the first Bloods that had come down from the British possessions to trade with me, and consequently I was anxious to please old Many Braids, the chief of the band. The first hint of trouble came about nine o'clock in the evening when I was sitting in the lodge of Many Braids. Vielle, my French-Canadian interpreter, who had spent twenty years among the Blackfeet, was with me. When I got hold of him he was dressed in a breech-clout and a plug hat, but he could talk the Blackfoot tongue like a chief! The lodge fire had died down to a few coals and we were smoking in silence. Many Braids had a stick in his hands. Suddenly he dashed it into the ashes and smothered the fire, at the same time exclaiming, "Mokak!" (Look out!). Instantly the lodge was left in total darkness, and the only sound to be heard was the heavy breathing of the chief's squaw and his three children.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired of the interpreter after a moment's silence.

"There's something wrong," he answered; "let's go into the house."

Knowing him to be a thoroughgoing coward, and remembering that the troops at the fort had just been paid off, I replied:

"Probably it's a drunken soldier." We then went into the store and locked it for the night. As I passed through the armory, at the back of the store, I followed my nightly custom of filling my trousers' pockets with cartridges for the Springfield rifle which always stood at the head of my bed, ready for a sudden emergency. In those days we had no repeaters and the Springfield military rifle was the standard cartridge gun. After taking a look at my little six-year-old girl, as she lay in her pine crib, I followed my habit of reading after going to bed. Knowing that my own horses and those of the Bloods were safely locked inside the strong corral, I borrowed no more trouble about the little scare in the lodge and was soon lost in my book.

Perhaps I had been reading an hour when I was startled by a peculiar bark from old Bowser, the dog that more than once saved the life of my little girl and was her steady playmate and protector. He never barked that way at an ordinary

Editor's Note — This is the second of a series of papers portraying the most significant features of frontier life in pioneer days. Though the papers are intended to form a series, each article is an independent contribution to the history of the plains and mountains of the great West.

white traveler, and I knew that he had found something that aroused his suspicions.

Instantly I laid aside my book and started to get up, but my wife caught hold of my arm and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going out to investigate," I answered. "I don't like the bark of that dog."

"Don't you go," she answered, still keeping her grip on my arm. She had never done a thing of this kind before—never—and it rather startled me. Again I took up my book, but a moment later the dog went "Woof! woof! woof!" I could tell by his bark that he was dashing forward and then retreating. Once more I attempted to get up, but was instantly stopped by my wife, who again exclaimed:

"Johnny, don't you do it!" After another lapse of quiet in which I had resumed my reading, the nervous barking of the dog was repeated. This time I was determined to go out, but was met with a more decided command from my wife to "lie still!" I don't know why I obeyed her, but her intuition affected me unaccountably, and I kept still until the disturbance had entirely subsided. Then I blew out the lamp and was soon asleep. The next thing I knew I was wide awake, listening to the spattering of bullets. It sounded as if we were being attacked by a whole army.

"Put the child into the bed—down under the clothes," I called to my wife, "and lie flat on the floor yourself." In almost a second I had pulled on my trousers and caught up my rifle. As I ran for the door leading into the store I shouted to my brother:

"Look out for the back door; I'll take care of the front."

The next instant some one struck a light—and that very second a dozen balls struck the house.

Even then I was inclined to believe that the trouble was caused by a lot of drunken soldiers on a rampage, bent on giving us an Indian scare.

"Put out that light!" I yelled. The minute this was done I opened the door—just in time to feel the cut of a bullet across my nose close to my eyebrows. The Indian behind the gun which fired that ball was just a fraction of a second too hasty. There was no time then to speculate on the results of a moment's delay on his part, but I've done so a hundred times since, looking at the ball which lodged in the post of the door. For an instant I drew back, then swung the door wide open and jumped out into the darkness, landing on the broad steps of the porch. My first survey of the situation was anything but assuring. I knew there was a hard fight ahead to save the wife and the little girl. That prospect makes a man ready to take chances, and I was in for anything that might come.

The lodges of Many Braids and his band were within twenty paces of the steps and the flashes of the guns showed that these were completely surrounded by Indians, who were riddling the teepees with balls. High above the war whoop of the attacking party I could hear the screams of the squaws and children inside the lodges. The sound was something frightful. Holding the side of my rifle stock against my hip—for a man always shoots high in the dark if he fires from the shoulder—I waited for another flash to show me a target. It revealed a group of about twenty Indians in front of the lodge of Many Braids.

Instantly I fired, and in a second more had another cartridge in my gun. The hostiles scattered, and in the momentary lull that followed I heard an Indian coming, at every step giving vent to a guttural "Ugh!"

Just as I was on the point of putting a bullet through him the thought came to me, "Possibly it may be Many Braids." Acting on this impulse I leaped inside and shut the door. He threw himself against it and called out in Indian:

"Open the door, my friends; I'm Many Braids."

As I opened the door his weight followed it and he fell headlong into the arms of Vielle, who was standing just inside. The arms of the wounded chief, who was covered with blood, closed about the neck of the cowardly interpreter and they fell together upon the floor. Vielle gave out a yell that would have shamed the war-whoop of a whole tribe. He yelled "Murder! He's killing me! Help!" I pushed them both aside and said:

"You fool, it's Many Braids! Stop your noise!" In spite of the excitement I had to laugh for a moment at the terror of the half crazed Frenchman.

Horse stealing is almost invariably the object of an Indian attack. A war party means an organized attempt to plunder an enemy of his horses, and the bloodshed is merely an incident of the stampede. For this reason I knew the centre of activities would be at the gate of the corral. As I again opened the door and jumped out, it came to me that there was a big log which had been hauled for wood, only a few feet from the corral, and that this would afford the best kind of an ambush. By careful crawling I managed to reach this, and had no sooner flattened out behind it than I heard the hatchets chopping at the gate. While waiting to get the outline of one of the Indians against the sky, I suddenly felt the clutch of a hand on my leg. It's a wonder that I didn't turn and brain the man before he had time to speak, but something held me back until I heard him say:

"Don't go to that corral. You'll run right into danger there."

Then I recognized little Johnny Kennedy—a red headed, wiry little chap who stood the test more than once. He was a bundle of nerves, and a regular little dare devil. His advice was good, for no sooner had the big cross-bar of the gate been hacked partially in two than the gates opened out and fully sixty Indians broke out of the corral. They had picked the best horses for their mounts, and a dozen had crowded against the gate so as to force it open with the pressure from inside as soon as the cross bar was sufficiently weakened. Sixty against one are heavy odds, and I might have been justified in contenting myself with allowing the bucks to pass me and clear out with the horses; but such a course did not even occur to me. The first brave was not eight feet away from me and was followed closely by a group of companions. There was a chance that they were not looking for any shots from outside the store and that I could shoot and roll over before their bullets would make a target of my flash. I took that chance and dropped the leader of the band from his horse, rolling quickly back from the log. Almost instantly a dozen guns were fired, but they were so well aimed as to send the balls exactly where I had been stretched out an instant before.

Of course the Indians dropped to the far side of their mounts, but at intervals I could see the white of a leggin under the belly of a horse, and this gave me a sure target for so close a range. In that way I caught more than one buck before the stampede was fairly under way and it saved fully half the horses. For a moment it seemed as if all danger had passed, but the most of the shooting was yet to come. The war party divided, one band to the east and another to the west. Between them they kept up a red hot fusillade and held possession of the bridge. There was just a succession of flashes, and between each I would leap from one wood pile to another so they could not pick me off by the flash of my own gun. Two things were mightily in my favor. The wood was piled up close about the store and cabin, forming a barricade; and the Indians shot high.

Naturally I was keyed up to know if the Indians had broken in at the other door or had hit any of my folks by means of a chance shot. The wife and the little one were constantly in my thoughts as I was jumping about out there in the darkness, and you may depend upon it that as soon as the Indians put out with the horses I went inside. The wife had obeyed me to the letter, and she and the little girl were all right.

But what a picture the inside of that trading room showed that night! It was a medley that outdid the wildest piece of description that any professional writer ever put up! Stark on the floor, in the centre of a pool of blood, was old Many Braids, and dancing around him, with only a shirt on and a broomstick in his hands, was the terrorized Frenchman, Vielle, crazy with fright! Many Braids appeared to be dead, so I called my brother, took a lantern and went out to see if any were alive in the lodges. As we went, he told me how the battle had gone at the back end of the house. The kitchen window was the only one of the whole [illegible] not fitted with shutters. He reached the kitchen in the nick of time to see a buck flatten his face against the pane. One minute more and the Indian would have been inside. The bullet hole in the glass told how the fellow had been settled and the house saved! It was a close enough call to satisfy any one having a wife and baby in the next room. The lodge of Many Braids was the first we inspected. It was simply riddled with bullets and arrows. The dim light of the lantern, as we stepped inside, fell on a scene that was too much for me, hardened as I was to shocking sights. There was the squaw of Many Braids with her papoose at her breast. One bullet had killed both of them. Huddled together were a boy and a blind girl, both children of the chief. The boy had been shot through the thigh, but the girl was unharmed.

When inside the post again I held the lantern down by the face of the chief and saw he was still alive. "Give me a blanket," said he in Blackfoot, after we had poured a good horn of whiskey down his throat; "Many Braids is cold." His wounds were ghastly, but he paid no attention to them—was as calm as if arising to address the council lodge. His eyes, however, were fixed with a kind of stolid pride and tenderness on his boy, and before I went out to look through the other lodges he said, "Take care of my son!"

Well, when we had brought in all the Bloods we could find that trading-room became the scene of perhaps the weirdest pow-wow ever held under the roof of a white man. My wife had exhausted all her arts as a nurse in trying to save Many Braids and the young brave, but they were beyond help. By that time fully fifty persons, including freighters from the Diamond R. Company and several strangers, had gathered in the store. It was a motley gathering, and when I told the Indians that it was time to prepare for the death song, we whites stood back and let the Bloods have full swing. To stand in the presence of a dying person is always a solemn thing; but to watch two brave men—Indians though they were—greet the approach of death with a grim and fantastic ceremonial is impressive to the most hardened observer. The wounds of the old chief and his young follower must have caused them excruciating pain, but they stood it like stoics. They were propped up so that their faces and teeth could be painted, and when this was done all the Indians set up a chant that had the chill of the grave in every sound and syllable of it. It was an hour to freeze one's blood, but Many Braids and the young buck died in true Indian fashion.

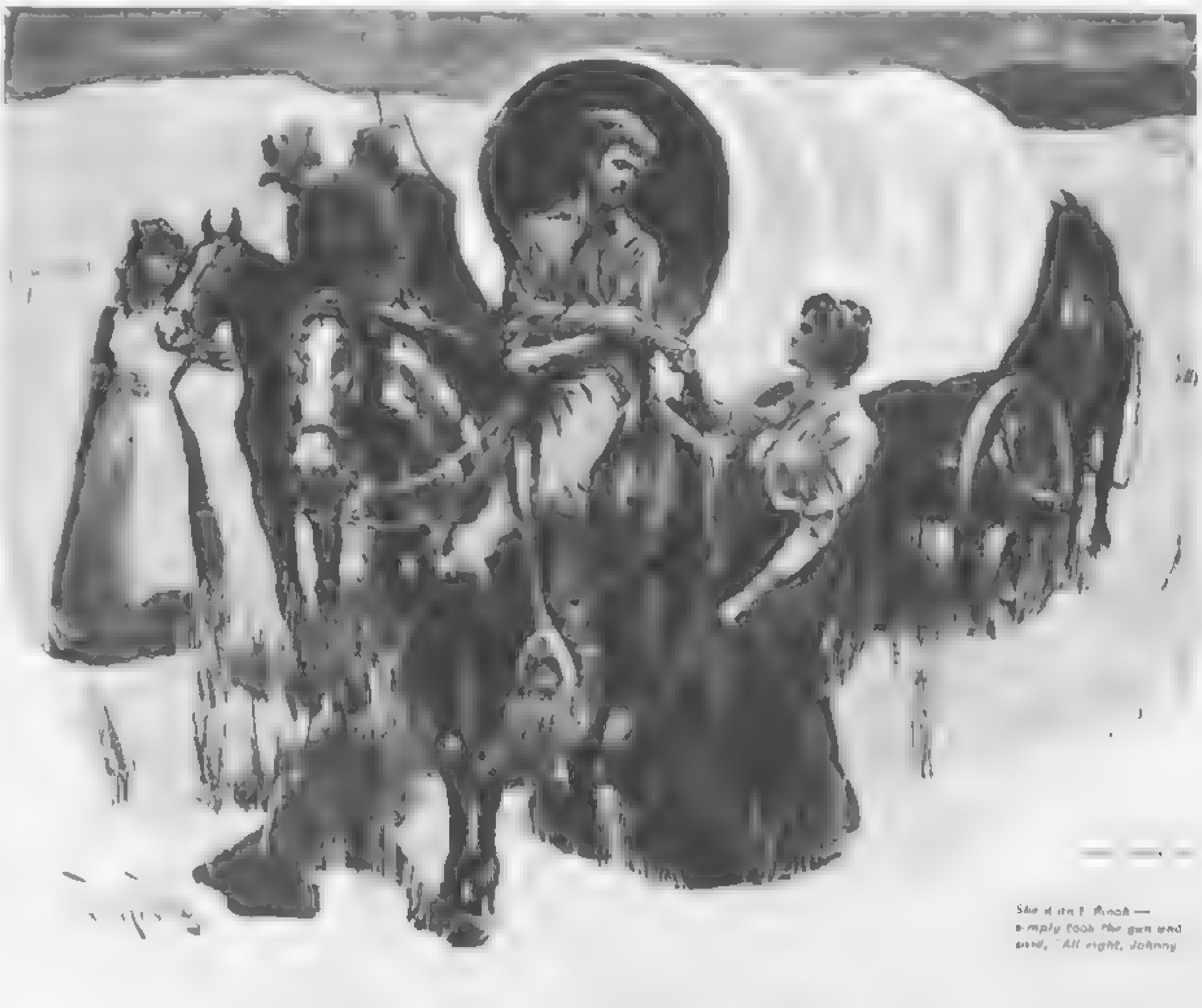
At daybreak I went out to skirmish around and find what kind of Indians had attacked us. From a spot just under the kitchen window was a trail of blood leading away into the brush, where we came upon a splendid brave, considerably more than six feet tall. He was the one who had come so near to forcing his way inside. I found that the attacking party was a band of mountain Indians—Crows, Flatheads or Spokanes—instead of Sioux.

An officer from the military post was fussing about his report of the affair. The red tape of the fort had always riled me, and after the kind of experience we had been through that night it stirred me up when he asked me if I wished to make a call for troops. I told him to report what he pleased and do what he pleased; that a good share of my horses had been run off by the Indians, and that after breakfast I was going to get them back, soldiers or no soldiers!

"Well, I'm going," I said to the wife. She looked at me hard for a moment, then answered:

"All right, Johnny."

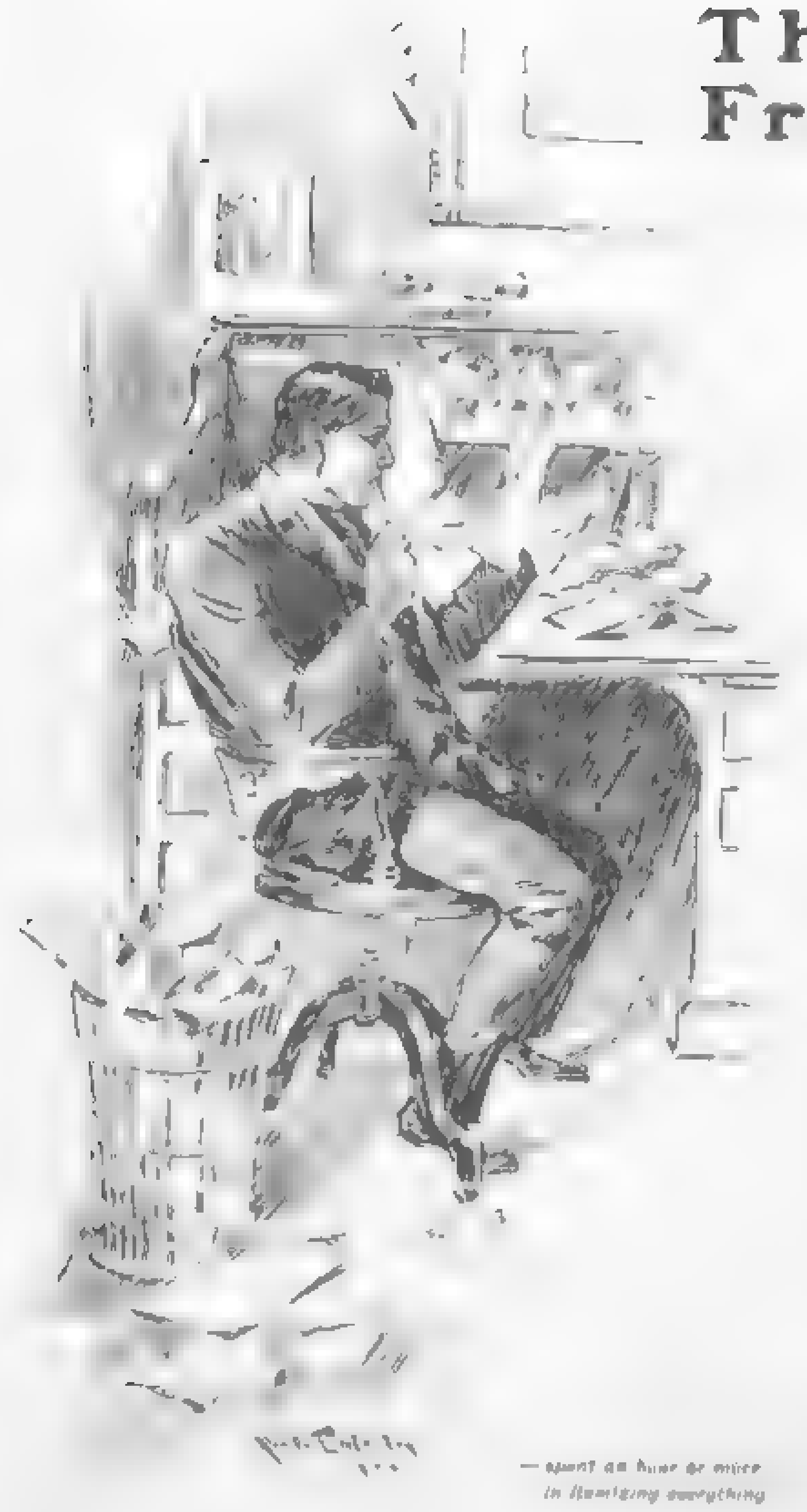
As I turned in my saddle a few moments later and saw her waving her hand to me, I realized the splendid nerve of the woman as never before. She had passed through a night of war whoops, of slaughter, of death dances, and general h—l enough to drive an ordinary woman crazy—and there she stood waving me good-by as I was going out with only two companions to follow a band of fully sixty Indians into their own stronghold in an attempt to get back my horses. It was a foolhardy venture, but my grit was up and there was no stopping after I had declared myself to the officer. My little girl was busy pulling the arrows out of the logs of the house and the sticks of the wood pile. As she waved a handful of them at me, laughing gayly at her luck in finding the feathered sticks, I wondered how the sequel to the raid would end. We were thirteen days on that trail, and I wouldn't follow it again if every hair in the tail of every horse were a thread of gold—but that's another story!



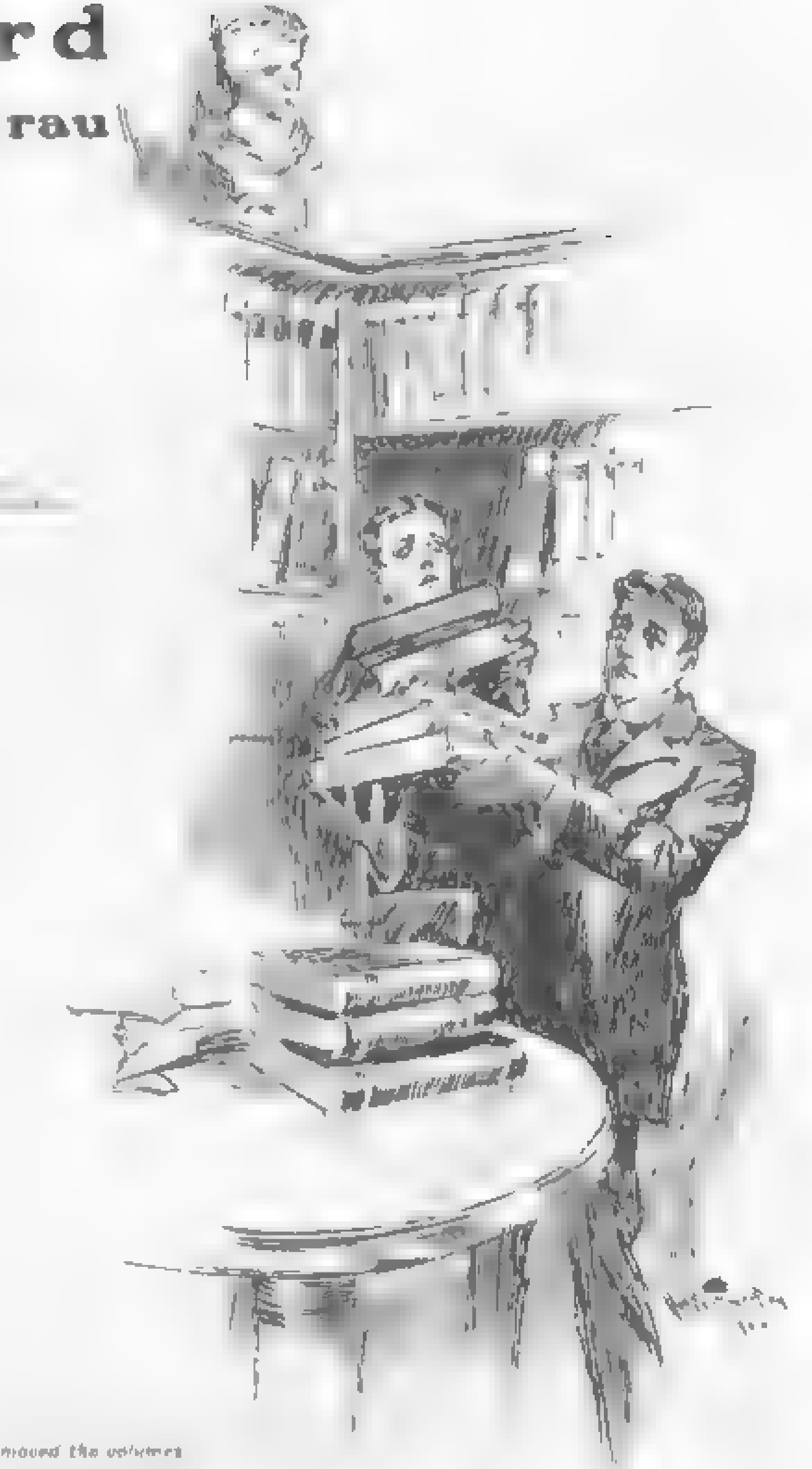
She didn't flinch — simply took the gun and said, "All right, Johnny"

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman.

By Charles M. Flandrau



— spent an hour or more in itemizing everything



— we removed the volumes from the shelf and piled them on a table

"TRUSTING THOMAS"

PERHAPS, after all, my troubles were for the best. It was not my fault that I fell into the hands of the law; nothing was further from my thoughts than a desire to be disorderly. Of course the teasing I have had to endure is pretty hard and it is most annoying to acquire a nickname at the outset (everybody calls me "Trusting Thomas," or "Tommy Trusting"), and although I realize now that I was pretty "easy" to do what Berrisford told me to, my conscience has been untroubled from the first. That, after all, is the main thing.

Berrisford, I think, would have tried (as he said) "to smooth it all over" at the police station, but very fortunately the arrival of the Regent and my adviser and the iron gray man at once took the matter out of his hands. I don't know what they did to the officers, but I was quickly transferred from the police station to the room of my adviser. It was more or less impossible to return the money that had been collected from the class to bail me out with, so just as I left a fellow with a loud voice proposed amid great cheering to give it to the Freshman eleven.

There had been something spectacular and brilliant about my progress from the Yard to the lock up that, terrified though I was, I could not help appreciating in an abject, wretched sort of a way. But the silent walk down a back street to the hall in which my adviser lives was just common or garden melancholy. The sidewalk was broad, so we swung along four abreast. No one followed us, of course, and we went the entire distance in almost unbroken silence. Once the Regent cleared his throat and said in hard, cheerful, deliberate tones:

"I see by the evening paper that Japan will not accede to the request of the Powers." No one answered for about a minute, and I began to fear that neither my adviser nor the iron gray man would take advantage of the opportunity to exclaim, "What a wonderful little people they are!" I was very disappointed, for of course when the Japanese are mentioned one instinctively waits for somebody to say this. However, just as I was beginning to lose hope and had almost made up my mind to risk the comment myself, the iron gray man burst out with, "What a remarkable little people they are!" and my foolish heart was reassured.

I must say that when we reached our destination and the inquisition began they were — all three of them — mighty fair and square. The circumstances of my capture were decidedly against me, and my defense, I realized, sounded simply foolish. (At one point my adviser jumped up abruptly and closed a window; I think he was afraid he was going to laugh.) There was nothing for me to do but tell my story: how I had watched the rush from the bottom of the steps; how I had gone over to hear Mr. Duggie's speech, and how Berrisford (I didn't give his name, however) had come up to me with the helmet in a newspaper and told me we were playing a game and that I was It. I felt very earnest and tremulous when I began, but by the time I finished I couldn't help wanting to shut a few windows myself. That — out of the whole howling mob — they had succeeded in seizing one miserable, little half dead Freshman who had taken no part in the actual disturbance, struck me as being like something in an imbecile farce. It impressed the others, I think, in much the same way, although the iron-gray man, after a moment of silence, said: "Do you really expect us to believe all this?"

"No, sir," I answered; "I don't see how you conscientiously can." But they decided to believe it nevertheless. My adviser asked me if I knew who gave me the helmet, and on learning that I did, he intimated that he would like to know the man's name. I preferred, however, not to tell; and they were very nice about that, too. (I shouldn't have told even if they had chosen to be disagreeable about it.)

As far as I am concerned I don't believe any action will be taken. There is no end, though, to the ominous rumors of what the Faculty will do in general. One day we hear that the two lower classes won't be allowed to play football this year, and the next, that all the Freshmen are to be put on what is called "probation"; everybody, in an indefinite sort of way, is very indignant. To tell the truth, I don't see why; but as all the rest are, I am, too.

Berrisford has been very nice ever since that Monday night. At first I think it was a desire to "make amends" that caused him to spend so much time in my room and ask me to do so many things with him and his friends; but of course he never put it that way. He was very much worried when I told him that my adviser and the Regent had tried to find out who had given me the helmet, and he wanted to rush and confess. It took me a good while to persuade him not to. In fact, I didn't persuade him exactly, but only got him to agree at length to let Mr. Duggie decide. Mr. Duggie thought the matter over for a moment, and said that as my refusal to tell hadn't, so far as he could see, made me a martyr on the altar of friendship, he thought it would be unnecessarily theatrical for Berrisford to give himself up.

One day Berrisford asked me where I ate, and when I told him I had been trying the places in and about the Square he said: "Why, you silly thing — why don't you join my crowd at Mrs. Brown's?" He spoke as if the idea had just occurred to him, but that same morning when he introduced me to a man who came up to his room, the fellow said: "I hear you're coming to our table. That's good." So it must have been arranged beforehand. Berrisford's awfully generous and impulsive and kind, only he's so scatter brained and eccentric you never know what he's going to do next.

I've done no end of interesting things since I last wrote in my diary. I bought a song called Love's Sorrow at a music store, had the man play it for me five or six times, learned the words and then attempted to sing it at the trial of Glee Club candidates. I'm sure I sang all the notes and I remembered the words without a mistake; but something was wrong. For after I stopped singing the fellow at the piano went on playing the accompaniment several minutes. And when I took my seat I heard one of the judges murmur as he wrote something on a slip of paper: "Fourth heat; Tommy Trusting shows heels to the bunch and wins in a canter." They told me I would see my name in the Crimson when they wanted me for rehearsal. It hasn't appeared yet and that was some time ago.

Then one morning I borrowed a jersey and some moleskins from a fellow at our table and went over to Soldiers Field to try for the football team. First we lined up for short sprints of twenty yards or so; then they divided us into squads and made us practice falling on the ball (I found chloroform liniment very good for this; but Berrisford maintains that there's nothing like osteopathy). Afterward we practiced place kicks, drop kicks and punts; candidates for tackle were lined up against one another and tried breaking through; quarter-backs and centre-rushes practiced passing and snapping back the ball. I tried everything — even the dummy.

The dummy is an imitation man in football clothes, suspended by pulley from a wire stretched between posts twenty-five or thirty feet apart. It is weighted by sand in a bag that is supposed to slide up toward the pulley as you tackle the thing and grind its nose in the dirt; only it doesn't. What actually happens is that some one pulls the dummy rapidly from one post to the other, and while the creature is spinning through the air you hurl yourself at it, cling to it desperately with your finger-nails and teeth for about the tenth of a second, and are then flicked off — like a drop of water from a grindstone — into the next lot. When you return, the coach says he thinks "that will do for this morning" and enrolls your name in "Squad H." The members of this squad — it's the largest — are told to report for practice when they see their names in the Crimson. All the others have been out every day or so; but although I've read the Crimson carefully every morning I haven't seen Squad H notified once.

I've got so that I don't have to look at the printed schedule any more to see the days and hours of my various lectures. I just go to the right one when the bell rings as if I had been doing it all my life. In fact the college world has settled down to a routine of lectures and recitations, pleasantly broken by football games on Wednesdays and Saturdays, dining in town now and then, and the theatre afterward. Come to think of it, I've been to the theatre rather oftener than "now and then." At home there are only two; and the things we have there — except once in a long time — are pretty fierce. But here there are about seven or eight big ones, and all sorts of continuous performance places, dime museums and "nickelodeons" besides. You simply have to go pretty often or you miss something good that everybody's talking about. Berrisford goes every night.

I know now what Mr. Duggie meant when he said my allowance would not be big enough. He said it was generous; there, however, I disagree with him. I'm not in the *least* extravagant, but papa doesn't seem to appreciate how many unexpected things happen that cost money. There was my new overcoat, for instance. Berrisford was having one made, and I realized when I saw him trying it on at the tailor's (it's a great, soft, loose thing; the kind all the fellows are wearing now) that my old one wouldn't do at all. In fact I hadn't cared to put mine on, although the wind has been pretty sharp once or twice on the way home from town late at night. The tailor said that now was the time to get a coat like Berrisford's, as it would be much more expensive later in the season; so I ordered one. In a certain way it was real economy to do so. Then, I've gone to town in the afternoon several times with some of the fellows who are at our table and stayed at the last moment to dinner and the theatre. I didn't have enough money with me to do all this and wasn't going to at first; but I found that the others didn't either, and expected to charge their dinners at the hotel. You can even charge theatre tickets if you get them from an agent and pay fifty cents more. It's very convenient. I bought a few pictures for my study — it looked so bare (Berrisford has all sorts of queer, interesting prints and embroideries on his walls that he brought back from abroad); and I simply had to get some more chairs. For I had only one (the whirligig in front of the desk doesn't count; it's too uncomfortable), which made it embarrassing when four or five men dropped in. Then I had a dozen shirts made at a place just off Tremont Street. The shirts mamma got me at home are very nice and all that; but they're not the kind the fellows are wearing here. Everybody has colored ones — pale pinks and blues, or white with a little stripe of something running through them. Mine were all white. I really didn't need more than six new ones, I suppose, but the man said they were cheaper by the dozen. He showed me some really beautiful neckties that had arrived that day from London. Against the materials I had picked out for the shirts they were stunning, and as they weren't dear — considering the duty, the originality of the designs and the heavy silks they were made of — I let him send me five of them. There were the prettiest old pair of brass andirons and a fender in the window of an "antique" shop on Beacon Street that I used to stop and covet whenever I went into town. They were just the things for my fireplace, which looked rather shabby — although comfortable. I didn't think I could afford them at first; but one day when I happened to be passing everything in the window was for sale at a discount of ten per cent. The man was very kind and obliging and let me charge them.

They let you do that at all the shops it seems; but I do think they might have a little more decency about sending in their bills. The first of November is three days off — and yet I've heard from every cent I've spent. I don't quite know what to do about it, as my allowance — even when it comes — won't be nearly enough to pay for everything, and of course I'll have to keep some of it for my board and washing and schoolbooks, and all the other little expenses one can't very well steer clear of. Before going to bed the last two nights I've spent an hour or more in itemizing everything and adding it all up, and then checking off the people who have to be paid immediately, the ones who could wait a short time, and the ones about whom there is no particular hurry. This makes the financial outlook a little more possible but not much. And yet Duggie had the *nerve* to say he thought my allowance *generous!*

Another matter that I try not to think of is the fact that very soon we are to be given what is called "hour examinations" in all our studies. I never imagined they would come so—well, abruptly; when we began it seemed as if we would take much longer to learn enough to be examined in. To tell the truth—with the exception of my English course—I haven't become deeply interested as yet in the lectures. After the first few times I gave up trying to take notes, everything I wrote seemed so unimportant. And I haven't done any of the reading either. They expect you to do a lot of reading at home or in the library, and hold you responsible for it in the examination. The man Berrisford and I have in history is a dreamy old thing who goes into thoughtful trances every now and then in the middle of a sentence while three hundred and fifty stylographic pens hang in midair waiting to harpoon the next word. One day, after telling us to read a certain work on the feudal system, he added in a kind of vague, helpless way

"We haven't the book in the library and I believe it is out of print, so I don't think you will be able to buy it anywhere; but it's a singularly perfect exposition of the subject and I strongly advise you all to read it." They say he knows more about fen drainage in the thirteenth century than any other living person except one dreadfully old man in Germany who's beginning to forget about it

We were instructed to make ourselves familiar with another work that *is* in the library, and told that without a knowledge of it we could not expect to accomplish much in the examination.

"I don't suppose many of you will read every word of it," the old man said, "although it will do you a vast amount of good if you do." I privately made up my mind to plow through the whole thing—even if it were in two volumes; I thought it would please him. So, the other day as it was raining and there wasn't anything in particular going on, Berrisford suggested that we run over to the library and glance through the book. We'd never been in the library before and had to ask one of the pages at the delivery desk where the history alcove was. He couldn't attend to us at first, as there was an angry old gentleman with a very red face prancing up and down in front of the desk exclaiming: "It's an outrage—an outrage! I shall certainly speak to the President about this before the sun goes down upon my wrath!" Several other pages were cowering behind the desk and a terrified librarian was murmuring: "I can have it here the first thing in the morning, sir—the first thing; can you wait that long?"

"But I want it *now!*" the old gentleman declared; "I shall *not* wait until the first thing in the morning. You're preposterous. It's an outrage!" He was so emphatic and peevish that some of the students in the big reading room pushed open the swinging doors and stuck their heads in to see what the trouble was

Well, Berrisford and I found out from the page that he is the greatest philosopher of this century He had come in to get a book that hadn't been asked for in fourteen years, and had just learned that it had been carted away to the crypt of Appleton Chapel to make room for something that seemed to be rather more universal in its appeal

The page took us to the alcove we were looking for and Berrisford found our book almost immediately. My back was toward him when he discovered it and I turned around only because of his unusual and prolonged silence. He was standing petrified in front of eighteen fat, dog-eared volumes, with his big eyes blinking like an owl confronted by a dazzling light

"Is that it?" I inquired after a moment in a cold, hushed voice. By way of answer he merely rolled his eyes and swallowed as if his throat were dry.

"It's a masterly little thing—isn't it?" he at length managed to say. Then without further comment we removed the volumes from the shelf and piled them on a table in the alcove. They almost covered it. When we had finished, Berrisford, with a grim look about his under lip, opened one of them and began to read. I did the same. It was just three o'clock. We read for an hour without speaking or looking at each other, and at the end of that time Berrisford took a pencil from his pocket and began to make calculations on the back of a letter. At last he looked up as if to demand my attention

"I have read this book conscientiously—footnotes and everything—for an hour," he said; he was deliberate and there was an air of finality in his tone. "I find that I have completed five pages—the meaning of which has since escaped me Now as there are four hundred pages in this volume and as many, presumably, in every one of the other seventeen, it will take me one thousand four hundred and forty hours—sixty days, or two months—to 'familiarize' myself with the whole set. If we sit here night and day for the next two months without taking a second off to eat, sleep or bathe, we shall have glanced through this superficial pamphlet and pleased the old man."

"I think it has stopped raining," I replied.

We have a new inmate at our house. I woke up one morning hearing such a strange, wild, sad little song coming from my study. At first I thought I must have dreamed it, but even after I sat up in bed and knew I was awake the sound continued. It was the queerest, most barbaric little refrain, all in a minor key with words I couldn't make out and was the sort of thing one could imagine a "native" of some kind crooning to himself in the middle of a rice-field I listened to it a while—almost afraid to go in; but when it began to grow louder, and then was interrupted from time to time by the most horrible gurgling and strangling noises, I jumped up and opened my study door. At the same moment Berrisford and Mrs. Chester appeared at the other door. In the middle of the room was a bristling brown thing with pointed ears and muzzle and shrewd little eyes. It had absurdly big feet and looked like a baby wolf. Something that seemed to be a piece of leather was dangling from its mouth. Berrisford threw himself on the floor exclaiming "My darling—my Saga—what is it—speak to me!" and pulled gently at the piece of leather. The brute rolled his eyes, gagged a little and let him have it. "Why, it's the thumb of a glove," Berrisford said, holding up his prize for us to look at, "and he dess touldn't eat it 'tause it had a nassy tin button wivetted on uzzer end, so he touldn't," he added to the animal

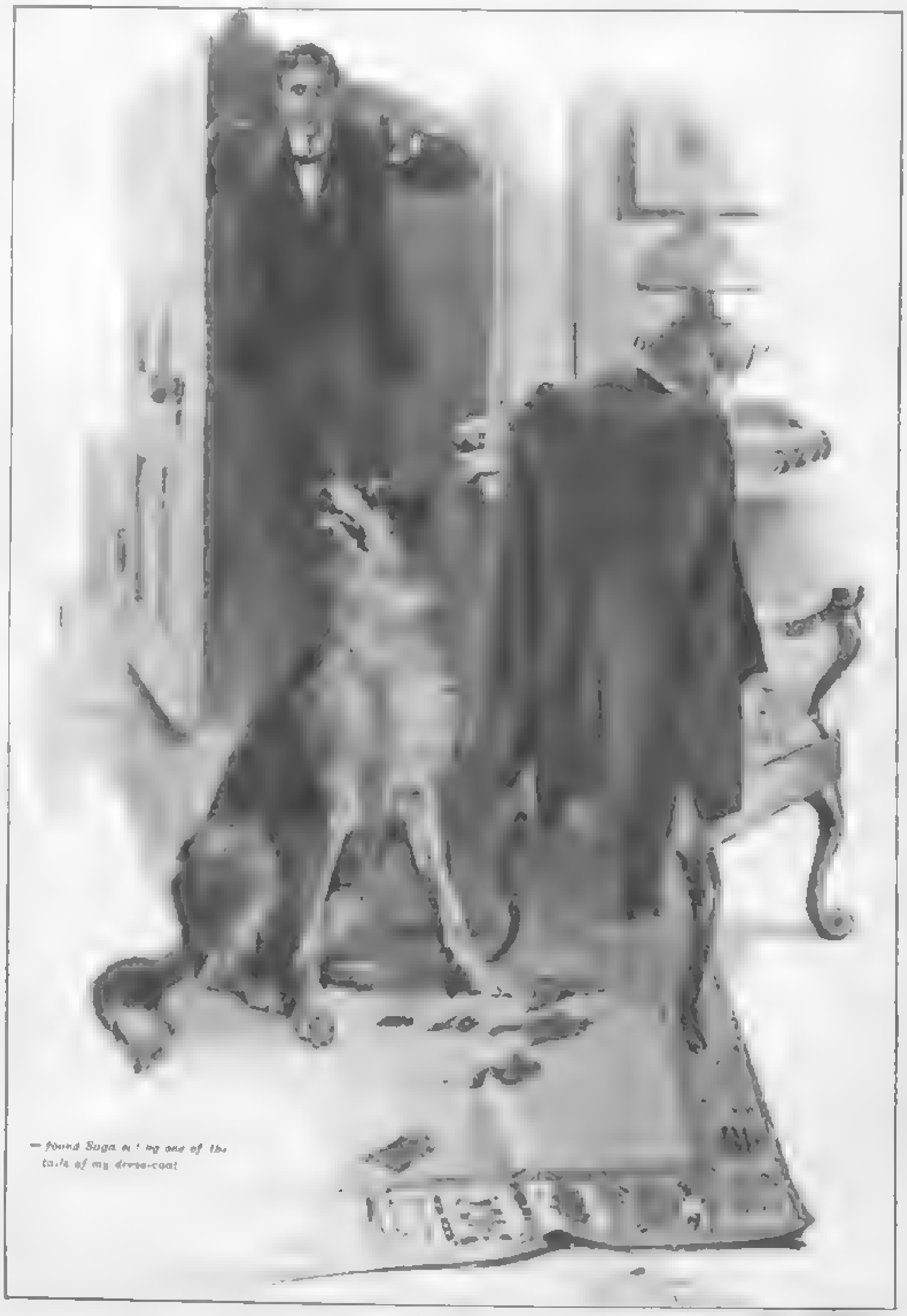
"That doesn't seem to have stood in the way of his eating the other one," I remarked coldly, for there was enough of the chewed thing in Berrisford's hand to enable me to identify the remains of a pair of very expensive gloves I had bought two days before

"Heavens!—do you suppose he really did?" Berrisford asked in great alarm. "Do you think it will hurt him?"

"Of course he ate it I don't see it anywhere, and they were both together on that chair I hope it *will* hurt him," I said

"It isn't like you, Wood, to talk that way about a poor, lonely foreign thing who's never been in a house before in all his life," Berrisford muttered resentfully

"Well, he certainly do make the most outlandish sounds Mrs. Chester interposed



— found Saga eating one of the tails of my dress-coat

"It isn't outlandish—it's Icelandic," Berrisford replied He came all the way from Reikiavik on a Gloucester fishing smack. I bought him at Gloucester yesterday for a dollar—didn't I, my booful Saga; ess he did. And he dess chewed all de checks offen de trunks in dat nassy old baggage car on de way up—didn't he, darlin'? And dat horrid baggage man was dess crazy 'tause he didn't know where to put off any baggage and had to delay de twain like evvysing." Berrisford became quite incoherent after this, so I returned to my bedroom and slammed the door

I don't think it's right for any one man to inflict a whole community with a beast like Saga, and I've told Berrisford so several times; but he always says: "You seem to forget that I suffer as much, if not more, than any one. Do you ever hear *me* complain when he wallows in the mud and then snuggles up in *my* bed? Was there any outcry when he ate *my* gloves and *my* patent leather shoes and *my* Russia leather notebook with hundreds of exhaustive, priceless notes on the first part of Paradise Lost? Did I make a violent scene—the way you and Duggie do every day—when I gave the tea for my sister and found him just before the people came—behind the bathtub in a state of coma from having eaten thirty-six perfectly *delicious* lettuce sandwiches? You might at least admit that you think he's just as distinguished and quaint looking as he can be; because, of course, you do think so. You know you love him to follow you through the Square—with everybody turning to look—you know you do. Doesn't he, *mon lou-lou, mon bébé, mon chien de race?*"

One of the fellows at the table invited us to dine at his house in town last Sunday evening. Berrisford was to meet me at a hotel in the Back Bay at a quarter past seven and we were to go together I took a long walk that afternoon, and the air was so delicious and the autumn foliage in the country so beautiful that I didn't realize how late it was until I looked at a clock in a jeweler's window on the way back. I hurried to my room to dress, and as I opened the front door my heart suddenly sank—for upstairs I heard Saga chanting his terrible little refrain. We have all come to dread that sound at our house, for it invariably means the loss of a cherished object to somebody. Berrisford calls it the "Icelandic Hunger and Death Motif" I ran upstairs and found Saga eating one of the tails of my dress coat which I had hung over the back of a chair in my study to get the creases out. He had apparently first torn it off, then divided it into small pieces, and was consuming them one by one as I came in. I was already late for dinner, and as it was Sunday evening there was no one in town from whom I could borrow another coat. For a moment I couldn't decide whether to sit down and cry or to commit Sagacide.

Editor's Note—The next chapter in The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of December 8.

* * *

The Exposition

THE Exposition is so near its end that we may reckon up its cost, in life if not in money. During the three preparatory years [illegible] laborers were [illegible] not a very great proportion, when it is remembered that an average of eighteen thousand were employed. Most of these deaths, too, were due to the carelessness of the workingmen

The Exposition then opened with a blacklist of thirty five. In seven months it had—in rough numbers—forty million visitors and killed twelve of them. Eight were crushed under the wire and plaster bridge that led to the "Celestial Globe"; the others were killed by the fall of a parapet. There is never an excuse to be found for the ignorant or careless architect. The figures show a steady arithmetical progression in the number of victims of the French Expositions In 1878, fifteen, in 1889, twenty-four; in 1900, thirty-five workmen and twelve visitors.

THE
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Good Money and Cheap Titles

SO LONG as there are feather-brained girls and broken-down Counts in the world there will be marriages between good American money and cheap foreign titles And so long as these marriages are "arranged" we shall find a familiar story every now and again in our morning papers. The amounts and the titles involved may be changed, but the details will be essentially the same.

It is easy to understand how the silly daughters of weak mothers, feeding on the novel of gush and "good society," possessing the fripperies of an education and initiated into the third degree of snobbishness through the open sesame of newly-come wealth, should think a million none too dear for even an uncertain Count. But it will always remain a mystery that men whose dollars have been made by the ability to gauge the weakness of other men should hand over their daughters to foreigners whom they would not trust in any capacity in their offices. Yet they do it, and their experience costs them anywhere from five hundred thousand to five million, according to the ability of their particular noblemen to lose and to spend

Though nothing, no matter how unsavory, seems to gag an American family when it is trying to swallow a title, it usually has a reserve of common-sense which asserts itself in the end We have grown so used to reading of this almost inevitable end that it has become the veriest commonplace of scandal. Yet the average American never sees that threadbare chronicle of neglect and ill treatment of a countrywoman that he is not stirred to wrath, simply because he is an average American with all that that implies in his attitude toward womankind. And better than musty patents of played out, frayed out nobility is the instinct of chivalry

* * *

The only way to have a clear understanding in business is to leave nothing understood

* * *

Men and Monuments

THE canvassing of names for the Temple of Fame has led the American people to weigh carefully the merits of the nation's heroes. Frederick Robertson remarked at the death of Wellington that the final popular judgment is unerring as to real merit. The idol of the hour, who startles by his brilliancy, or dazzles by his achievement, is finally passed over for the benefactor of his race. It is significant that the jury of judges and college presidents selected only three soldiers, while the statesmen, inventors, poets, teachers and seers were estimated at their true worth

In surveying the statues in a great city like New York one feels how transitory is fame. People stand before the Worth monument in Madison Square and inquire, "What did he do?" Even Roscoe Conkling and President Arthur are forgotten, while Fitz-Greene Halleck is remembered only by Marco Bozarris—pride of every spouting schoolboy. One wonders why such men should be thus honored while DeWitt Clinton, who contributed more than any other individual to the glory and prosperity of the metropolis and State, is ignored

Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Greeley, Farragut, Seward, Irving and Beecher have abundant claims to such recognition, but where are the memorials of Paul Jones, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Philip Schuyler, John Jay, Chancellor Kent, "Lightning Phil" Kearny, Robert Fulton, Commodore Perry and Henry George—all associated with the history of the Empire State?

Yet, as Benedict Arnold and Tweed need no statues to perpetuate their infamy, so the good works of other men will long keep their memory green. Henry Bergh is recalled by every act of cruelty to animals. Peter Cooper, George Peabody and George W. Childs need no statues to preserve their fame. Every yacht race recalls the skill of George Steers, who built the America, and every ironclad emphasizes the services of Ericsson. Cyrus W. Field is closely linked with the ocean cable, while Morse and Edison will be remembered as long as the telegraph and the electric light. Both the builder of the Obelisk in Central Park and the monarch whom it commemorates are long since forgotten, but Shakespeare and Plutarch have made Cleopatra immortal Statues and public monuments help to preserve high ideals. A thoughtful observer remarked that the best antidote for municipal corruption would be to perpetuate the Dewey Arch. Make people proud of their city, give it dignity and beauty, and they will become jealous of its fair fame and insist upon good government. —CHARLES F. WINGATE.

* * *

Some people think that they can get to Heaven by taking patent medicines

* * *

Do We Need More Solons?

EVERY new census brings up new problems in the amount of representation that the people shall have in the national legislature. When the Government was first established in 1789 the ratio was one representative to every 30,000 of population, with a House of Representatives of 65, and this continued until 1793. In 1790 the first official census was taken and the ratio of representation based upon the census was changed three years later; and every decade since then there has been a rearrangement. Thus we have.

	Ratio	Members
From 1793 to 1803	33,000	105
From 1803 to 1813	35,000	141
From 1813 to 1823	35,000	181
From 1823 to 1833	40,000	213
From 1833 to 1843	47,700	240
From 1843 to 1853	70,680	223
From 1853 to 1863	93,420	233
From 1863 to 1873	127,381	243
From 1873 to 1883	131,425	293
From 1883 to 1893	151,912	325
From 1893 to 1903	173,901	357

The census of 1900 gives to the United States a population of 76,295,220—an increase of 13,225,464 since 1890—and these figures do not include 145,282 Indians who have no right to vote, and a few uncounted millions in our new island possessions. On the present ratio of one representative to every 173,901 of population there would be an increase in the House of Representatives of about seventy-five members,

The discussion of the new conditions has produced two propositions. One that is of present interest is that the representation in Congress should be based upon the vote cast in the Presidential election and not wholly upon mere population. This of course is meant to affect the Southern States, where there has been a candid and increasing effort to keep the negro from voting. The best illustration of the operation of a new law of this kind is that most negroes, who are disfranchised in South Carolina and Mississippi, could not vote under the present election laws of Massachusetts or Connecticut, or under the conditions of suffrage ordered by the Government in its new possessions.

We have all sorts of appeals and passions and protests in party organizations and from orators, but the plain fact of the case is that the white people of the South have decided to keep the upper hand, however much they may be criticised or abused. As to the right and wrong in such a determination there need be no discussion here. It is simply another proof that the Anglo-Saxon is bound to be boss wherever he may be located.

The other proposition and the one which has been used since the country began to take a census is to increase the ratio of representation. That will probably be done in due season, and we shall have one Congressman to about 200,000 of population instead of one to every 173,901. There are various arguments against increasing the size of Congress. Physically, a larger body would be unwieldy. It has already grown to the material accommodations for it in the Capitol of Washington. Every new representation means a new clamoring for local interests. It would not be an exaggeration to say that each new Congressman involves on the part of the Government and therefore on the shoulders of the people, an increased expenditure of over $20,000 a year.

The present representation of 357 would seem to meet all reasonable requirements, and the probabilities are that the ratio will be increased and Congress will remain in about its present numerical strength. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

* * *

The laborer who simply works for his pay never gets higher than wages.

* * *

The Man Who Gets Tired

THE other day there was published a little sketch in one of the papers about a newsboy who had done his best in the world, and after all his trials had exclaimed, "There ain't no good in nothin'." It was the despair of a childish pessimist, but in its way it reflected some of the modern thought.

The man who tries and gets tired, and then, because of his weariness, upbraids the world and all that therein is, figures rather largely in the literature of the day. The great trouble with him is that he mistakes his own tired feeling for the general condition of humanity. He is like a person with wrong eyes, who needs glasses in order to get a correct perspective.

His distorted views he takes as real, and from them argues that the world is not what it should be and that it is in great need of the remedies which he would like to prescribe for its ailments

As a matter of fact, the world is all right, and the individual who thinks it all wrong will find, upon examining himself, or, better still, having a doctor do it for him, that his attitude of mind and body needs to be brought into adjustment with the rest of humanity. The man who enjoys life, who likes to meet his fellow beings and to participate in the affairs of his district or his country, finds good in everything except positive sin. The whole tone of the successful life should be confidence, hope, effort, striving, and constant optimism. The man who believes he is going to succeed and keeps that conviction clearly before him almost always wins. It is true that occasional dreamers fall in attempting too great heights, but that no more disproves the value of effort than the few tragedies of mountain climbers show that there are no prosperous and happy villages along the mountainsides.

Possibly the most famous advice that Emerson gave was to "hitch your wagon to a star." And the idea holds good to-day as well as it did twenty years ago. It will last through all eternity.

The man who aims high and works hard and believes in himself is the one who is going to win in the face of all conditions and discouragements.

—WEBSTER WALLACE.

* * *

A balking horse has his demerits, but he is a four-winged angel compared with the automobile that gives out ten miles away from home.

* * *

Our National Safety-Valve

NOW that the Presidential campaign has ended and more than twelve million voters are meeting their acquaintances as pleasantly as if they had not been quarreling with one another for a hundred days or more, it may occur to the thoughtful voter that there has been far more fuss than politics. Every one knows that some differences of opinion had to be settled according to the will of the majority, but every one knows also that these were not the cause of a hundredth part of the excitement that set neighbors by the ears and kept an incalculable quantity of advertisements and other good reading matter out of the newspapers

It must also appear ridiculous that two prominent American citizens, both of them church members in good standing and of blameless private life, were charged with intending more harm to the body politic than could be done by a brace of able and malignant traitors. The larger of the campaign lies were told so often that the tellers themselves seemed to believe them; as to the people who believe whatever they hear against any one who does not chance to belong to their own political party, clan, faction, ring or gang, they have acquired more misapprehensions than they will ever put themselves to the trouble of correcting

Nevertheless, a Presidential campaign is a national safety-valve to which the people have become so accustomed that they would scarcely know how to exist without it. When an engineer has generated more steam than he can use he must blow off the surplus. To see the mighty volume of steam ascending into mid-air without doing anything to justify its existence is depressing to the thrifty souls who believe that all force should be utilized, but between "blowing off" and bursting the boiler there is no difficulty in choosing. Political steam is generated in such immense quantities in the United States, and so cheaply, too, that the supply is always far in excess of the demand, so it often becomes dangerously high and leaks in ways so odd that they would be amusing were they not also threatening; to any observer from the outer world it would seem that the entire national engine was about to be blown to atoms. But when a Presidential campaign begins there also begins a general letting-off of steam, and this beneficent operation continues so long that after election day there are but a few fitful puffs and splutters which serve only to accentuate the general and welcome calm.

European observers pretend to laugh at us for our quadrennial "tempest in a teapot," but they would think themselves fortunate were their own elections to terminate the unrest of the excitable classes. Almost everywhere on the Continent it is thought necessary to have large bodies of troops under arms during a general election and for days and weeks after; police regulations, too, seem to purpose the confinement and superheating of political steam, instead of allowing the dangerous stuff to escape and dissipate as fast as it is created.

The difference, in effect, is that all the nations that compel their soldiers and police to suppress political excitement have been subjected to armed outbreaks, some of which have overturned governments and driven rulers from their thrones; in the United States a new Administration could be inaugurated by its enemies alone.

There may be a better political safety-valve than our form of Presidential election, but it has not yet been tried.

—JOHN HABBERTON

* * *

In some respects the most ignorant animal is man. When he thinks he conquers in love he never knows that love has conquered him.

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Men & Women of the Hour

Keeping Up with Senator Hanna

When Senator Mark Hanna, some time ago, made a quiet, flying trip to New York, one day, a newspaper that had been busily attacking him sent a reporter to his hotel.

"He's here on some errand important to the public," said the city editor. "Watch him; see whom he meets, and make him tell what they talk about; get the whole story."

The reporter went to the hotel. He found Mr. Hanna in a quiet corner of the lobby and stated his errand. The Senator spoke with angry emphasis

"Why should I say a word to your paper? It has done nothing but attack me, misrepresent me, and vilify me. Why should I say a word to you?"

"My newspaper," replied the reporter calmly, "has a very wide circulation. We want to know all about this trip so far as it concerns public interests. Wouldn't you prefer to tell us yourself rather than have us learn — possibly with unavoidable incorrectness — in some other way?

The Senator's gruffness relaxed somewhat, but he still spoke with curtness. "I'll tell you I have come here on private matters only. I have no errand of public interest or importance. I am to meet no one here. Now I have told you this like a gentleman, and I know you will believe me like a gentleman Good-day, sir."

The reporter met this with that diplomacy which is the inspiration of the instant. He said: "I thank you for your frankness, Mr. Hanna; and, as you say, I, of course, believe you. But, as you see, we have heard of your presence here. Others, therefore, may also hear of it. I know you are expecting to see no one, but prominent men — unexpectedly to yourself — may come here to see you, and on important public matters. Under instructions from my city editor, therefore, I think I shall have to wait and see if, unexpectedly to yourself, any such persons drop in."

The Senator's sternness vanished; his face brightened with a grin; be realized that the reporter would do his best to treat him fairly and throughout the rest of the day was cordiality itself

An Ambassador in Straits

Sir Ernest Mason Satow, who has been appointed British Minister to China to succeed Sir Claude Maxwell MacDonald, who has taken Sir Ernest's place as Minister to Japan, is a man of an interesting career and personality. For years he has been in the British diplomatic service in the East, and possesses a profound knowledge of the Orient, its people and its ideas. He is thoroughly acquainted with the Chinese classics and is recognized as an authority on Buddhism. For a short time he was in the diplomatic service in Morocco and South America, but was soon sent back to the East, where his services have been invaluable. He is a tall and slender man, with a fine face, and clear, keen eyes. Despite his many years of residence in the East he retains a distinctly English appearance.

He passed through New York a few weeks ago, on his way to his post in the East, just after the Chinese troubles had begun to quiet down. He had been in England on a flying trip — ostensibly a "vacation" — but in which he certainly learned the full intentions of his Government in the East. He was sorely troubled over getting his "luggage" together on the New York dock when he landed from his steamer, and he could not have the relief of blaming America for the delay, for it was due to the men of the Cunarder — which all good English travelers worship

Other travelers were gradually getting their pieces of "luggage" together, but Sir Ernest Satow's could not be found. He had many pieces in all, and from time to time one was gathered in. He walked here and there in distraction. His little Japanese valet also went about in distraction. The two alternately hung over the edge of the chasm, from which a windlass-hoist grappled trunks and bags, and wandered up and down among the heaps of baggage on the dock

Kindly passengers sympathized and tried to help. "Sir Ernest, I saw one of your pieces over there under 'X.'" And away Sir Ernest would hurry. "Sir Ernest, I saw one of your pieces over there under 'A.'" And off the valet would be sent flying

"No," said the Ambassador; "I don't have to gather these together for the customs officers; international courtesy exempts me from that; it's the getting the things together to send to the train that troubles me.'

At that he nervously wiped his heated forehead. "New York is a warm city, isn't it?" he said. He did not remain in New York at all, but hurried West to catch his steamer at Vancouver.

When, approaching New York, his steamer was boarded at Quarantine, the Ambassador anxiously inquired for the very latest news from China. His own opinion seemed to be that Peking would not be held by the Allies "It's a cold city in winter," he said naively. As the news of his transfer from Tokyo to Peking was not announced until he was on his way across the Pacific, one wonders whether, when he was in New York, he knew of his intended transfer and that he himself was destined to winter in the "cold city."

Calls Not on the Cards

Mr. William L. Trenholm is one of the most eminent Southern men in New York City. Since he was Comptroller of the Currency under President Cleveland he has occupied high financial positions in New York. He has always been a man of distinguished social qualities. He belongs to one of the best old families of Charleston, South Carolina, and his home is the meeting place for the brilliant Southerners who come North

It is said of him that no one man in New York receives more letters from the entire South asking for positions than Mr Trenholm, and that no Southerner ever appealed to him in vain; that a dinner or a luncheon at the Trenholm house is in itself an opening for their new life.

A few of the eminent men of New York were talking of this the other day and chaffing Mr. Trenholm — who was present — about it. A Washington statesman said Trenholm impressed people in the same way when he was Comptroller in the Democratic Administration. To illustrate the family aplomb he told the following story:

One New Year's Day in Washington the youngest son of the house, a most precocious boy, distinguished himself by gathering the visiting cards from his mother's table, ordering a hansom and making a round of visits at the most notable houses, sending in the first card that he picked from the bunch When the butler at the English Embassy announced the Chinese Minister, Master Trenholm walked in with perfect aplomb and made a courtly South Carolina bow to his dumfounded hostess

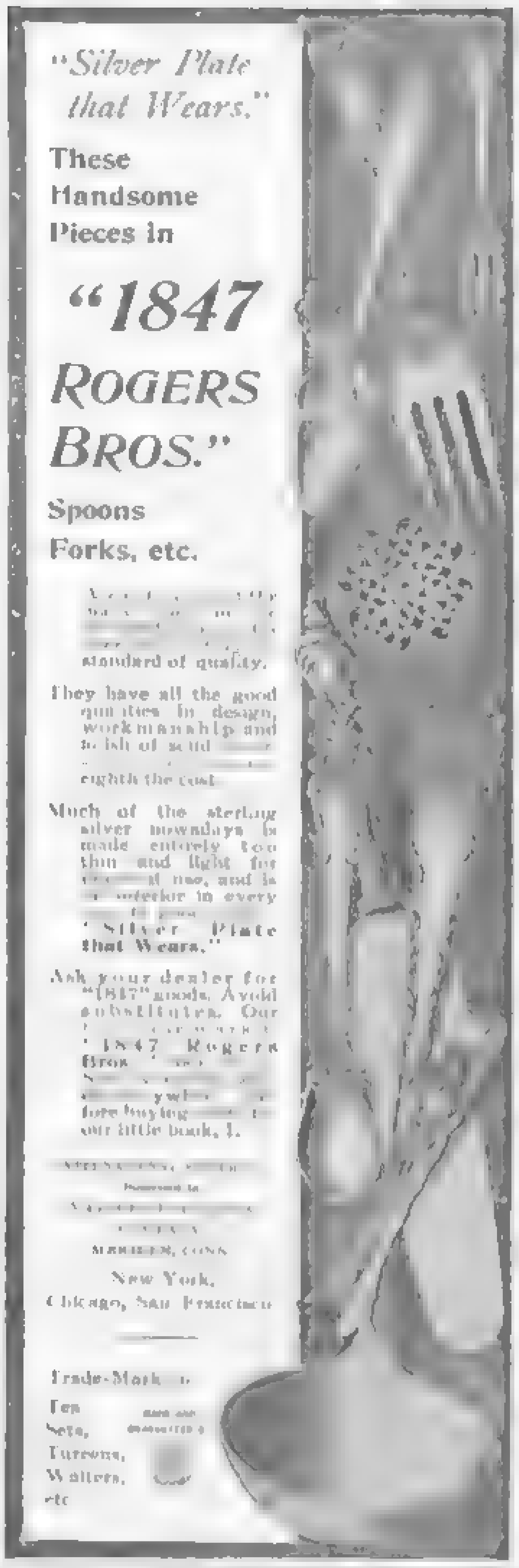
As the youngster was so serious, and his manner so perfect, no one thought to laugh He was handed tea, and, bowing low to the Ambassador from Great Britain, he backed out of the door and drove to the house of the Secretary of State There he happened to send in a card of the Secretary of War, and so on until he had made the rounds, calling on the different women he knew

The Architect of the Dewey Arch

Mr. Charles Rollinson Lamb, the architect of the Dewey Arch in New York City, which the City Council recently decided to take down, but which may be rebuilt in permanent form in another part of the city, has an ancestry that, on his mother's side, goes back through the Revolutionary times to the days when the city, under the Dutch administration, was known as New Amsterdam

Mr. Lamb is a grandson of Charles Rollinson, who was the most prominent steel engraver of his time, and who, when the committee waited upon him to engrave the set of gold buttons for the suit in which the first President of the United States was to take his oath of office, did the work and refused compensation, saying that the honor was sufficient

Mr. Lamb is a New Yorker, born and bred. As the president of the Art Students' League, in his younger days, he helped to build the best series of studios then in the city for such work. He afterward, as trustee of the Fine Arts Building, was one of a small group of men to house the three societies, the Art Students' League, the Architectural League and the Society of American Artists. Since that time he has helped forward the good work not only in the League, but also in the Sculpture Society, both of which, through his aid, have become co-tenants in the same building.



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Photography and Art

By Clifton Johnson

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A winter roadway and a lightly clouded sky

An [illegible] summer haze

IT IS not easy to give a definition of art that is satisfactory to all persons; but I like to think of it as something that can be and is attained by every one of us. Whether in striving to make that which shall be beautiful, or in our prosaic every-day tasks, art enters when we labor thoughtfully with some ideal in view—that is, as soon as we cut loose from action that is purely mechanical. If I am right, there is art in washing dishes or in digging potatoes or in running a steam engine. There are opportunities for better quicker, more agreeable ways of doing whatever we may undertake, and to the degree we discover and adopt these ways we attain art

Photography is unusually replete with possibilities, and the greatest drawback to its reputation as an art is the ease with which it can be taken up and dallied with; for I fancy a good many snap the camera who could not wash dishes or dig potatoes, to say nothing of being artists in such tasks. Still, art of some sort is rarely wholly absent from a picture, though it may be as mistaken or as rudimentary as that of the savages

Expensive Cameras are Not Needed

Poor work is sometimes the fault of the camera, yet an expensive outfit is by no means so essential in securing creditable results as is commonly imagined. One of the old Roman painters, I think it was Leonardo da Vinci, when asked, by a patron, for the pencil with which he had executed some especially fine detail on a beautiful drawing, picked up a pencil at random and handed it to his visitor. "This is the one," said he, meaning that they were all the same to him and that it was the man, not the implement, which gave the picture its quality. So, in photography, the judgment with which you use your camera is of much more vital consequence than the machine itself or its equipment. My own favorite camera, one which I have carried many thousands of miles, did not cost over twenty five dollars, including the lens. The size is five by seven. Larger than that I have found clumsy for doing quickly and well, work which involves a great deal of traveling. Plates as small as four by five may be satisfactory for certain purposes, and prints even more diminutive serve for memoranda, but serious work can hardly be done with any camera of the toy order

Taken altogether, five by seven seems to me the ideal size for the general amateur. The proportions are pleasing, you can give a subject a fairly generous showing, and the expense involved is not so great that you are overtimid about wasting plates; for there is bound to be some waste no matter how clever you are, and in the case of not a few of our button-pressers the proportion of failures is appalling. To avoid mistakes requires constant practice, a long memory and a judicial sense of the nicest balance. Photography is good discipline if you stick to it and conquer success by thoroughly learning the pitfalls that lie in your path

In buying a camera the exercise of economy does not, as I have said, necessarily mean a sacrifice of quality. Indeed, money put into an expensive lens buys brightness and hard glitter rather than an effect in the prints that is really artistic. If you want science and microscopic facts, get a hundred-dollar lens but if you want atmosphere and a grateful sense of fluidity, a low-priced lens will usually answer better. Atmosphere is one of the most serious lacks of the ordinary photograph, and in securing it our most famous amateurs depend largely on manipulation of the plate in developing and printing, and still more on the manner in which they focus the subject. This last is a delicate matter and rarely is wholly successful, yet it is worthy of a great deal of experimenting on the part of the amateur, the effects being so beautiful when you get what you try for

On the borders of the wood photographed under a cloud shadow

Disadvantages of Too Much Truthfulness

The art theory on which these out-of-focus pictures are made is, that what we see is seen as an impression, not in detail, and that the object which primarily takes our attention in this impression is more distinct than any of its surroundings. But the photograph, pure and unadulterated, brings to the eye all the detail and all the surroundings to the very edge of the print with nearly equal sharpness. This excess of truthfulness disappears by changing the focus from the main object or objects pictured to a point a little nearer or more distant. The trouble is that usually you get an unpleasant, dizzy and blurred effect, very unlike the impression for which you tried. If the attempt succeeds, whatever forms the centre of interest is fairly distinct without being harsh, while background and foreground are softly massive and suggestive of form and color, yet without a distracting definition of detail or outlines. Sympathetic perception and experience help to secure such pictures, and they can be made

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without a flaw in the simplicity and sweetness of the impression conveyed; but they are, after all, largely dependent on chance and luck

A surer help to artistic photography, and one which has no drawback, is the atmosphere furnished by Nature on days of haze when everything is veiled in blue. The haze masses things beautifully and gives gradations full of mystery and charm. Our days of brilliant sunshine and crystal charms were never meant for photography. You get no variety, no different planes, and the high lights and blotty shadows force themselves on the attention with disturbing insistence. Even a clouded day is much to be preferred to bright sunshine, and the effects obtained are often very strong and rich

It is well to bear in mind that there is small possibility of getting any picture of value which includes our summer foliage on an ordinary fair day. Try it only in haze or under the clouds. This precaution is doubly needed if you attempt to photograph in the woods or on a tree-lined roadway. The dappling sunlight in the ferny forest dells, or the slender yellow rays gleaming down into the rocky hollow of a trout stream, are entrancing to the eye, but the contrasts are too violent for the camera and you get only a disappointing muddle of blacks and whites. On a dull day, or just after sunset, you can do far better, if you take the precaution to give the plate enough time. One minute may suffice, and, again, fifteen minutes will not be too much. The chances are you will under rather than over expose. This should be guarded against

In the Alps — an example of variety in composition

Fine Effects with Clouds and Sunshine

I have always liked to be out with my camera just after a storm that clears off with a breakup of the clouds into dark, windy masses alternating with blue sky and bursts of sunshine. I can then get just the masses of light and shadow that I wish in my landscape, and the sky is apt to photograph successfully, too. It is one of the serious shortcomings of the camera picture that the non-actinic blue of the sky makes it photograph blank and that the lighter clouds disappear in it. This defect can be obviated by printing in clouds, but they rarely seem to fit the picture, and the printer, in his delight over the clouds, nearly always gives them an extra strength which makes them theatrical. One should endeavor to catch them as a part of the original picture when that can be done

Skies are particularly essential in winter scenes. If you lose the sense of the whiteness and purity of the snow under the blue dome above, you lose more than half the charm. Clouds give the required contrast, yet if they are too dark the result is apt to be dull and lifeless. But select a time when the sun shines faintly through a thin cloud haze, without its usual dazzle, and conditions could hardly be bettered

The ideal months, from a photographic point of view, are March for winter, May for spring, June for summer and October for autumn. By March the sun is getting well back north and helps, even behind the clouds, to give one's pictures snap and vitality, and you can pick out days when you can go about without freezing to death. Intense cold is fatal to photographic inspiration. April has its good points, but its bare twigs and sear earth are a little too cheerless for spring. The starting leafage of May and the blossoms and fresh greensward and moist skies are far preferable. I choose June for summer because the weather is not so hot as it will be later, and because vegetation, in its first fullness, has a pleasing lightness which it loses as it ripens and toughens. October for autumn, has the interest of harvest time: the sunlight is tempered, the leaves are falling, and you get a variety in foliage no other season approaches. The contrast of trees, still full-leaved, with those partially bare and others wholly denuded, gives many opportunities for fine and poetic compositions.

Judgment in Choosing the Picturesque

In selecting subjects, art requires that we should pick out those that have meaning and that convey the meaning forcibly. The interest in many, probably in most, subjects chosen by the average amateur is too slight to warrant such selection. It's not enough to photograph some pretty stream or rustic roadway; you must select some particularly attractive spot or the picture is commonplace. A repetition of the ordinary is hardly worth while. To illustrate again: if you photograph a farmhouse, it should be unusually picturesque or characteristic — one among a hundred, or, better still, one among a thousand. By the instinct you show for finding gems and knowing the best position from which to photograph them is determined your possession of the art sense or the lack of it. The shifting of the camera a few feet this side or that, front or back, often makes all the difference between poetry and prose. The problem is how to compel your central theme to speak most clearly and agreeably for itself. Bring in whatever you can to support, but get rid of all that forces the attention away from the story of the picture

A jack knife is frequently a great aid in improving foregrounds; for a foreground is ordinarily lacking in simplicity, and you do well to sacrifice a good share of the nearer bushes, twigs, weeds and stout grasses

In studying composition care should be taken to avoid conflicting interests, such as are made by two important objects of equal size or by strong spots, either light or dark, in different parts of the picture. Whatever is in any way so prominent as to attract the eye from the main thing pictured hurts the photograph. The centre of interest should be near the middle of the picture, but rarely exactly in the centre, as that tends to make the composition stiff and geometric. Contrast and variety in composition are always to be sought for

The Bugbear of Aiming at the Sun

One of the bugbears of the photographer is that it does not do to fire toward the light; but if you want art, rather than a report of facts, I should say that the oftener you point your camera sunward the better. Only through ample shadows can mass and simplicity ordinarily be attained, and confusion and flatness avoided. Of course, the lens must be shaded if you would spare yourself the ghosts that haunt the plates of careless sun-worshipers

It is very desirable that a tripod camera should be employed wherever possible. It has not the compactness of a hand camera and cannot be carried about so easily or so readily be brought into action. But the latter is too haphazard; you can rarely study your subject properly in the finder; and the instantaneous exposure is usually too short

Whatever works toward a good result helps to lift photography to an acknowledged place among the arts. As it is, it occupies a peculiar place between a "fine art" and those processes which are distinctly mechanical. That it should be ranked as anything less than a fine art does not satisfy its partisans, while its critics find it so lacking in soul and ideality that they declare it belongs wholly to the realm of mechanics.

Probably, if all the work done in any given fine art could be gathered together, that which is really "fine" would make a pretty slim showing; and the same is true of photography. But in this as well as in the others there is a residue that has the charm of imagination and beauty. One need not claim that the camera can do all that a great artist can do with his brush, yet it is not too much to affirm that in its way, and in the hands of a master, it accomplishes noble results

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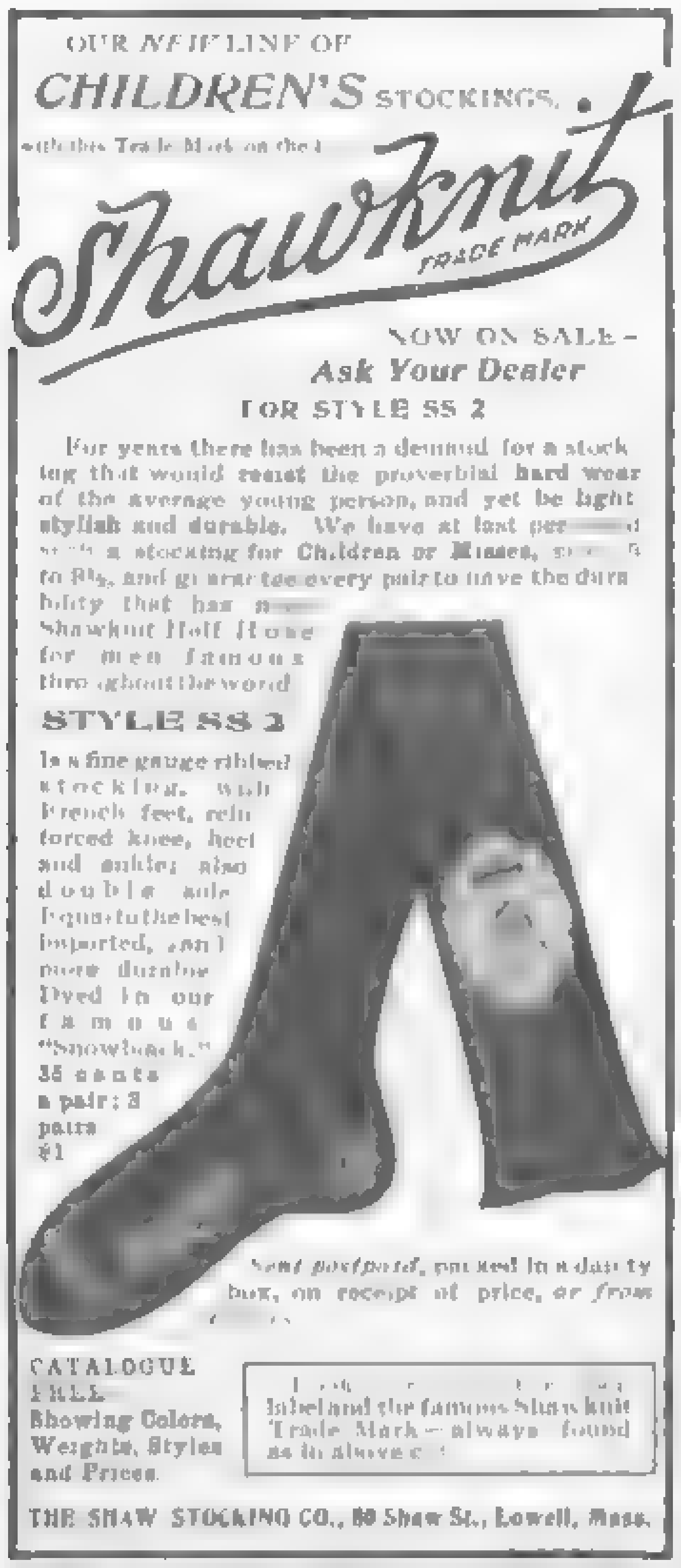
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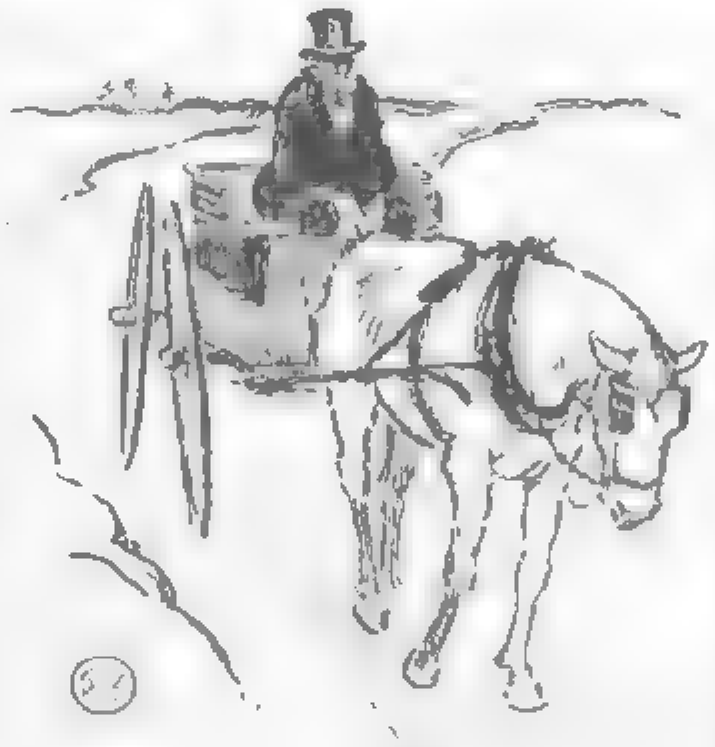
Solon Pepper's Courtship

By Joe Lincoln



"HELLO!" exclaimed Uncle Obed. "There's some feller up the beach gittin' a load er seaweed. Shouldn't wonder if 'twas Solon Pepper; looks like his horse. Boys call Solon's horse Lazarus," he chuckled, "'cause it's so thund'rin' poor. Yus, it's Solon. I should know them bean pole laigs er his anywhere."

I had been out with Uncle Obed to visit his fish weir. The ebb tide on the bay side of Cape Cod recedes for a mile or more, leaving the clean white sand flats uncovered; the weirs, or traps, are erected on the outermost bar. Their owners drive out to them at low water and fill their carts with the fish taken during the previous night.

Uncle Obed's catch had been a good one, and now as Julia—the sober, plump old mare—dragged the well filled cart and ourselves shoreward he was in good spirits. The morning sky was clear blue and cloudless, the wet sand and green water flashed in the sun as though powdered with diamond dust, and the sea breeze was as invigorating as a tonic. It was good to be alive.

The personage referred to as Solon Pepper was loading a cart with seaweed on the beach of the mainland ahead. As we drew near I saw him to be a lean, acid faced individual of, perhaps, fifty years of age; gawky, long limbed and stoop shouldered. In reply to Uncle Obed's cheery, "How be yer, Solon?" he vouchsafed but a surly grunt of "Howdy?"

"Grumpy as ever," commented the old man as we passed on. "I should hate ter have him work in my barnyard; cal'late the cows wouldn't give nawthin' but sour milk. However, sich is life, combined with the raverges of the tender passion. Tell me, now, how does Solon strike yer as a victim of Cupid's pizen arrers? Does he come up ter yer ideal as a lover?"

"He a lover!" I [illegible]. "I should as soon imagine a wooden Indian's being in love."

"Yus, yus," chuckled Uncle Obed, "but appearances is deceitful."

"Who was the lady, pray, and how did his suit prosper?" I queried.

"Well, there's quite a leetle story ter that. Prob'ly I know the ins and outs of the case better'n most folks, 'cause my wife sot up nights fer a week watchin' with Sary Ryder when she had the pneumony, and Huldy Pepper—Solon's sister, that keeps house fer him—sot up 'long with her and told her all the partic'lars. When yer was down here two years ago did yer meet Georg'anna Brett?"

"Georgianna Brett?" I repeated. "Let me see. Why, yes, pretty girl, dark hair and eyes, something of a flirt."

"That's the one. Only *somethin'* of a flirt don't fill the bill. Why, she had ha'f the single young fellers in Orham chasin' after her. Solon was deacon in our church then, and Georg'anna sung in the choir. He was a widderer. His fust wife was 'Bijah Eldredge's darter; she died ten year ago, and folks said she looked happier in her coffin than she had sence she got married. She's buried over yunder in the cheap side er the graveyard. Solon had a leetle money of his own and she left him some more, and, as he's a sharp one in a trade and closer'n the bark of a tree, he got ter be purty well off.

"Well, bumby folks noticed that he was gittin' sweet on Georg'anna, and that he kep' on gittin' sweeter. Fin'lly it got so that he'd hang round her every chance he'd git. He got inter the choir somehow, and uster stan' up and hold the book fer her ter sing, and uster sing himself, tew. Gosh! *I'd* as soon hear a goat sing as him, but tastes differ. He was at her all the time ter marry him, but she wouldn't give him no encouragement; but no more would she anybody else.

"One time, after he'd been tellin' her how many Gov'ment bonds he had, and how many acres er cranb'ry bog he owned, she said she should think a man wuth as much as he was would dress better. Said she should expect a husband er hers ter look respectable anyhow. Well, sir! 'twa'n't later'n the next Sunday when we folks was simply parerlysed ter see him come peradin' down ter meetin' all togged out in a new black suit and a plug hat—things he hadn't had before fer fifteen year. Georg'anna let him walk home with her that day and his hopes was way up in G[illegible].

"But jest about then we voted ter call Mr. Enfield ter preach in our meetin' house. Solon voted against him out er principle, same as he allers voted against anything new: new hymn books er new pew cushions er anything. Then again, he didn't like him 'cause he was young. Said *he* didn't want ter listen ter no boy's preachin'. But Mr. Enfield come all the same, and he's about as smart a speaker as there is in this town, now I tell yer.

"Well, 'twa'n't but a leetle while 'fore folks noticed that the new minister was follerin' the fashion by gittin' kinder sweet on Georg'anna. More'n that, she seemed ter take ter him.

"Purty quick every old woman in the parish was sartin sure 'twas goin ter be a match, and thought it was a shame that he should throw himself away on a frivolous thing like her. Georg'anna was all right, yer know, but there's some women can't seem ter forgive them that's lucky enough ter marry ministers. They talked about it at sewin'-circle till my wife said the clack er their tongues goin' was wuss than the racket in the knittin' factery up town.

"You can imagine how all this galled Solon. Georg'anna didn't pay no attention ter him now, and he purty nigh biled over. He kicked at the minister's sermons, he growled about the cut of his clothes; fact is, he done everything he could think of ter prejudice the congregation against Mr. Enfield, but it wa'n't no good. Fin'lly, he up and said that the Baptist church wa'n't the place fer a [illegible] and went off and jined the 'Come Outers.' 'Come Outers' is them folks that's left the reg'lar churches, and meet round at houses and groves, and holler and sing and have 'movin' meetin's,' as they call 'em. Solon didn't give up all hopes of gittin' Georg'anna, however, and went snoopin' round in an underhand way tryin' ter find out somethin' against the minister's character.

"All at once the sewin' circle gab factery was kinder shet down, as yer might say, by the minister and Georg'anna sorter leavin' off keepin' comp'ny with each other. They was friendly and all that, but they didn't seem ter be nigh so thick as they was and he didn't walk home with her no more. Nobody could make it out; they was all struck of a heap—that is, everybody but me. *I* knew the reason, fact is, I was the cause of it—but let that go now.

"Solon, he was happier'n a clam at high water when he heard of it. He cal'lated then the minister and Georg'anna had had some kind of a lovers' quarrel, and that, if he was spry, he might stan' some show er gittin' Georg'anna ter say 'Yes' 'fore she and Enfield got over their fust hard feelin's toward each other. So he tried ter think er somethin' he could do ter please her. The 'Come-Outers' was goin' ter have a big camp-meetin' over ter East Harniss and he thought mebbe she'd like ter go, so he rigged up in his black suit and shiny beaver hat, harnessed Lazarus inter the buggy, and drove down ter her house ter see if he couldn't tempt her.

"Her young sister come ter the door and she laffed when she see him, as well she might, fer Solon in his work clothes is funny enough, but Solon in ready-made black duds and a plug hat is a sight. You've seen them wooden dummies outside er clothes stores in the city, with sleeves ha'f up their arms and pants endin' at their boot tops? Yus; well, that's him.

"The young Brett gal told him that Georg'anna had gone off the day before ter visit her uncle and wouldn't be back fer a

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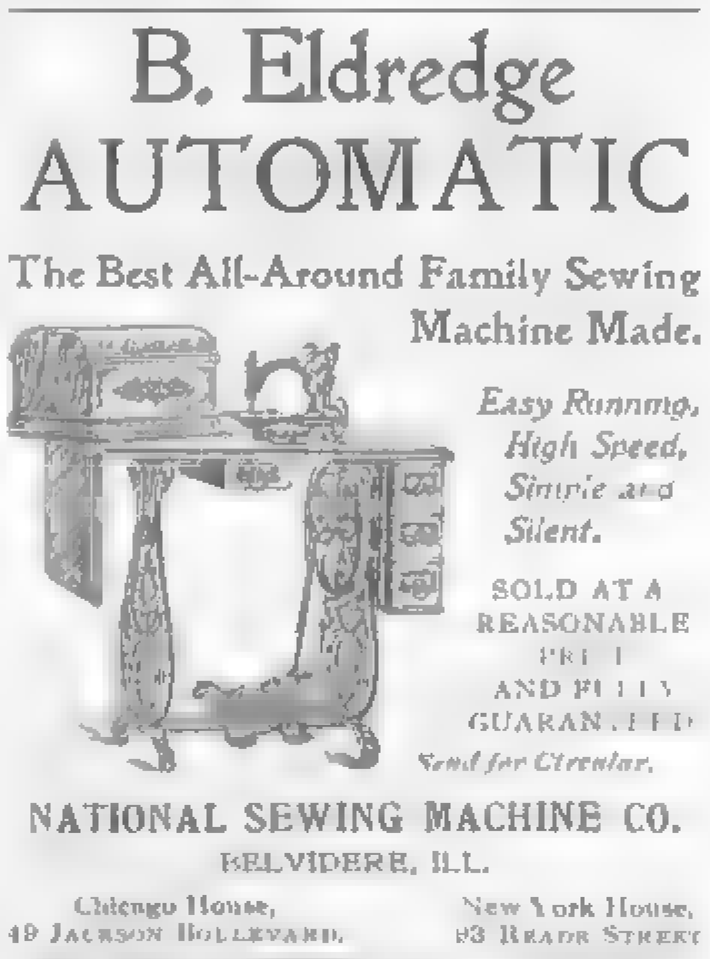
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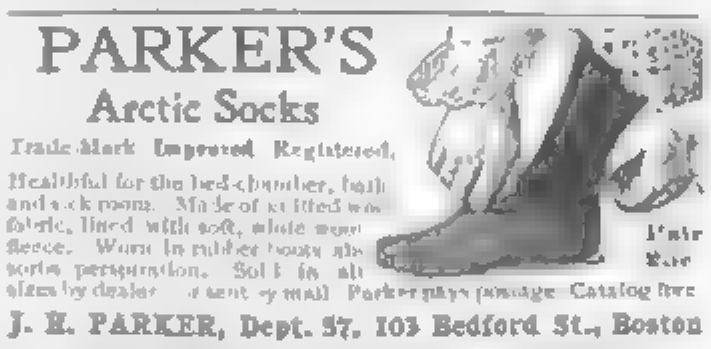
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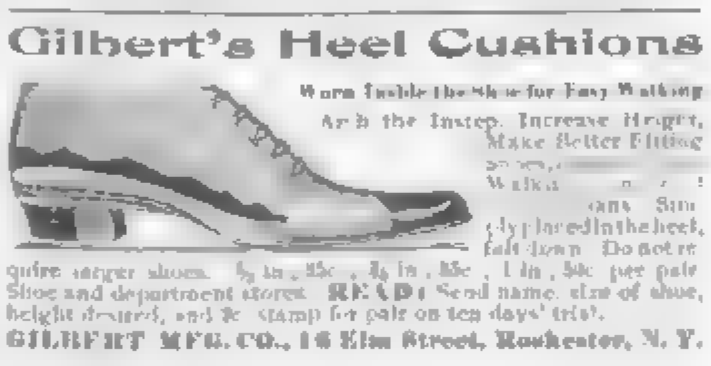
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week. Solon knew she'd been thinkin' of goin' ter see her uncle up ter Boston fer some time, but it riled him dreadful ter think she'd done it jest then. However, he'd promised Elder Snow that he'd sartinly come ter the meetin', so he drove over alone, sulky as a bear with a sore head.

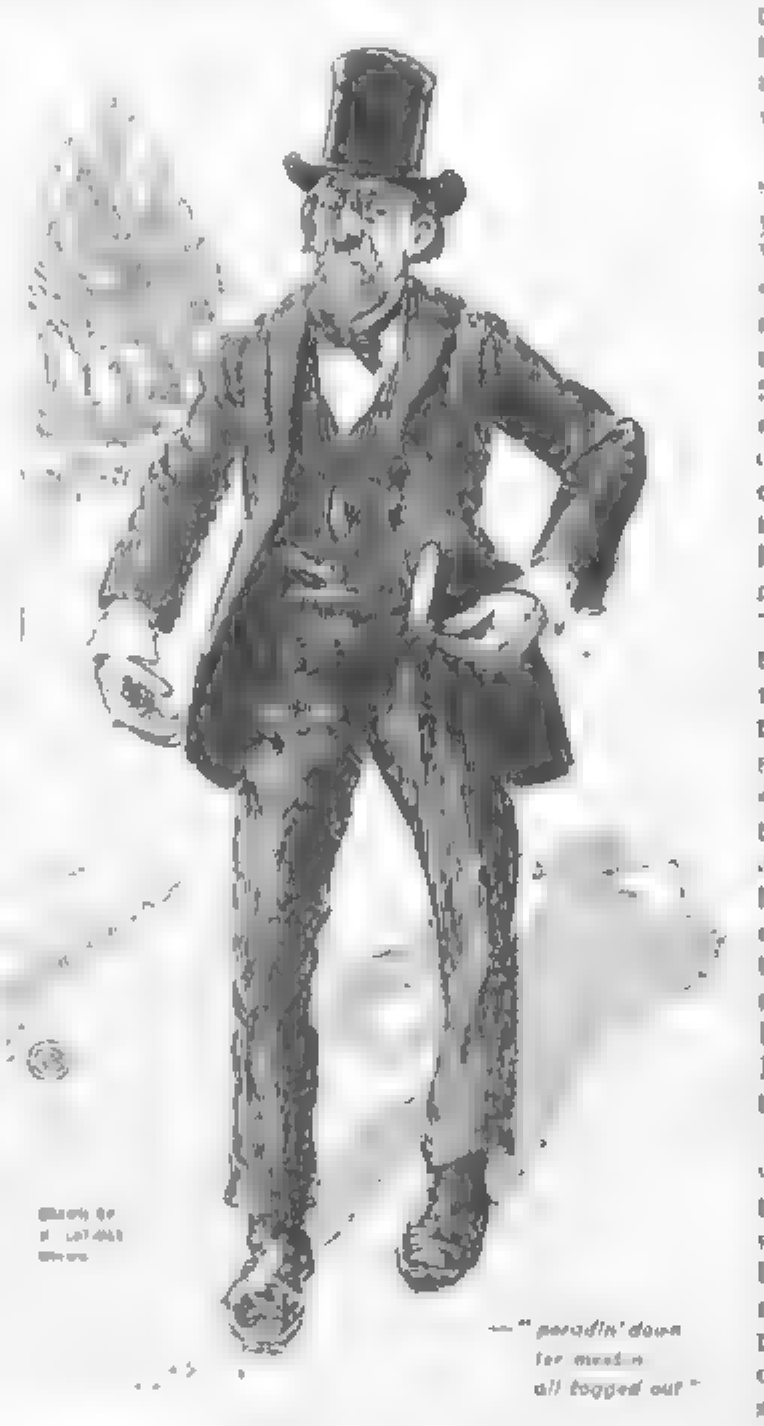
"They had a rousin' meetin', 'cordin' ter all accounts, and when 'twas over it was purty nigh supper time, so Elder Snow envited Solon ter stop and take tea at his house. Now Solon's one er them kind that has a turrible light appetite when they're payin' fer their own grub, but that eats like all outdoors when somebody else foots the bills. Old Mis' Snow told my wife that she never would er b'lieved that a human bein' who wa'n't no thicker through than what Solon is could hold so much vittles. He kep' at it till 'twas pitch dark, and then him and Lazarus started on their twelve mile ja'nt home through the woods.

"They hadn't gone more'n a mile 'fore Solon wished he'd borrered a lantern. 'Twas darker'n the inside of a nigger's pocket, and, ter help things, one er them genuwine Cape fogs come up and made the road a solid black chunk, as yer might say. He couldn't see at all, so he jest let the reins hang and left the old nag ter pick his own way. The fog got thicker till 'twas a reg'lar 'drizzle drozzle,' as the feller said, and he took off his tall hat and put it under the seat, tyin' a red cotton handkercher over his head so's he wouldn't ketch cold. 'Twas purty dull, joggin' along in the dark that fashion, so he got sorter sleepy and kep' gittin' more so, till, fin'lly, fust thing he knew he didn't know nawthin', as my granddad uster say.

"His goin' ter sleep in that style got him inter trouble, 'cause, while he was snorin' there like two forty, Lazarus strayed off the main road inter one er them leetle wood lanes, and when Solon woke up he found he was lost. The path was awful narrer and 'twas darker'n pitch, so he concluded ter drive on till he come ter an open place big enough ter turn the buggy round in. He'd left his watch ter home in his every day vest and he didn't know how long he'd slep', so he couldn't tell how fur the old horse might have gone on his own hook.

"Well, after he'd bumped along fer a spell he come ter the open place he was lookin' fer. He lit a match and see 'twas the wood-lot where the lane ended, a clearin' full er stumps. He got out er the buggy and was jest fixin' ter turn the team round, when he ketched one of his feet in the reins that was draggin' on the ground and sot down like an express train, snappin' his teeth tergether like nutcrackers.

"While he was settin' there, sorter reflectin' on the joyousness of things in gin'ral, he see, way in the distance, a speck er light. Fust off, he wa'n't sure but that it was a left over from the collection er stars and pinwheels that he'd see when he hit the ground, but he watched it and it stayed where it was, so he knew 'twas the real thing.


—"paradin' down ter meetin all togged out"

"Well, sir, the sight er that light jest put new life inter Solon. He pawed round in the dark till he found a stump big enough ter hitch his horse tew, and, soon's he got the critter hitched, he started off fer that light.

"He bumped over logs and run inter trees, but he kep' right on. Purty soon he found a fence by fallin' against it, made out that it was topped with barb wire by the same kind er means, climbed over it, and, after wallerin' through a plowed piece er land, run up against the back wall of a stable.

"The fog had lifted a leetle—else he'd never have seen the lamplight from the woods—but now it settled down again, thick as ever. He felt his way round the corner of the stable and then he see the black shadder of a good-sized house ahead of him, with the lighted winder in the front end. He was jest goin' ter go up ter the door and knock, when he noticed, as he passed the stable winder, that there was a lighted lantern settin' on the floor inside, and a horse stan'in' side of it hitched ter a buggy.

"Now yer understand, everybody here in Orham knows everybody else, and, more'n that, knows everybody else's horse. So when Solon see that horse and buggy stan'in' there in that stable he knew 'em in a minute. They b'longed ter Mr. Enfield, the minister.

"Question was, what was the minister doin' there? 'By gum!' Solon says ter himself, 'I'll find out what that Enfield's doin' here if it takes a leg!' So, 'stead er knockin' at the back door as he'd meant, he went snoopin' along on tiptoe till he come ter the parlor winder where the light was. The curtain was down but there was shadders on it. The shadders showed the back of a sofy with two folks settin' on it: one of 'em was the minister and t'other was a girl.

"Well, sir! Huldy Pepper told my wife that Solon told her that when he see Enfield's shadder settin' on that sofy 'long of a girl he jest jumped inter the air and cracked his heels tergether like a four-year-old. There he'd been huntin' high and low ter find somethin' against the minister, so's he could break him up with Georg'anna fer good and all, and now, jest by bull luck, as yer might say, he'd stumbled on what he wanted.

"Next thing he did was creep up and try ter peek under the curtain. He stretched his neck and done his best, but it wa'n't no use; he couldn't see a thing. The girl's shadder wa'n't plain on the curtain, but was sorter blurry; besides, she kep' her head turned and he couldn't see her profile. All he could make out was that she looked young and as if she might be good lookin', and that the minister kep' talkin' tew her mighty earnest.

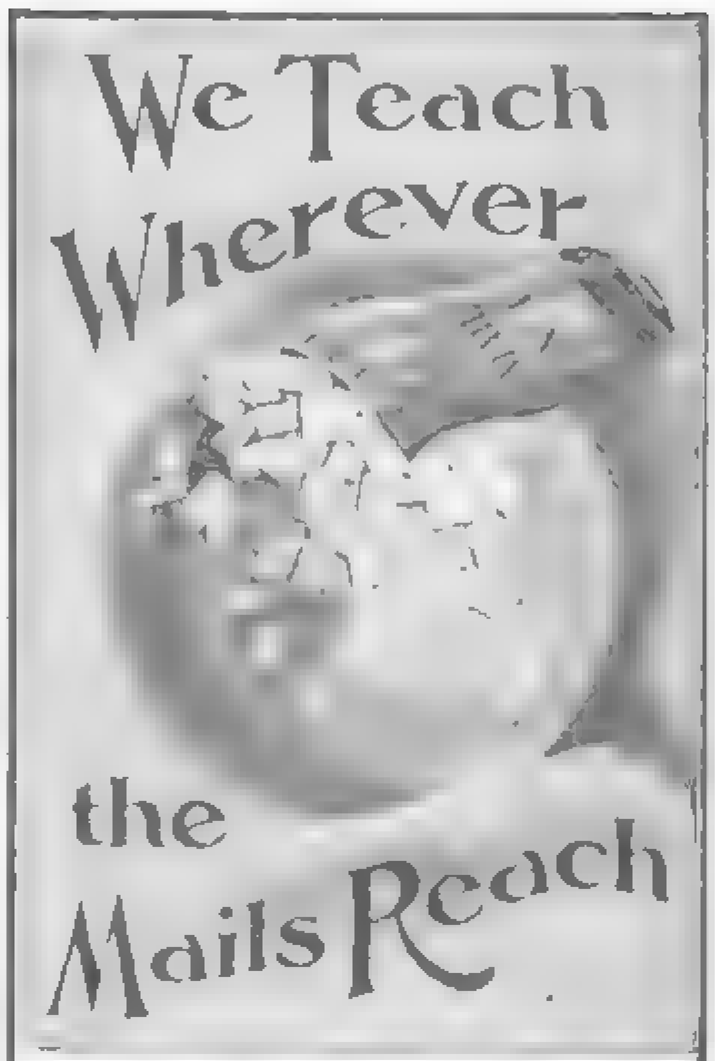
"Solon put on his thinkin' cap and decided that his best plan was ter wait until Mr. Enfield started ter go home and then, p'r'aps, she'd come ter the door and he could see who she was. So he tiptoed back ter the fence behind him, and, perchin' himself on the top rail, drawed his knees purty nigh up ter his chin and waited.

"Yer know how slow time goes when yer want it ter hurry. Well, Solon said seemed ter him he must er sot on that rail a million year. Said 'twas the sharpest rail ever he sot on, and it got sharper every year he sot on it till, fin'lly, 'twas like roostin' on the aidge of a buzz saw. Then, ter make things more interestin', the fog turned ter rain; one er them soft, nasty rains that soaks a feller in no time. It was mighty uncomfortable, but he turned up his coat-collar and stuck ter his post—er, rather, his rail—like grim death. He wa'n't goin' ter take no chances.

"Well, after the shadders on the curtain had stayed there so long that Solon begun ter think they must be froze, he see the minister git up on his feet, the girl stood up tew, but she didn't step for'ard where he could see her any plainer. And jest then the shadder of the minister bent over and kissed her.

"Huldy says that Solon told her that when he see that he was so excited he tumbled off the fence. Then he jest danced a kind er war dance round the yard, he was so tickled. That settled the minister with Georg'anna and his congregation, tew. How the sewin'-circle tongues would fly!

"I cal'late if any er the 'Come Outers' could have seen their leadin' sperrit doin' the light fantastic round the pansy beds they'd a been some s'prised and consider'ble shocked. 'Cordin' ter Huldy's description he must er been a reg'lar panerrammer. The handkerchief on his head was soakin' wet and the color had run down all over his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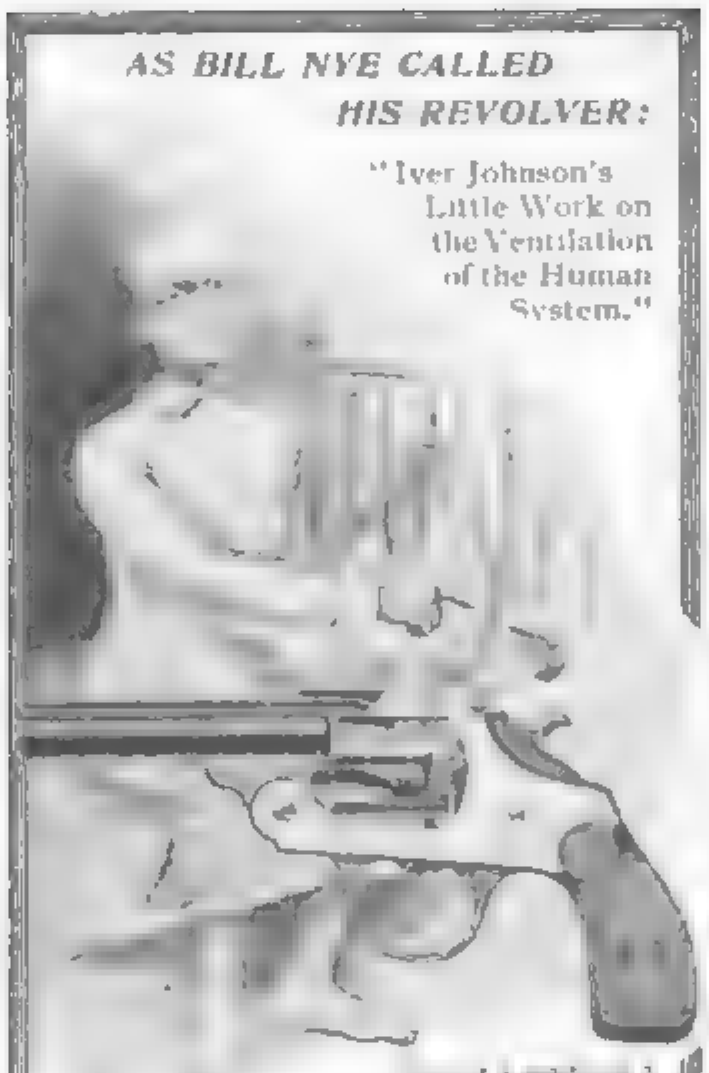

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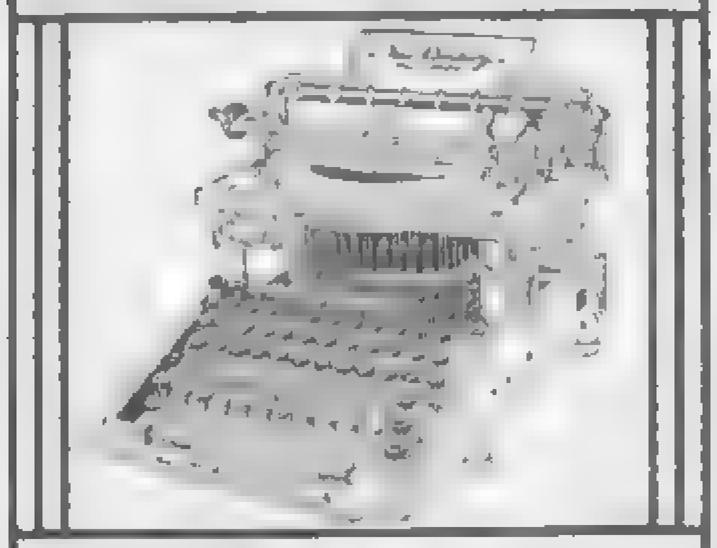

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face. He had it tied tight and his ears stuck out from it like a couple er sails, and his whiskers and hair was all limp and drippin'. His black suit, that he'd bought out of a pedler cart fer eight dollars and a ha'f, was all wrinkled and shrunk out er shape, and, take him all tergether, he must er been 'alone with the price of admission.'

"But in the middle of his caperin's he happened ter glance at the curtain and see that the shadders was gone and that the lamplight was movin' past the dinin'-room winders toward the back door in the kitchen. He jest had time ter race acrost the yard and dodge around the corner of the house. Another step and he'd a-tumbled down a steep bank there was there, but he grabbed the water-spout and saved himself. There was a leak in the spout jest over him, and when he peeked round the corner the stream er water from it played like a hose right down between his collar and his neck, but he didn't mind a leetle thing like that. He was watchin' that door with all the eyes in his head, and stood there like the 'Maid er the Mist' in the fountain on the Common up ter Boston.

"In a minute the door opened and, as luck would have it, it opened out toward the corner like a screen, so that, though he see the minister, who had stepped outside, he couldn't see the girl. Then he heard Mr. Enfield say 'Good night, dear; thank goodness, the day'll soon be here when you'll be my wife, and we can meet 'thout fear er meddlers and gossips.'

"Say! When Solon heard them words about makin' that girl his wife he jumped like he'd been shot. Was the minister goin' ter marry her and not Georg'anna? He was so excited that he leaned way for'ard and the spout he was holdin' on ter creaked like a good one. Mr. Enfield heard it and turned his head. The girl heard it and swung the door back against the house so that he see her face. Did he know her?

"Well, yus; I reckon he did. 'Twas Georg'anna Brett.'

"Well, sir, he stood for a minute with his mouth open [illegible]. Then he jumped backward, slipped on the wet grass, and went rollin' head, neck and heels down the bank and fetched up with a tremenjous splash in the sink drain at the bottom.

"Georg'anna she screamed and the minister run ter the corner, but he was only in time ter see somethin' er somebody flounder out er the drain and leg it off inter the dark like a streak er greased lightnin'. Solon wa'n't stoppin' ter explain nawthin'; all he wanted was ter git as fer away from there as possible, without bein' recognized. He fairly flew; Nancy Hanks wouldn't er been in it with him.

"He went acrost that muddy field like a snow plow. Over that fence he scrabbled like a harrycane, leavin' some souveneers of his black clothes on the barb wire. He never drawed a slow breath till he reached them woods again.

"Yer see," concluded Uncle Obed, fairly bubbling over with chuckles, "the long-laiged old gump hadn't once remembered that Georg'anna had a uncle in Harniss. 'Stead er goin' ter Boston she'd went over ter her Uncle Luther's, and, as luck would have it, Lazarus had strayed inter a wood road that ended in a clearin' right back er his house."

"But how did the minister happen to be there?" I inquired.

"Oh," continued Uncle Obed, "that's a sorter secret, but I don't mind tellin' you that Mr. Enfield and me's allers been purty good friends, and when the sewin' circle hen convention got ter takin' him and Georg'anna over the coals, I, knowin' how he hates ter have his affairs talked and gossiped about, gave him a sorter tip, as yer might say, and after that they done their courtin' kinder more on the quiet. He knew she was goin' ter be at her uncle's, and he drove over ter spend the evenin'. Him and her's goin' ter be married next week.

"But say!" exclaimed the old man, slapping his knee and roaring with laughter, "Huldy says nobody never seen sich a sight as Solon was when he got home that night. He was all wet and muddy, his clothes was tore, and he was a mess of dirt and rags from head ter foot. The only thing he had on that wa'n't a wreck was his beaver hat, and that looked so nice and shiny and out er place on top er the rest of him that Huldy said it reminded her of a gilded dome on top of a pig pen.

"She ast him where he'd been, and he blatted right out, 'None er yer blame business!' Huldy she says she thinks 'twas 'blame' he said, but then, again, she ain't quite sure. Ho, ho, ho!

"Solon's the wust woman hater nowadays that ever yer see," Uncle Obed went on. "The story leaked out somehow er 'nother, and the boys call him 'Sink-drain Solon.' He gits sourer'n [illegible] as Georg'anna's weddin' day [illegible]."

"Hey, Uncle Obed," [illegible] who was weeding his cranberry bog on the other side of the road. "Have yer heard the news? Solon Pepper's married."

"*What?*" bellowed the old man.

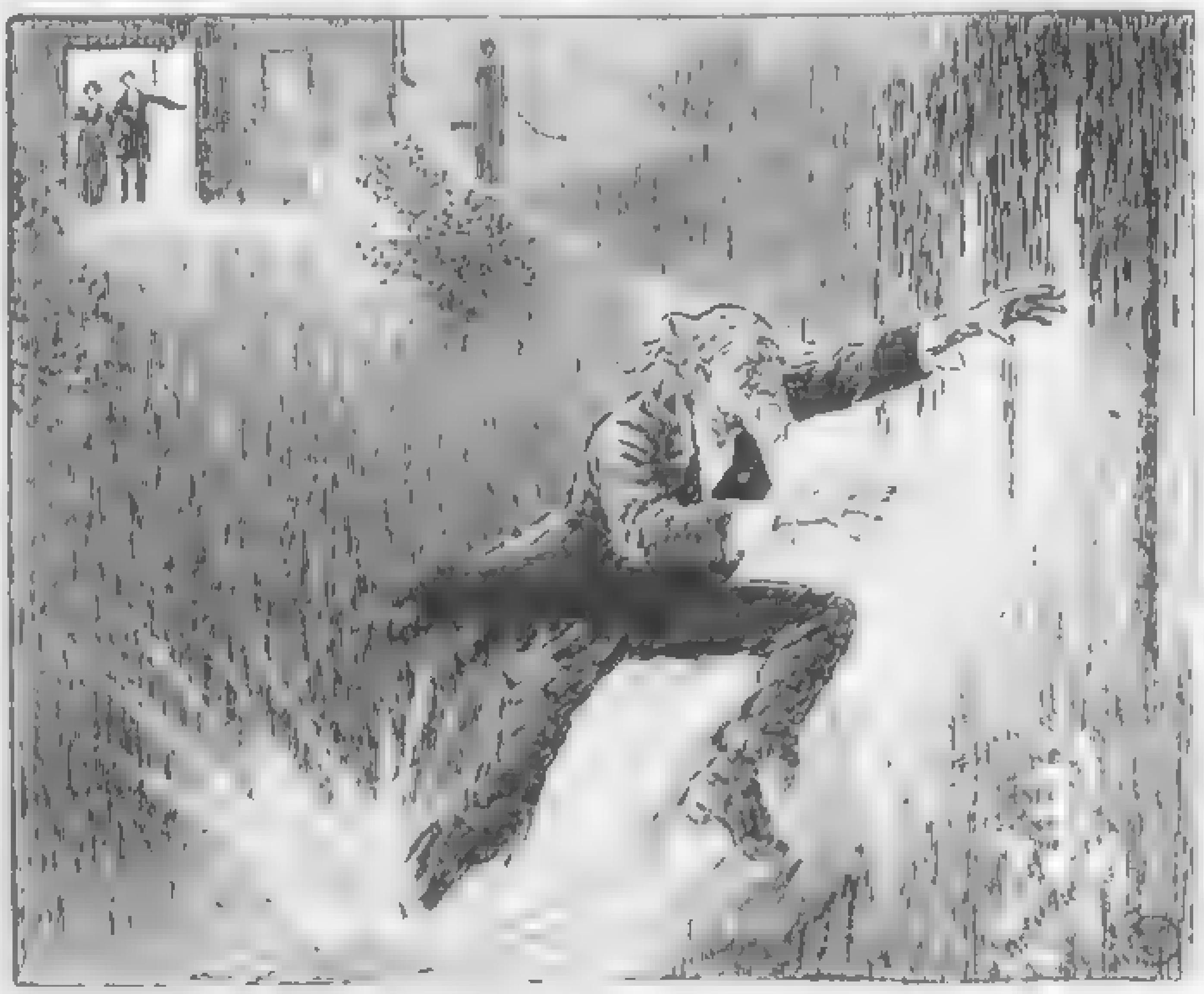
"Sure thing; he married Rebecca Skinner yusterday afternoon. Folks think he done it ter let Georg'anna Brett see that he could git married jest as well as she could."

This astounding revelation seemed to stupefy Uncle Obed. He drove on in a sort of trance, shaking his head and from time to time muttering to himself. At length I ventured to remark:

"Well! I must say that Mr. Pepper was the most dismal-visaged bridegroom I ever saw."

"Dismal!" exclaimed Uncle Obed, awakening with a start. "Dismal! Why, if *I* had ter marry Becky Skinner I'd dress in black crape and have the organ play 'Hark from the Tomb' fer a weddin' march. She's the crossest-grained, sourest-tempered old maid this side er Provincetown. And Solon's married *her!* Well, well! talk about bitin' off yer nose ter spite yer face! I wonder what'll happen next. Whoa, Julia, here we be, 'home again from a furrin shore.' I'll step in and 'break the news ter Mother,' as the boys sing."

"Solon wa'n't stoppin' ter explain nawthin'"



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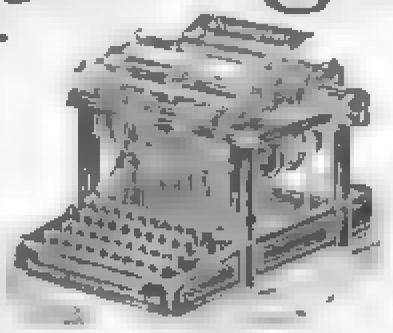

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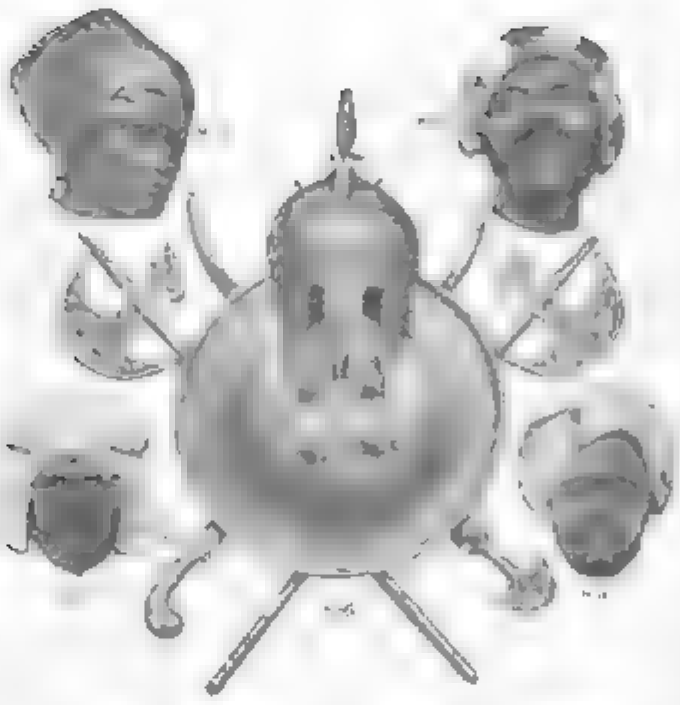

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"Publick Occurrences"

Official Reports on Monday

This is the season of Government reports, and the newspapers are full of summaries of their accounts and statistics. Most of them are dull and dry and the majority of readers simply scan the headlines. It is curious that the public attitude toward all official documents is one of almost complete indifference, and yet in these reports are to be found the records of the progress and operations of the greatest government on earth

One interesting fact about them is that they are generally published on Monday mornings, and the reason for this is that the newspapers on that day are not so crowded and thus more space is secured. James G. Blaine, who was an editor before he became a statesman, was the first to appreciate the opportunity of the Monday morning newspaper, and when he had an important announcement to make or a report to submit it was always sent out the last of the week, so as to secure the best possible treatment on Monday morning. His example has become a precedent in Washington officialism

A Life in Two Navies

Among the reports recently published, that of Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn attracted considerable attention, but not so much as it deserved. The circumstances of the document are unusual. It is the last official report that Rear Admiral Hichborn will make He has been in naval work almost from the cradle. Born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1830, and graduated from the Boston High School, he entered the Boston Navy Yard as a shipwright apprentice He spent five years there, and by direction of the Navy Department took a special course in ship construction, calculation and designing. When only twenty-three years of age he was master-shipwright in the Mare Island Navy Yard in California. His work there attracted the attention of the Department, and five years later he formally entered the navy, rising year by year until he became Chief Constructor on July 13, 1893. He was appointed for a second term on September [illegible] 1897. He has had a leading part in the building of two navies—the old and the new—and these words in his annual report have a meaning which every one, knowing of his career, can adequately appreciate. After referring to the old wooden sloops of war, without protection or watertight subdivisions, and armed with smooth bores, he wrote

"How many of those associated with the work of that period, looking into the future, would have believed that during the space represented by the active career of one man wooden ships of war and sails as a means of propulsion would have passed; that steel would have become the material of construction, steam the one propelling power, and electricity a general agent on shipboard; that the demands for protection, armament, speed and endurance would have forced the construction of battleships and armored cruisers of deep displacements of over 15,000 and 16,000 tons and speeds of eighteen and twenty two knots? Who of them would have believed that within that time the resources of this country would have been so developed that when such vessels of war are to be constructed, every part going into them is of American production?"

America's Place Among Nations.

In the half century during which Admiral Hichborn has been connected with shipbuilding and naval construction the changes have been even greater than those expressed in his interesting paragraph. The other day Sir Robert Giffen, who as the statistician to the British Board of Trade occupies a most authoritative and responsible position, showed the greatness of this country in a way which our own mathematicians could not surpass. Of course he stood up as far as possible for his own nation He pointed out the fact that while the United States and the United Kingdom had together only twenty millions of people one hundred years ago, they have now more than one hundred and thirty millions—without including, be it remembered, the various tribes and nationalities under British or American protection Sir Robert then proceeded to say that the United States has a larger European population than the British Empire, and that it is the most powerful state in the world so far as population and resources are concerned. He added that, while Russia has a much larger population, the inferiority of the units is so great that the preëminence of the United States is not to be questioned

He placed the great world Powers in the following order: The United States, Great Britain, Russia and Germany, with France a doubtful fifth

First on Land but Not on Sea

Nobody will quarrel with this verdict, but our greatness is not uniform. Lieutenant Howard, of the Intelligence Office of the Navy Department, recently compiled the tonnage of the various navies of the world The figures are as follows

England	1,524,970
France	765,319
Russia	593,528
United States	413,575
Germany	413,605
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

This, however, does not exactly state the case. Ships of the United States are so superior in fighting strength that it is safe to say that this country is third in naval strength among the Powers. Still, it is only third, while its own position in the world is unquestionably the first. The result is a demand that the United States shall have a navy equal to its position and reputation

Hundreds of Millions in Ships

All over the world the building of naval vessels is going on

Within the past twelve months Great Britain has launched two armored cruisers, one first-class cruiser, one third-class cruiser, two torpedo-boat destroyers and six other naval vessels

France has launched three armored cruisers, three torpedo-boat destroyers and one torpedo boat

Russia has launched two battleships, three armored cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers

Germany has launched one battleship, one armored cruiser and three torpedo-boat destroyers

Japan has launched one armored cruiser, two torpedo boat destroyers and one torpedo gunboat

The United States has launched the two double turreted battleships, Kearsarge and Kentucky—the most powerful of their kind in the world and she has three more battleships that can be made ready for service within a month if they should be needed

Within the year there has been sent into the water by the various Powers fully a hundred million dollars' worth of fighting craft, and a great deal more than a hundred million dollars' worth is now under construction

An Age of Preparedness

Some years ago the word preparedness came into use Kipling had it in one of his articles and Captain Mahan gave it a larger vogue. Then it began to appear in almost every naval and military paper

To-day preparedness is the keynote of national and international politics. The chances are that not one in a hundred of the ships which cost millions will ever be engaged in a fight; but all the vast machinery, all the cost, all the effectiveness of modern invention, the whole idea represents preparedness for any emergency.

A big navy is a great influence. It impresses delinquent nations more than any amount of diplomacy or correspondence. If an apology or a bill of damages is due, a naval demonstration does more to collect the bill than any other agency. Moreover, a big navy advertises the nation.

In this country the whole tendency is toward a larger development upon the seas. Our shipyards are doing greater work; our maritime companies are stretching forth in spite of the laws which bind them, our commerce is reaching to every civilized settlement. Of course the navy must expand in accordance with all this growth, and it is a fact that all the parties in Congress agree to larger appropriations in every session of Congress. A year ago the total reached sixty-three millions—the largest in the history of the nation The new appropriation will probably call for ten millions more, and thus the increase will go on until our naval expenditures will probably exceed one hundred millions of dollars every twelvemonth

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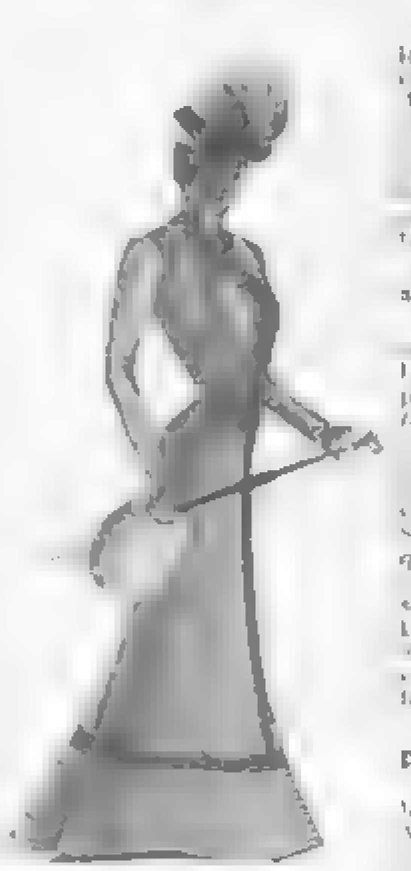

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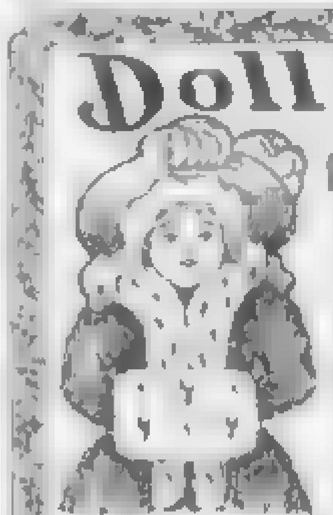

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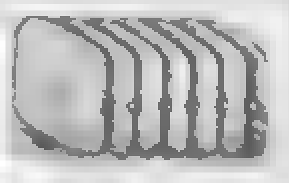

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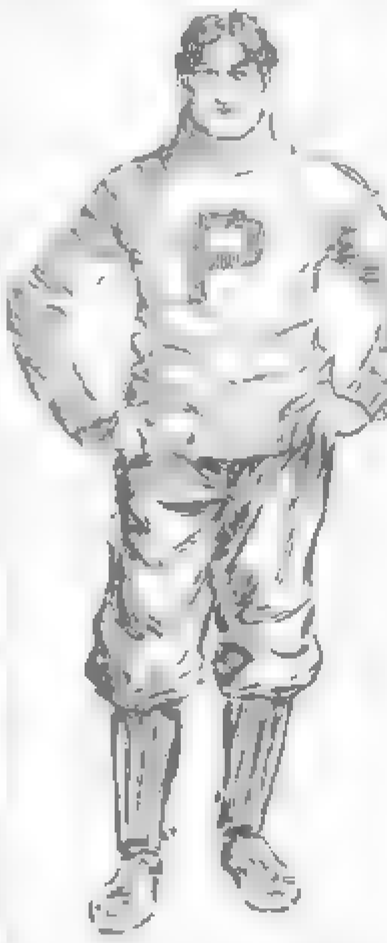
Reasons for Belief in the Value of Exercise and Athletics



By J. William White

John Rhea Barton Professor of Surgery, University of Pennsylvania

As vigorous health and its accompanying high [illegible] are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatsoever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that should yield in moment to no other whatever [illegible]

THE usual complaints about the abuses of athletics—the distraction of the student's attention from his educational curriculum, the danger of certain sports, the strain in others, have all been answered and re-answered, and there is not much that is new to say about them. They are not all groundless. We do tend to excess in competition; to jealousy and heart-burning and exaggerated rivalry; we think too much of winning, we incline to develop athletic specialists; and we do thereby detract to an extent from the usefulness of athletics to the whole mass of undergraduates. All these matters, however, are the objects of keen and unremitting criticism, and are being steadily bettered in this country. The number and severity of the injuries—in football, for example—have been greatly exaggerated; the frequency of serious strain as from rowing or sprinting—has been overestimated: the collateral evils of betting, drinking and the like are obviously less than they were when the "great" games took place in cities and not on college grounds

But the opponents of athletics die hard In a recent number of a leading periodical is an article which contains within the compass of two pages more ludicrous misstatements than are often seen in such space, and yet it is evidently written by an earnest believer who feels that he has a message for the world The writer asserts that college athletes upon reaching middle life experience [illegible] majority of cases what has been called 'the premature decay of physical endurance He quotes an authority—to me unknown—as saying that "athletes do die young." He says that "the lungs also seem often to have suffered some deterioration of cellular tissue, so that pulmonary consumption is not an infrequent disease with adult athletes." He goes on to talk of "early exhaustion of vital energy which was intended to supply the body for seventy years or more," as if he were writing of an oil well or a coal mine; he quotes "some physicians"—discreetly leaving them unnamed—as "pronouncing,' excessive enlargement of special muscles and parts of the body a diseased growth somewhat like a hard tumor. And they say he continues, with what is the real gem of the article, that "in the end the result will be the same as with other diseased growths—a pernicious anæmia, or consumption of the blood." It would all be too absurd for notice if it had not been put before thousands of non-medical readers by one of the best periodicals of this country, and thus made potentially the cause for alarm on the part of parents, guardians and educators of youth

The Age-Long Struggle for Existence

Such attacks subserve at least the good purpose of emphasizing the fact that what we need—not only for the undergraduate but for the race—is a better understanding of the principles that underlie the advocacy of exercise and athletics by those who are regarded as faddists and extremists. It is possible later to differentiate, and to talk of what is good for an undergraduate as distinguished from any other adolescent or young adult of the community. But as to the benefits of the habitual vigorous use of the muscles, and the desirability of encouraging such use among large bodies of young men—college students affording as good an example as any that presents itself—if we begin at the real beginning we should understand that we are animals very much like other animals, and that we are made up, as they are, each of us, of myriads of cells that are practically identical for all, and have probably not changed materially for countless ages. The health and vitality of these cells—and of the aggregations of cells making up the individual animal—which have enabled them to multiply, to survive the struggle for existence, and to bring about life as it exists to-day, result from qualities that have been developed through untold centuries of fierce competition for food, for shelter, for the preservation of family or tribal relations—in fact, for life itself In this way the necessity for bodily exertion for the full development of the powers of the individual, became established as a basal condition for the health of the human race. The comparatively brief period covered by "History," and the still more insignificant time assigned to "Civilization," have not affected in the least the primal attributes of an animal organization, the essential qualities of which are the result of immeasurable ages of strife with other animals and with the elements; of exposure without covering to sun and wind and rain; to conditions, the conquest of which was necessary for the preservation of the life of the individual and for the perpetuation of the species.

The Results of Strenuous Cell-Life

The result of these ages of struggle, when, to use the phrase of the day, life was truly "strenuous," has been that every separate cell of the millions that make up a given human organism is the descendant of similar cells that owed their life, and their ability to reproduce their kind, to a resistant power to the attacks of disease and injury and exposure, developed under conditions of extreme physical stress and exertion

It is inconceivable that, in the comparatively few years of which we have any knowledge, an essential change should have been wrought in the primal qualities developed in the organism through the numberless centuries during which the race was developing to its present status. There has not been time yet for us to lose entirely even such gross and now unessential structures as the muscles that in some of our ancestors—the herbivora, for example—were used for pricking up the ears, but are valueless to us; the little crescent shaped fold of skin at the inner angle of the eye, useless to us, but of great value to the sharks and other primitive relatives of ours; or the appendix, worthless and dangerous to us, but larger and most useful in the digestive processes of our vegetarian predecessors. It is evident to the scientist, whether he studies disease and notes the fact that some of the most deadly enemies to life, as the bacillus tuberculosis, for example, are powerless and die in direct sunlight; or whether he studies health and observes the victory over such microscopic intruders obtained by the living cells of the body when they are young and vigorous and active, that, in the advancement of civilization, we have lost sight of many elementary hygienic principles. Disease has been lessened, it is true, by the discovery of technical methods of prevention and cure; but the needs of the body, the essential and primitive requirements of health, as old as the race itself, are constantly forgotten or ignored The air breathed by crowds, the dust and dirt of great cities, the covering of the body surface so as to exclude the direct rays of the sun, the substitution of sedentary and slothful habits for a life of incessant activity, the modification in diet and drink—in other words, the changes in environment with little or no change in the organism itself, are responsible for much of the disease and death with which the physician has to deal

Weaklings Preserved by Science

The diminished general death rate, due to the labors and discoveries of the medical profession, is, of course, gratifying; but it should be remembered that even this has another side, and that it necessarily means the preservation of thousands of weaklings, who, if they perished in childhood, or soon after middle age, would, at least, not perpetuate their imperfections

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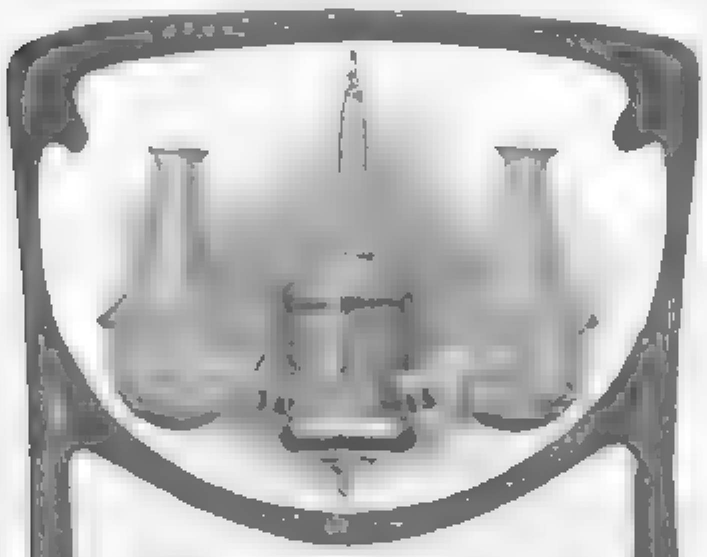

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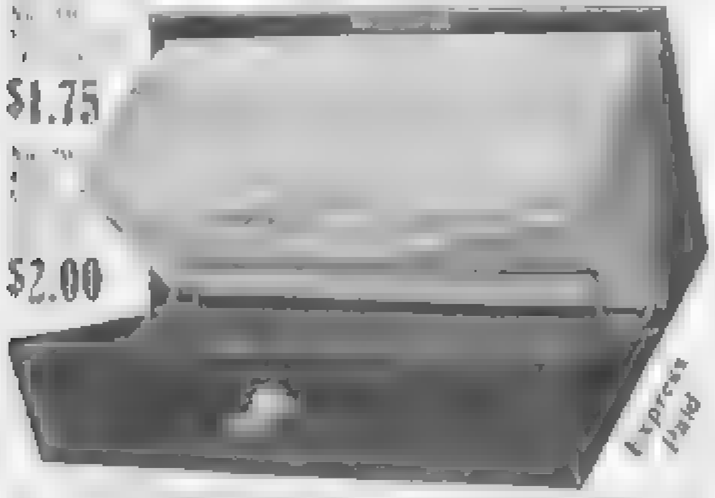

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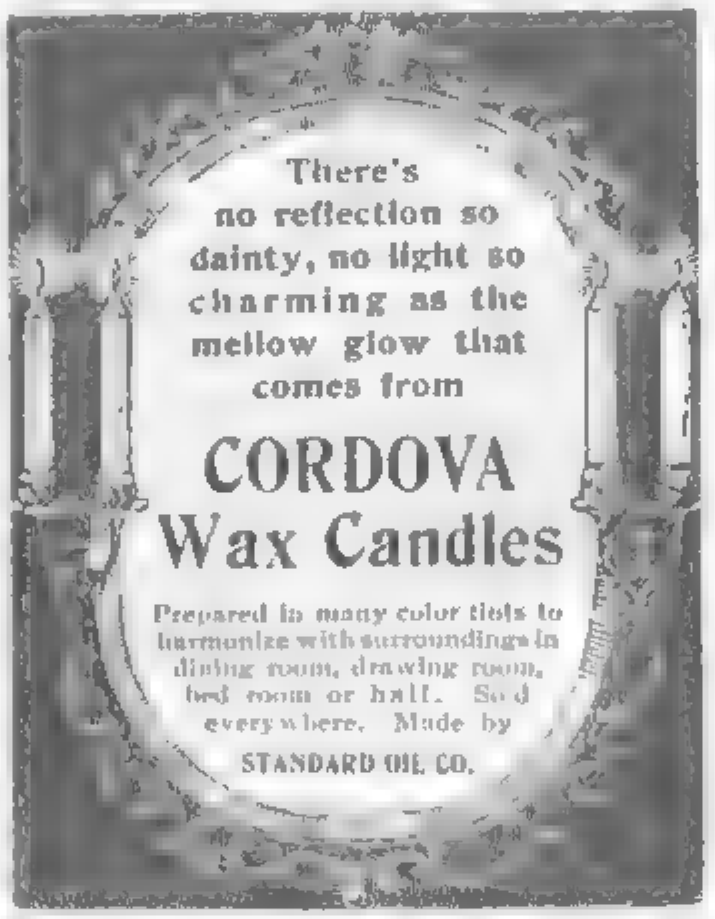

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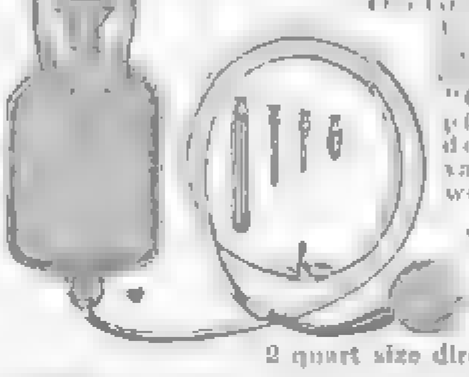

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The lowered price of meat in many countries gives to the laboring classes more animal food than ever before in historic times. This has been in some ways an obvious advantage; but there are keen observers who associate the comparative excess of meat eating, and the coincident lessening of the hours of labor and of physical effort required to procure a subsistence, with the increase in cases of cancer that is thought to be taking place in most civilized countries.

Education to-day is far more general, is begun earlier, is continued later in life, and embraces a curriculum which has widened with the development of human knowledge until it has perforce been divided and subdivided, so that the fear has arisen that the days of fine scholarship are numbered, and that we are on the eve of developing specialists alone. There can, at any rate, be no doubt that the stress and strain have increased; examinations, with the attendant nervous tension, have multiplied; competition has become keener and rewards greater; the disappointments have been correspondingly more bitter and depressing. All this occurs during the developmental period, when the foundations of health and strength should be laid, and when the nervous system especially is most sensitive to external impressions. A child will have a general convulsion from an attack of indigestion that would give an adult only a stomach ache. Mental indigestion produces correspondingly grave results in other portions of the brain. With all the good that flows from the comparatively wide diffusion of education and of knowledge at the present day comes the counterbalancing evil, the increased percentage of brain diseases, associated undoubtedly with the substitution of mental for physical strain in the struggle for existence, and having its foundation too often in the period devoted to education. It must be noted here that it is strain, not activity, that causes mental disease. The proper use of the brain, like the proper use of the body, tends to the preservation of health.

Four Primitive Requirements of Health

Mr. Treves has called attention, jestingly, to the fact that with precisely the same alimentary canal that served the cave man after his meals of raw hyena meat we attack the aldermanic public dinners of the nineteenth century. It is equally true that, while our lives depend upon the health and strength of the same sort and kind of cells — each in a sense an individual — that made up the bodies of our ancestors thousands of centuries before the cave man appeared, the race has to a great extent changed its habits and methods of living, with no reference to the basal habits and needs of the cells which compose it. The less we conflict with these habits, the more we recognize and meet these fixed needs, the higher will be the average health of mankind.

This line of argument may seem to take me far afield, and yet it is the scientific justification for the belief in the value of exercise.

Indissoluble ties link us to all the rest of organic nature, and the four most primitive requirements of health — sunlight, oxygen, food to replace worn-out cells, and (as soon as we reach the animal kingdom) motion, or "exercise" — are the same now as they were when the pulse of life first began to beat.

Health in a human being consists to-day as always, in a condition of growth and development of all the tissues and organs of the body that will enable them to fulfill their functions easily and completely, respond promptly to occasional unusual demands upon them, and resist effectually the attacks of disease. It depends upon the activity with which the numberless atoms or cells that constitute the body are cast off and replaced by others, and upon the strength and vitality of the latter; and this strength, there is every reason to believe, is in almost direct proportion to their newness. The young cell, like the young boy or girl, has a potential reserve force, an energy, a vitality, a power of resistance that invariably begin to diminish as soon as full development has been attained. The physiologist or physician who, Aladdin like, could offer "new cells for old," would have discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

Every time we move or breathe, or even think, certain cells die, are disintegrated, and must be replaced by others. This work is done by the blood, which lays down the new material, and carries off the old to be thrown out by the lungs, the skin and the kidneys. The succession of events makes up "life," and, reducing the statement to the simplest possible terms, we may say that a man's health and strength are in direct proportion to the thoroughness with which these occurrences take place. Consequently, we are able to understand how an agent which influences these processes favorably must be one which will promote at the same time the destruction of the old cells and their rapid replacement by new ones — in other words, one which, while it hastens the death of certain tissues, will at the same time send them an increased amount of material with which to repair damages, or which may even enable them to improve upon and add to the original structure. Now, when we look for such an agent, discarding drugs, of course, as inapplicable and injurious, and assigning food to its proper place as fuel which may be transformed into force, but is useless alone and unassisted, we find that there is but one means within our reach for effecting this purpose safely, continuously and healthfully, and that is exercise!

Importance of Plenty of Sunlight

We have voluntarily, perhaps necessarily, cut ourselves off (by our clothes and our houses and our habits) from the sunlight in which the entire bodies of our ancestors — not their hands and faces only — were bathed continuously — not on little occasional "outings." Let the critic study the bactericidal effect of sunlight, the climatic treatment of consumption, the open-air treatment of surgical tuberculosis, the relation of the percentage of sunlight to the mortality from influenza and similar subjects, before he dismisses this argument as irrelevant.

The supply of oxygen to the individual has been similarly limited by the greatly increased time spent indoors, often in poorly ventilated rooms, and among crowds of our fellow-beings congregated either for work or for pleasure.

Food is probably better in quality and quantity than ever before, but relative overeating has followed, and, as a result, special diseases, as gout and Bright's disease, for example, are thought to be increasing.

We thus have left, of the four elementary requirements, only exercise as a practical agent for procuring or preserving health.

By "exercise" is meant certain movements made by means of the contraction of the voluntary muscles — those muscles which are under the control of the will — and made with sufficient force and rapidity to quicken the breathing and the circulation of the blood — that is, to augment the action of the involuntary muscles, chiefly those of the heart and the diaphragm, concerned in those functions.

Exercise increases the breathing power, rids us of carbonic acid, and purifies our blood. It increases the action of the heart, sending a larger quantity of this purified blood to all the tissues of the body, removing their waste, supplying the material for their renewal, and quickening all the vital processes. Thus it fulfills all the conditions necessary in an agent which is to increase health and strength. The most obvious but least useful effect of exercise is the increase in the size and power of the voluntary muscles; the most important effect is a strengthening of the involuntary muscles in the processes of respiration and circulation, which enables us to use the increased power of the voluntary muscles with comfort and safety, and to influence through these processes not only the health and strength, but also the growth and development of the whole body, and even the activity and force of the mental processes.

It must be admitted by the most captious that to exercise as thus described there can be no possible objection, but that, on the contrary, it is capable of being made a most beneficial agent.

When we look for evidence of the truth of this statement we are met with it on every hand.

If we consult the history of nations it seems conclusive. In Greece, the cultivation of the body by means of gymnastics begun in earliest life, fostered and encouraged by the enormous rewards in both fame and riches accruing from success at the Olympian games, and aided by a rigid application of the principles of heredity, eliminating almost completely those persons unfit for the founding or propagating of families, resulted in the nearest approach to physical perfection in an entire people that the world has ever witnessed.

Editor's Note — Professor White's paper on Exercise and Athletics will be concluded in the next issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

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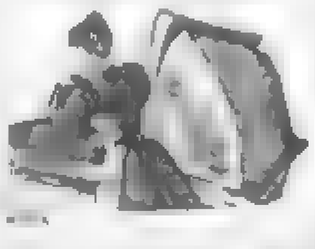

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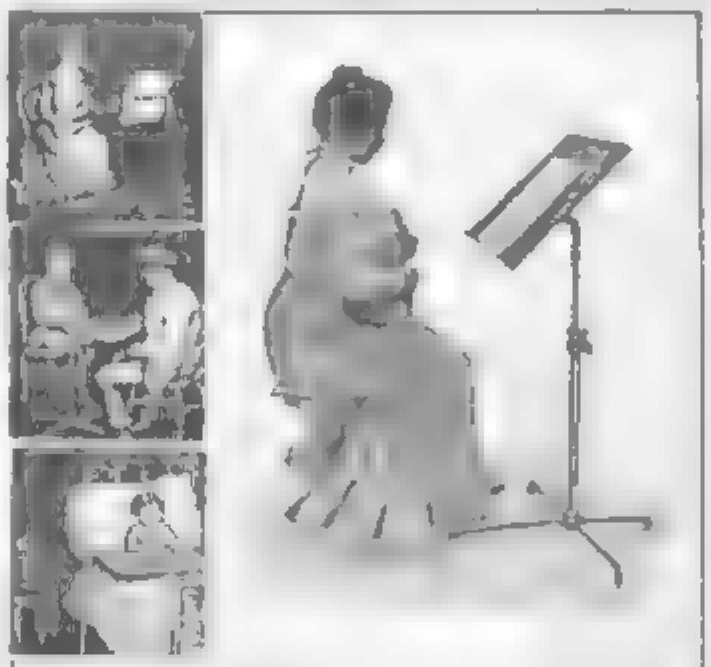

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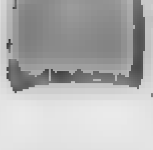

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Too Much Boy

By Charles Battell Loomis

I MET a gentleman on the steamer on my return from Europe who spent all his time in the smoking-room, smoking good cigars and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but staring straight ahead into vacancy. He looked to me like a genial man, but he never spoke to any one, and my curiosity was excited, the more so as I understood that he was the father of the young bunch of mischief who provided excitement in large packages for the passengers all day long, and whose mother was aging hour by hour owing to the weight of her responsibilities

On the sixth day out I sat down in front of him at a card-table and offered him a cigar He surprised me by accepting it, and when he thanked me his eye warmed and I felt that he was a man of flesh and blood

"You don't believe in getting tanned?" I ventured, seeing that his face, on account of his protracted stay in the smoking-room, was as white as a bank clerk's just before vacation

He hesitated a minute and then, blowing out a huge cloud of smoke, he said: "I believe only in one thing. if you want to enjoy your travels leave your child at home

I am sometimes uncomfortably frank and I now said

"Your child doesn't seem to trouble you half as much as he troubles his mother.'

"No," said he in a dead and alive tone "he doesn't trouble me any more, except that he keeps me a prisoner in this gloomy room. Ordinarily when I travel I spend every minute that I can out of-doors, but I told Mrs. Maberly—I'm Mr. Maberly, as I suppose you and everybody else on board knows—I told Mrs. Maberly that the child had taken ten years out of my life on the voyage over, and in Paris, when I took entire responsibility, and that unless I could be free on the voyage back I'd land in New York a doddering idiot. That's why I'm here. That's why my wife never allows the child on this deck. *She's* sunburned enough, but, poor woman, her hair is growing gray, although it was black as a coal when we left New York."

I murmured something sympathetic and he heaved a sigh and went on

"Why, sir, the only time that I had any pleasure in Paris, although it may sound unfeeling to say so, was when Tom was out in the sewers.'

I could not repress an exclamation, and Mr Maberly said

"I surprise you; but if you had had to put up with the exuberance of spirits that that child possesses you would have welcomed the relief also, no matter what it cost. For a ten-year-old he is the biggest cluster of mischief that ever was picked"

"Well, how about the sewer escapade?" said I, fearing that Mr. Maberly was branching off

"Why, you see, one Tuesday we obtained a permit from the prefect of police to visit the sewers, and, together with a crowd of some fifty or more, we descended into the depths Did you visit them?"

I told him that a visit to the sewers was a pleasure yet to come.

"Well, you go down a flight of steps and find a train of platform trolleys awaiting you. Mrs Maberly and Tom got into the first one She had to because he ran ahead of the crowd and almost fell beneath the car. That was the last I saw of him for some time. We ran a mile or so through the immense vaults. wonderfully clean, yet not the place for an ordinary outing, and at last we debarked and walked along a passageway until we came to an underground river, actually the sewer Here there was a train of boats hitched together and pulled by men who walked on towpaths. I thought that Tom was with his mother, and Mrs. Maberly thought that he was with me, but he wasn't with either of us

"When we emerged from the sewer I said. 'Where's Tom?' and Mrs. Maberly turned white and ran back and called him. He hadn't come back with us at all. She, womanlike, was for going back for him, but I said: 'Now, Mary, that boy never came to any harm yet. I know a good thing when I see it. Let's celebrate our liberty until he turns up.' But you know what a mother is Nothing would do but she must try to get the boy. She speaks French, and she said to the guide: 'My little boy is left behind. He was in the passage at the end of the trolley line, but I don't think he got into the boat'

' The guide shrugged his shoulders and said: 'I'm very sorry, but the trip is over for to-day. On next Tuesday, if you have a permit from the prefect of police, you can go through again and hunt for him. Meantime, never'

"I understood French, although I do not speak it. 'There,' said I; 'now you see, my dear, you have run up against French red tape and you might as well rest easy. On Tuesday next we will go about this thing in an orderly manner. We will hunt up the boy with a permit from the prefect. Nothing will be gained by bucking against red tape Meantime let us celebrate our liberty.'

"But you know what mothers are. She called me heartless, and said her boy would be eaten alive by the rats. 'Nonsense,' said I; 'if the rats plan anything like that it is because they don't know Tom. More likely he'll eat them. He asked me yesterday if I knew of a restaurant where he could get some horse meat.'

"Will you believe it, I might as well have talked to a dead wall. Nothing must do but a visit to the prefect in order to get a special permit. The prefect was out, but his subordinate was there—a very polite young man with little mouselike eyes and gleaming teeth. He heard the facts and then said he was very sorry but he could not issue a permit in the absence of the prefect, and he doubted if the prefect himself would do it either, because, the city being full of Exposition visitors, they could not allow a person to make more than one excursion through the sewers

"'But my little boy is there!' said my wife. 'I beg madame's pardon,' said the subordinate with a polite shrug of the shoulders, 'but if the little boy is now in the sewer he has overstayed the time permitted and has laid himself open to punishment by the authorities.' He pulled down a volume from a shelf and quickly turned to the place he wanted

' For staying overtime in the sewers of Paris, a fine of ten francs for the first hour and fifteen francs for every succeeding hour is imposed. Children under ten are fined five francs the first hour and ten francs for each succeeding hour.'

"'Madame will see,' said he, 'that such a law is necessary, for the sewers of Paris are so inviting, so beautifully clean, that children like them as a playground and others as a place of promenade. Your little boy has broken the law, and on Tuesday next, when the visitors go down, I will send an officer along to look for him, and he will ascertain the time that he has been there, and upon payment of the fine he will be restored to you'

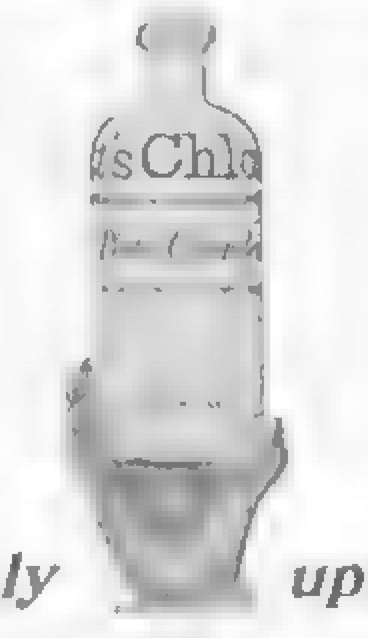
"At this point I broke in and said to my wife: 'Now, Mrs. Maberly, this is surely providential. You have repeatedly said that you could not enjoy a minute of your stay in Paris on account of Tom's pranks. I dare say that he will be perfectly well cared for in the sewer. While he is enjoying himself at his father's expense in the sewer we will see Paris. We've been here a week, and yet I can't recall a single thing I've seen on account of my worry over that boy. He's safe and sound and underground, in a good sense, so let's celebrate our freedom'

Well, Mrs. Maberly saw that I was talking horse sense and she asked the officer whether he would be cared for in the sewer 'But yes, madame,' said he; 'he is the guest of the sewer He will be fed by the guardians of the sewer. From time to time he will advance to the outlets and enjoy a view of the Seine and see the passing boats. For the rest, if he is a good boy the guardians of the sewer will make much of him and he will enjoy himself. No harm can come to any one in the sewers of Paris. Come back next Tuesday morning and remind me of the boy's absence and'—here he bowed very low and showed his teeth and snapped his eyes, and looked so like a mouse that Mrs. Maberly shuddered—'and I will personally see to it that your boy is restored—after the fine is paid.'

"'Will there be extra charges for his food?' I asked

Not at all. He is the guest of the sewer. He should not have starved, but now that he is there French hospitality will see to it that he does not starve'

"Well, you can't imagine what a feeling of freedom flooded me. I said to Mrs. Maberly 'We have earned this holiday. Remember that the captain of the Landslide asked us to



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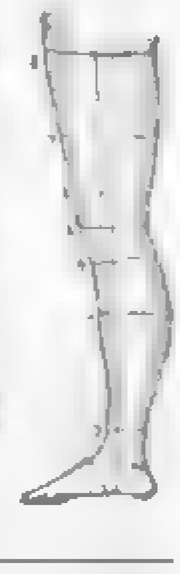
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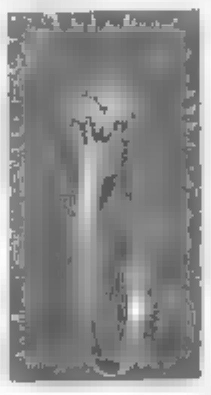

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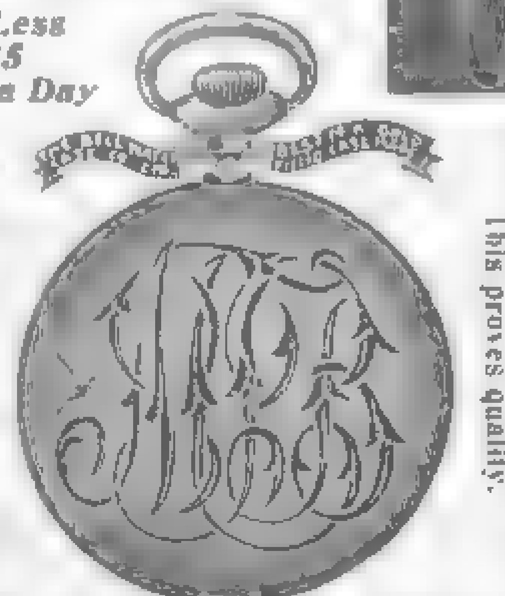

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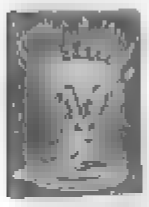

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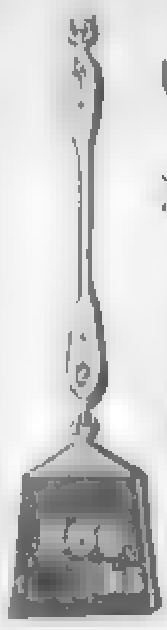

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than the boy in the cabin, recollect how at each hotel we have been requested to keep the boy away from every room in the house except his own bedroom, and let us go to Marguerites for supper.'

"Then we left our names, our ages, our religion, our color, our birthplace, the number of years we had been married and our politics, with the mouse-eyed [illegible] and, it being seven o'clock, we took a cab to Marguerites, where we had fried sole and other delicacies, and where I had a delightful time. But I could hear Mrs. Maberly sigh every few minutes and say, 'Poor [illegible] I was wicked. Alone with the [illegible] Down with red tape!'

"Our hotel was in a quiet square just back of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and so long did I linger over that quiet, boyless dinner that it was nine o'clock when we arrived there. We found the little park black with people, and firemen with a scaling ladder were just placing it against our hotel.

"'What is the trouble?' asked I of a man in elemental French. He shrugged his shoulders and pointed up, and there, on a cornice of the hotel, a perfectly inaccessible place, stood Tom, shouting with glee and saying, 'Never touched me!' when firemen tried to reach him from the windows beneath."

How had he got out of the sewer?" I asked of Tom's father.

"Why, the rogue had left the sewer with us, but had run on ahead, and when we missed him he was on his way to the hotel. I'll never know all the dreadful things he did there that afternoon, but the firemen rescued him at last, and then I spanked him and tied him to his bed and took a train by the Gare du Nord for the country, and spent a happy night in the middle of a cornfield. And next day I engaged passage by this steamer and shifted all responsibility to Mrs. Maberly. That's why my trip is a failure. That's why I'm the talk of the ship. That's why I have no tan. When I leave America again I will see to it that the boy is left in the orphan asylum before I sail."

A Nursery for Alligators

The [illegible] alligator farm thus far known has been newly established near the town of Seven Bridges, in Georgia, with a stock of thirty-seven breeding saurians. Three hundred acres of swamp land have been secured, and are being fenced in by the owner, who expects to make a quick fortune by the enterprise, owing to the growing scarcity of these reptiles and the steady market demand for them.

Indeed, under such conditions as those described it ought to be practicable to breed alligators in large numbers, wading birds and other enemies being kept out by means of a close fence. Big turtles and large fishes are likewise deadly foes of the baby saurians, and their depredations must be guarded against.

Unfortunately, the alligator is a very slow grower. It is about six inches long when hatched, and only twice that size at the end of its first year. Fifteen years are required to [illegible] a length of two feet, and a ten footer may reasonably be supposed to be fully sixty years of age. Hence it is apparent that the enterprising Georgia gentleman is not likely to [illegible] fortune by the production of alligator hides. The best he can hope to do is to rear baby alligators, for which, as curiosities, there is a good market. They bring about fifty cents apiece.

The female alligator builds her nest near the water's edge, of a series of layers of mud and grass, between which she places her eggs. Decomposition of the vegetable material generates some heat and helps the sun to hatch out the young ones, which immediately start for the water. Inasmuch as such nests are not inconspicuous objects, they are constantly robbed by professional hunters, who sell the eggs. This is one reason why alligators are becoming scarce, their practical extermination in Florida being, apparently, not far distant. The business of slaughtering alligators has been carried on with much eagerness for many years in that State, an average hide being worth sixty-five cents, teeth from one to two dollars a pound and the living animals of large size two dollars a foot.

The Georgia alligator farmer, if he deems it wise, will find no difficulty in hatching his eggs by a simple incubator process, exposing them to the sun in boxes of sand. When they are hatched, he may consign the infant reptiles to suitable ponds, where they will be in no danger from enemies.

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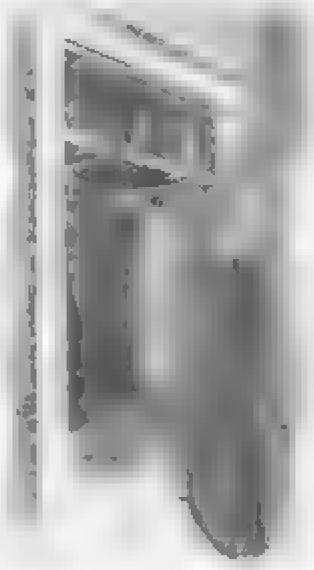

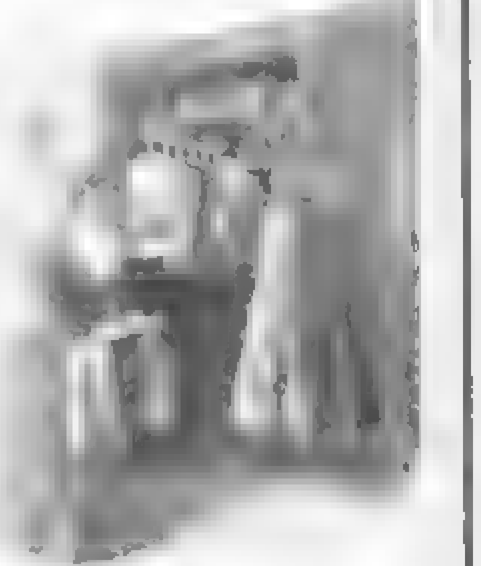

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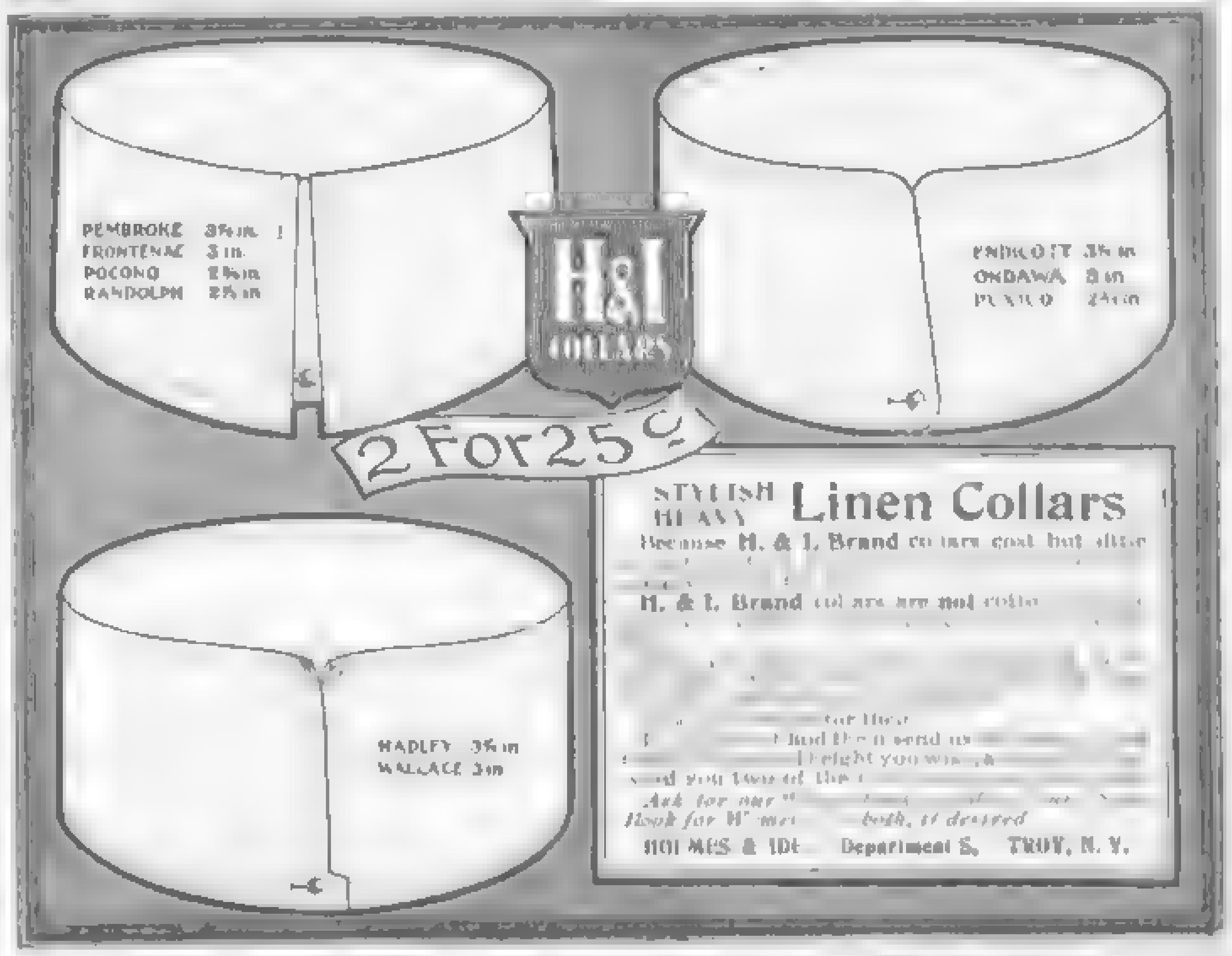
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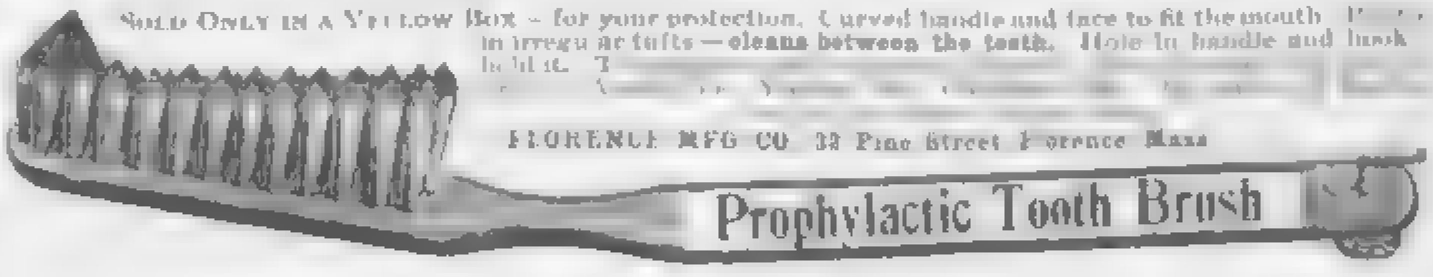

Behind the Scenes *with* Sir Arthur Sullivan

By Walter Browne

EARLY in 1881 I had been selected by Mr. D'Oyly Carte to play the part of Colonel Caverley in the opera of Patience at the Opera Comique, London. It was my first professional engagement, and the verbal contract was made subject to the condition that Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the composer of the opera, should approve of my voice and vocal method. I was a very young man, but even the boundless assurance of youth was not powerful enough to prevent my heart from thumping at the bare prospect of singing before the famous composer.

I had pictured him as a stern, austere man, but I scarcely know why. The partners in the manufacture of an entirely new style of comic opera were seldom mentioned or thought of as individuals. Indeed, "Gilbert and Sullivan" had become familiar household words to Englishmen.

I had been told to go to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's office in the Beaufort Building, which overlooked the site where the new Savoy Theatre was then being built, at a certain hour, to meet Mr. Sullivan and have him "try my voice." On my arrival, twenty minutes before time, I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room. Mr. Carte was not there, but seated at a piano, humming a plaintive melody, was a man little older than myself, a plump, rosy-cheeked fellow, with black hair, side whiskers and mustache, and dark brown eyes twinkling with kindliness and good nature. He stopped singing when I entered and asked me if I wanted to see Mr. Carte.

"I have come to sing to Mr. Sullivan," I replied a little proudly.

"Really!" he said, elevating his bushy eyebrows. "Well, I hope, for your own sake, that you are in good voice." And he turned again to the piano with a pleasant little laugh.

Sudden fear of failure made my heart sink. "Have you ever sung before him?" I asked a little huskily, for the thought of the ordeal before me already gave me a tickling sensation in my throat, and I was mentally resolving to make an excuse and an appointment for the following day.

"Oh! yes. He's heard me sing," chuckled the provoking young man at the piano, thumping out an amazing sequence of chords. Then he suddenly wheeled around and said abruptly:

"Look here, young man. Take my advice. Sing a song or two now to get your voice into trim and see what sort of form you are in. Got any music? I'll play your accompaniments for you. Come along."

Taking the roll from my hand he selected Pinsuti's Bedouin Love Song and Ard[illegible] Stirrup Cup. I felt no nervousness while singing to this stranger. Only a little annoyance that he "vamped" or glossed over the more difficult parts of the accompaniment to the first song. I probably never sang better in my life. But I felt like an awful fool when, immediately on the termination of my second song, Mr. Carte stalked into the room, saying:

"Hello! Sullivan. 'Fraid I'm a little late. This is Mr. Browne, the young man I wanted you to hear. What do you think of him?"

"He's all right, Carte," said the composer, laughing; and, rising from the piano, he extended his little fat hand to me. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Browne," he continued. "You have a nice voice, but you must let me show you how to make the break half a note higher. I think you will find it to your advantage."

Sir Arthur Sullivan played no trick on me. The fact that he induced me to sing to him without my being aware of his identity was purely accidental, but it saved me a terrible amount of nervousness, and I was very thankful that the ordeal was past.

His Kindness to Would-Be Singers

I was permitted to remain that day and hear several voices tried. Few of the anxious seekers for engagements did themselves or their voices justice. One young tenor who has since become famous broke down entirely through sheer nervousness while singing Sullivan's popular ballad, Once Again. I had heard Edward Lloyd sing that song five years before, and, filled with boyish enthusiasm, had written Sir Arthur Sullivan, asking him to jot down a bar or two of it to place in my autograph album. I did not tell him that I had the precious manuscript at that moment in my pocket. I had taken it with me as a sort of mascot.

For all who sang to him he had kindly words of encouragement. Many ambitious vocalists were hopelessly incompetent, but he never told them so.

Patience was produced at the Opera Comique on April 23, 1881. On October 10 it was transferred to the new Savoy Theatre. The opening night of this, the first theatre in England lighted by electricity, was a memorable one. Every seat, even in the gallery, had been sold a month before at enormously increased prices. The Prince and Princess of Wales occupied a box. Nearly every member of the Royal Family, with the exception of the Queen, was present. Sir Arthur Sullivan himself conducted the orchestra. Before the performance began the huge plush curtains were drawn aside and the entire company, costumed for the opera, was discovered. The whole audience arose to its feet. Every person present was in evening dress. The stalls and balcony were living volumes of Burke's Peerage. The women were ablaze with diamonds. The company sang the first verse of God Save the Queen. Then every voice, including that of England's future king, joined in the National Anthem, taking the time from the baton of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

It was the popular composer who brought his Royal Highness around to the different dressing rooms that night between the acts, and personally introduced him to all the principals in the cast. It may be here stated that the Prince was a constant visitor in the dressing room of George Grossmith, for whom he has long entertained a strong personal friendship.

Raised to the Peerage by Proxy

Patience was played 578 consecutive times before giving place to Iolanthe, but it was only on special occasions that Sir Arthur conducted the orchestra. One of these was in September, 1882, when the Egyptian War had just been brought to a successful conclusion by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and it had been announced that he was elevated to the peerage. William Ewart Gladstone, then Premier, with Lord Rosebery and Lord Granville occupied stalls that night. A few minutes before the overture began Mr. W. H. Seymour, the stage manager, came to me with a note he had just received from Mr. Gilbert, which read as follows:

"Will you please ask Mr. Browne to sing Skill of Lord Wolseley in Thrashing a Cannibal instead of Sir Garnet to-night. He has just been created a peer, and the alteration is sure of a round of applause. Yours truly, W. S. Gilbert."

Mr. Sullivan was in my room when I received the note, which considerably worried me, for the song in which Gilbert wanted the interpolation was of that rapid "patter" order which required to be rattled off by instinct, so to speak, and did not give much time for thought.

"Why, Browne, let me congratulate you," said Sir Arthur.

"For Heaven's sake, what for?" I asked. "I shall trip up in the words, as sure as [illegible]"

"What does it matter when you have just been created a peer?" laughed Mr. Sullivan. Then he [illegible] and thoroughly enjoyed what he claimed was a gross imperfection in Mr. Gilbert's much vaunted English composition.

I sang the lines as altered, and a terrific burst of patriotic applause followed. This was lucky for me, for the interpolation threw all the succeeding words of the verse out of my head. The cheering drowned my voice, Sir Arthur kept the band going right along, and the audience never knew that I was singing wholly unintelligible gibberish.

Though Mr. Gilbert took no part in the musical preparation of the company, Sullivan had a marvelous instinct for stage business, and many of the most humorous incidents in the popular operas were the result of his suggestions.

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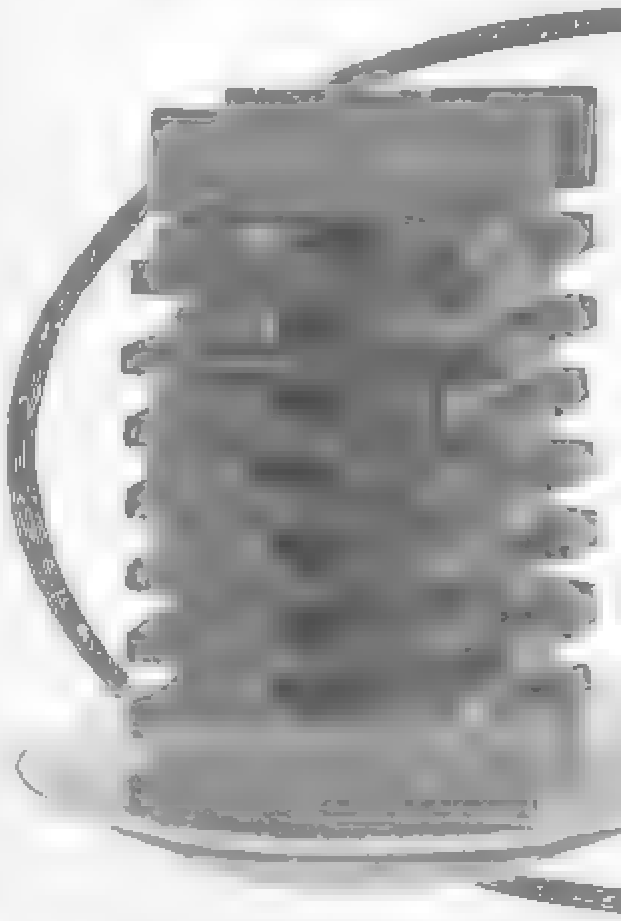

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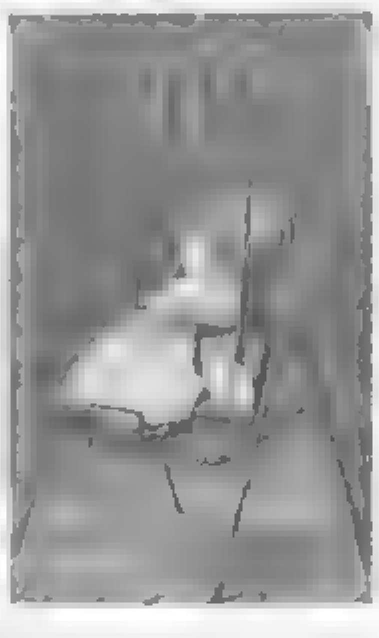

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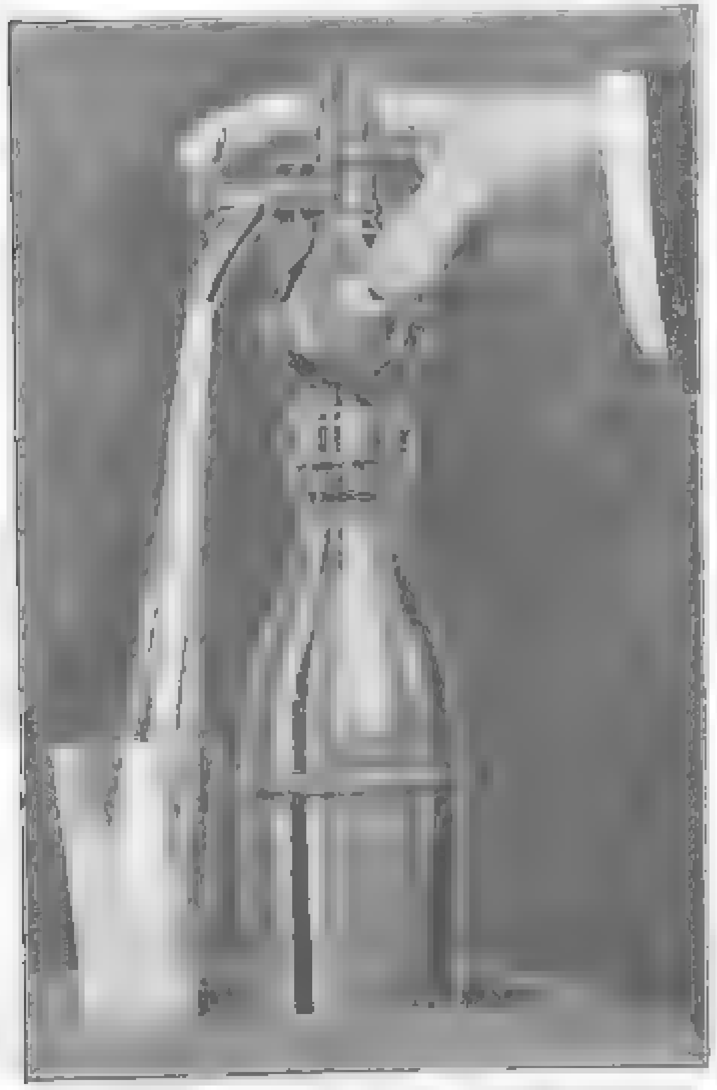

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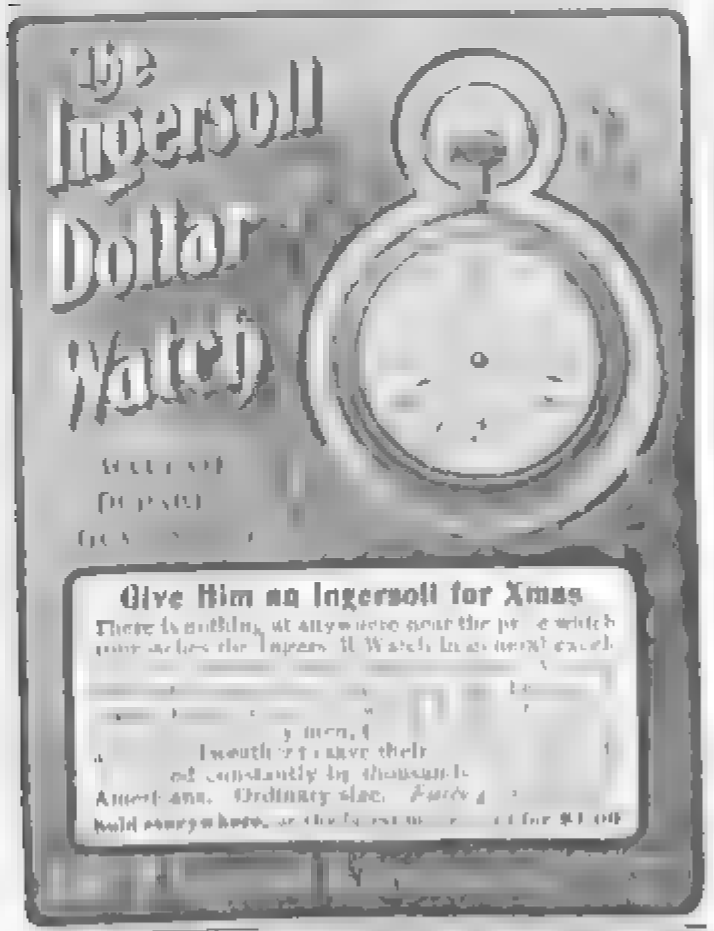

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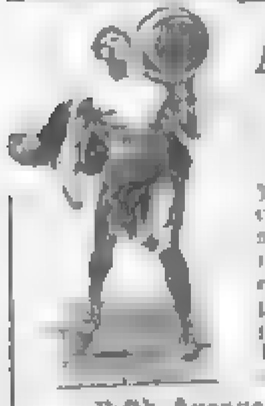

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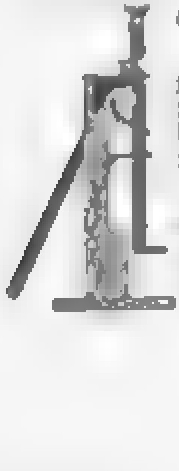

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Both Gilbert and Sullivan had the greatest horror of the titles of their operas becoming known until the very night of their first production.

When Iolanthe was being prepared there was much speculation in the public press as to what it would be called. The dramatic writers prophesied that as Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance and Patience had all been so successful, the sequence would not be broken, and the name of the next work would begin with the letter "P." Possibly in deference to this notion, and to aid in preserving the mystery, the opera was rehearsed for weeks under the title of Perola. It was only at the eleventh hour—at the last dress rehearsal, in fact—that the company was instructed to substitute the name Iolanthe for that of Perola wherever it occurred in the text or in the songs.

Consternation seized upon the company. Amidst the nervous excitement of a first night it was no light task to replace, vocally and in the dialogue, a name of three syllables which had already become familiar, by one of four which had rarely, if ever, been heard before. I well remember Mr. Sullivan taking two or three very much scared vocalists aside and whispering in a joking manner:

"Never mind so long as you sing the music. Use any old name that happens to come first to you. Nobody in the audience, except Mr. Gilbert, will be any wiser, and he won't be there."

Mr. Gilbert never attended the first production of one of his works. He was of such a nervous temperament that he dared not. He walked up and down the Thames [illegible] within easy distance of [illegible] and was fetched by an attendant just as the [illegible] terminated, barely in time to take his complimentary call before the curtain. As a matter of fact, the name Perola was spoken two or three times during the initial performance of Iolanthe, but even the newspaper critics gave no hint of ever having noticed the error.

How He Got Back His Stolen Coat

It was during the run of Iolanthe that I witnessed an instance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's even temper and kindly nature. The composer had left a fur-lined overcoat in the greenroom of the theatre one night. The next night it was missing. Inquiry revealed no trace of it until, more than a week after, one of the "dressers" in a moment of remorse went straight to Mr. Sullivan and confessed to the theft. His wife had been ill and he had pawned the coat to pay the doctor's fee. With tears in his eyes he offered Mr. Sullivan the pawn ticket, which called for two pounds.

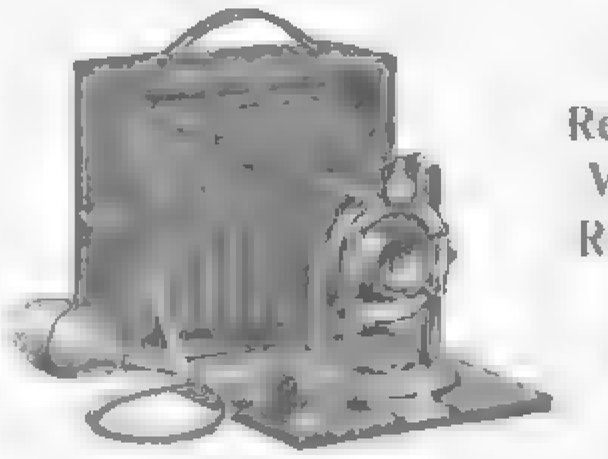
The composer merely laughed, fished a five-pound Bank of England note from his pocket and said:

"Well, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I need that coat this cold weather. Go and get it for me, and you can keep the change to get the wife and baby some good, warm clothes."

Sir Arthur Sullivan was a Chapel Royal boy, and obtained his first musical education as a chorister in the schools attached to the Savoy Chapel, not a stone's throw from the site of the Savoy Theatre, where most of his famous operas were produced. Both these places, the theatre and the chapel, stand within a little precinct just off the Strand, which curiously enough is not in the city of London or even in the county of Middlesex. It forms part of the Duchy of Lancaster, the chancellor of which is a member of the British Cabinet. The late John Bright was for many years the incumbent. I have heard Mr. Sullivan say that when he first conceived the idea of setting the words of The Lost Chord to music he went down to the old Savoy Chapel, and there, seated at the organ to which he had sung as a boy, he received that inspiration which resulted in what has been adjudged one of the greatest compositions of modern times.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, unlike Mr. Gilbert, in private life was full of fun and dearly loved a joke. But the point of the humor never pained. It was usually turned against himself. When Sir Arthur was knighted, his collaborator, who had been overlooked, asked the composer why Her Majesty had chosen to honor with a handle to his name a man who furnished music for the street organs. Mr. Sullivan promptly turned aside possible ill humor by quoting, in reply, one of Mr. Gilbert's own lines, from the song of the Mikado.

"I don't know exactly, Gilbert," he said, "but I suppose she did it 'to make the punishment fit the crime.'"



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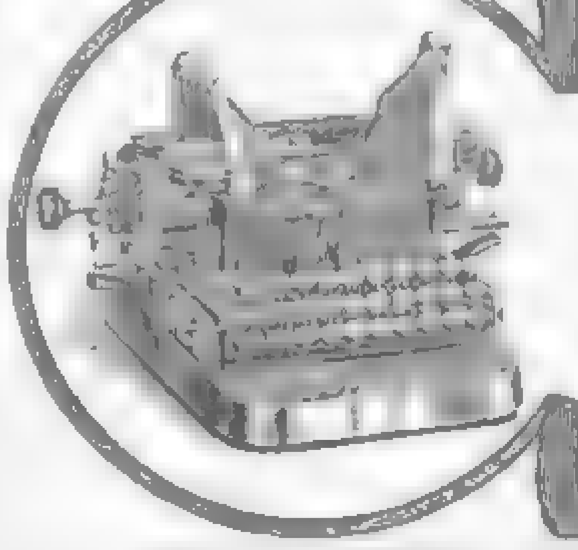

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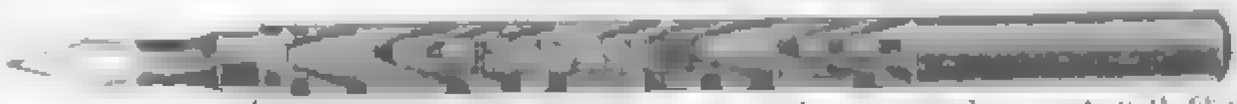

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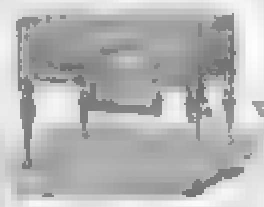

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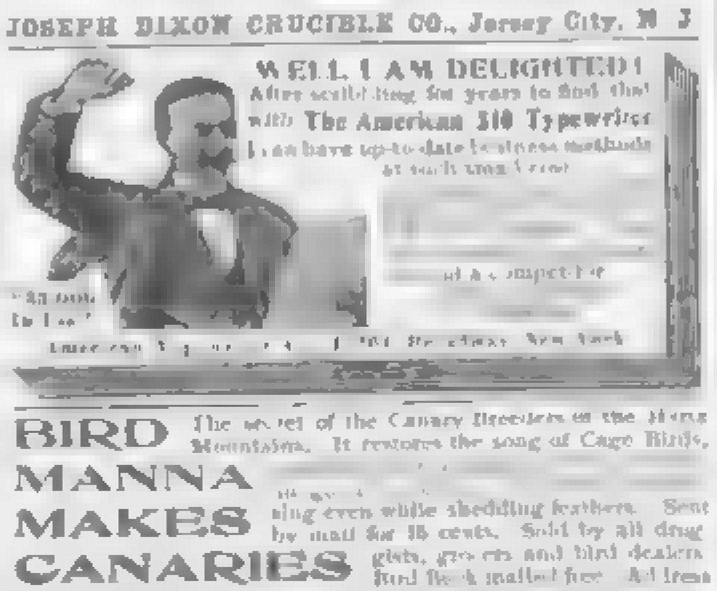

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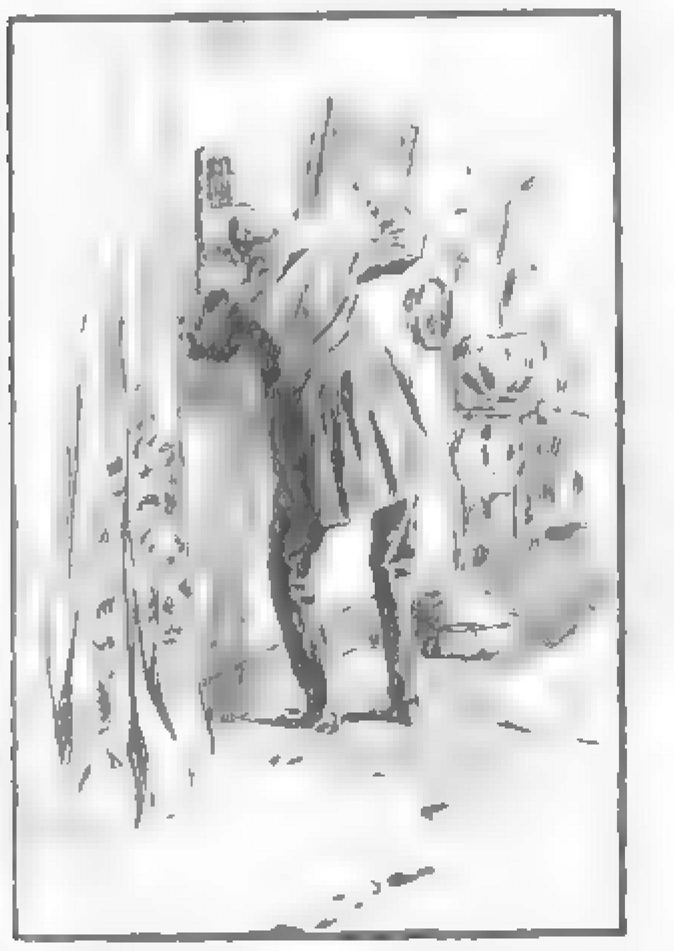
How to Use a Telephone

By Angus S. Hibbard

General Manager
Chicago Telephone Company



THE man who knows how to use a telephone properly is comparatively a rare personage, and the observance of a few simple rules and suggestions in relation to telephone usage would accomplish, for any busy man, a great economy in money, time and vital energy.

The telephone has done more to lay bare a latent strain of belligerency in all mankind than any other feature of modern experience, and this element offers the greatest obstacle known to the universal success of telephone operation. But this attitude is not the only abnormal development attending the act of telephoning. A man refuses to recognize plain physical conditions that would be apparent to a child in the primary grades. What man of affairs would willingly give a second audience to a caller who turned his back to his host and directed his voice in a direction away from him? Yet the majority of business men keep their faces a foot or more from the telephone and turned away from the instrument. To expect satisfactory results under such conditions is preposterous. The lips should not be an inch away from the rim of the receiver and the voice should beat squarely upon the drum to which the little "sound hopper" leads. Give a telephone instrument a "square chance" and it will do its work, unless radically deranged or defective.

This, however, is not the main difficulty. It is only the symptom of the disease. Lack of mental focus is the real trouble, both in talking and hearing—or, in telephone parlance, in transmitting and receiving. If your thought is not concentrated on the transmission of your message you will not make yourself heard or hear what is said to you. This is where a failure to realize that you are holding actual conversation is apparent. No person understands this phase of telephonic trouble better than the operator of long-distance lines, where conversations are important and comparatively expensive, and time is limited. He knows that, in case the two on the line do not readily hear each other, he must make each realize he is not talking into a hole in the end of an iron arm, but speaking into the ear of a man.

Shocking a Man into Attention

Sometimes it takes a sound shock to effect this focus of mental faculties. Once, when hard pushed, I resorted to a desperate expedient, which demonstrated this point with indisputable force. That was several years ago, when prominent men were not so accustomed as at present to use the telephone. They generally delegated the task to their assistants—a practice now much in vogue in England, where it is well nigh impossible personally to engage the head of an establishment in telephonic conversation.

But in case of calls on the long distance wires the conversations were generally of a confidential nature. Therefore the "parties," although not thoroughly accustomed to using the telephone, must be made instantly to understand each other, despite the added disadvantages of the "long range." At that time I was in charge of certain long distance lines in the East, and was called upon to engineer a conversation of the utmost importance between a Baltimore capitalist and a Boston financier. Time was an essential in the transaction, which involved thousands of dollars.

The Boston man seated himself at the instrument, in my office, and waited for me to get the Baltimore capitalist properly started. At the first sound of the latter's voice I knew he was "not there," mentally speaking. Then I resorted to the usual expedients to impress on him the realization that he was talking with a person instead of an inanimate object.

"Don't hear a word! This thing is—" he was saying.

"I'm not a thing, Mr. Smith," I interrupted. "I'm a man, about thirty years old, prematurely bald, with dark hair and gray eyes. I can hear you because I know you're a real, live man doing business with your voice, right now. I can hear you because I'm thinking right to the point—and you're that point! Now listen to Mr. Jones."

But still I heard an irascible repetition of "Can't hear! Can't hear! Better give the thing up and telegraph. No use trying this old thing! It's no account. I tell you I can't hear a word!"

Meantime my Boston man was growing restless and excited. Every moment was of great value in the affair. Turning to him I said:

"If I were to tell Mr. Smith that he lies he'd learn how to hear every word you say in one second. Shall I do it?"

"Yes," was the quick response, "and I'll square it completely, later."

Very clearly I spoke into the receiver the words:

"Mr. Smith, you lie!"

"What's that, sir?" came the instantaneous response. "You call me a liar? Why, I—I—I."

"You will understand," I interrupted, "that I mean nothing of the kind—only that you *do* hear distinctly every word I say and you are proving it. Now listen, quick, to Mr. Jones!"

He had no difficulty in hearing the Boston financier and the day was saved—simply because he was shocked into realizing that he was not talking at a thing, but conversing *with a man*.

Women are keenest to grasp the personality of the invisible conversationalist. A telephone is not a dead thing to them. They bow and smile into it and even stop before the mirror to touch up their hair when about to answer a call on a telephone in their own rooms.

Only a few days ago a man in Chicago decided to give his wife a novel surprise on her birthday anniversary. He arranged that, at a certain moment, her mother, whom she had not seen for years, should be at the long distance telephone office in Philadelphia and should call up the daughter in Chicago. There was a telephone in the Chicago house and the husband answered the prearranged call. Turning from the instrument he said to his wife:

"Helen—here's your mother on the wire in Philadelphia."

The wife seated herself at the instrument and heard the familiar voice of her mother. It uttered one word: "Daughter!"

Suddenly the young matron in Chicago gripped the instrument and poured out her heart in the response: "Oh, mother! mother!"

Then, as she heard the sob that came over the wire from the aged mother, she answered in kind, still keeping the receiver at her ear. Speaking literally, those two women cried to each other until the tolls amounted to fifteen dollars. Later they both said that it was the sweetest experience they had known since their long separation began! Nothing could more effectively demonstrate the sympathetic possibilities of the telephone or better illustrate the vital point of realizing the personality behind the voice.

Fist Fights Following 'Phone Talks

Lest any should think I have spoken with ill-advised harshness on the subject of the belligerency aroused by the telephone, let me say that I could give definite instances where men have put down their telephone receivers to meet each other in personal combat—and all owing to the fact that the instrument tempted them into a manner of expression that they would not hav

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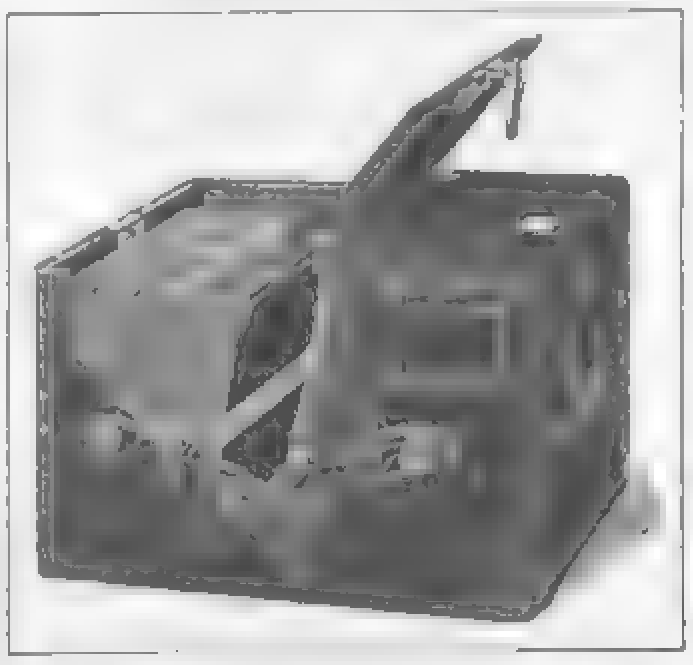

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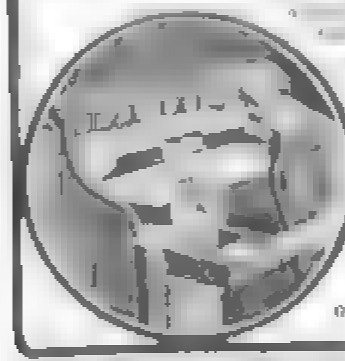

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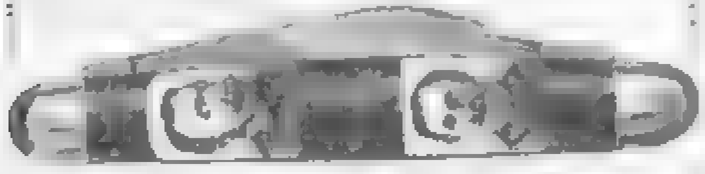

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There are records in every metropolitan office which bear sad testimony to the cowardly, profane and even vulgar abuse which some classes of men pour into the ears of telephone operatives who are innocent of blame—and who are also young women of refinement and respectability

Such offenses are made of record, and their repetition leads to investigation, with the result that the offender is notified that he must mend his ways or his telephone will be taken out, and he will be denied the use of any telephone whenever his identity is recognized

One way in which a large volume of time is wasted is in foolish preliminaries to the process of identification. Brown desires to speak with Abbott. Brown calls Abbott's office. The person answering the call properly responds, "Hello!"

"Who is this?" brusquely asks Brown

"This is Central 120 Who are you and whom do you want?"

"Look here! Who is this talking?" returns Brown. This kind of thing continues indefinitely until Brown finally says that he is Mr Brown and that he wishes to speak with Mr. Abbott. By the time Brown gets Abbott on the wire he is thoroughly irritated and in no mood to conduct a business conversation of any importance. All this waste of time and energy could have been avoided had Brown responded to the clerk's "Hello" in this manner

"Abbott & Co.?" He is answered "Yes," and quickly proceeds

"This is Mr. Brown. I wish to talk with Mr. Abbott personally."

Always respond to a "Hello" by giving your name and asking for the individual with whom you desire to talk. Universal observance of this rule would save a vast amount of time.

In a face to face talk no man of ordinary judgment will speak in a mumble, a growl, a whisper or a shout. A calm, even voice and a distinct but natural enunciation are the chief considerations, aside from those already mentioned

Many a man who holds a telephone receiver so carelessly that its rim barely touches his ear wonders why he does not hear. I have even seen a bald headed man clap the receiver against his pate and expect to hear when the instrument did not touch his ear at all. Reasonable results in telephonic communication cannot be expected unless the receiver is held firmly against the ear

Rudeness to Unoffending Persons

With few exceptions, the man who finds he has secured a telephone number other than the one desired sharply tells the innocent party to "Get off the line!" or to "Ring off there!" A quick and polite apology, instead of a gruff order, is due the man who has been taken from his business on a matter in which he has no interest.

"Holding the wire" is another matter of constant and radical abuse. Your office boy calls up Attorney Jones, who is told you desire to speak with him. You are in the middle of the dictation of a letter and finish it before starting for the telephone. Then a clerk stops you with a question which you pause to answer. Then you are waylaid by friends who have just entered. Finally you take up the telephone receiver. If Jones has not left the wire in disgust he is irritated You cannot understand it!

Trouble will inevitably occur in telephone work. Errors occur from carelessness and from lack of acuteness on the part of operators. They are human. But they are also trained experts and the number of mistakes made by them is a marvelously small percentage of the total volume of connections made. When it is remembered that more than one large city of this country has, say, 60,000 telephone lines, over which are daily originated fully 300,000 calls, what wonder that some mistakes occur? Many of these calls are over "trunk" lines involving a secondary call, so the total of calls would be considerably more than half a million.

Every complaint is made a matter of record and filed in the "Trouble Cabinet." At regular intervals an expert analyzes the records, making charts which show, at a glance, the nature, duration and scope of the troubles which have assailed the lines in a given period. If asked to reduce to epigrammatic form the best advice to the telephone patron I would say, "Be courteous." A broad application of this rule would work wonders in the effective use of the telephone

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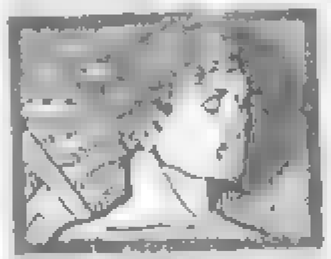

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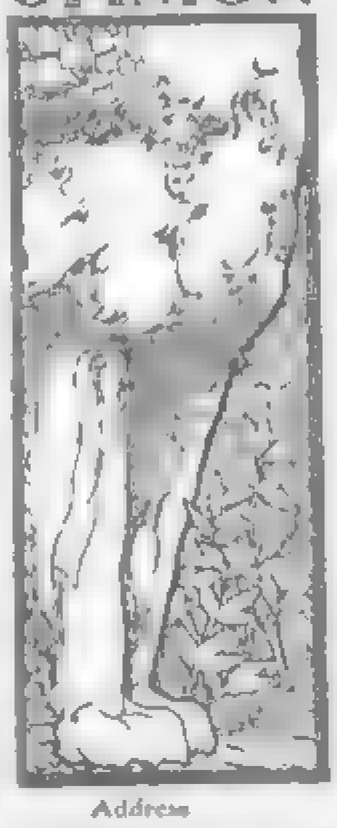

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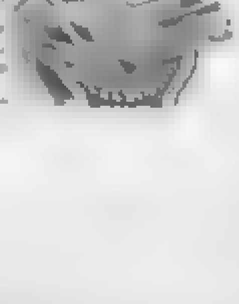

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The Jericho to which she has laid vigorous siege is the Church of Rome. Loud are the blasts of her ram's horn, but whether the walls of the Vatican shall crumble is another matter. Of the violence of the attack there is no question. Her arguments and objections are put not uncleverly into the mouths of undoubted churchmen, and chief among them the venerable and saintly Cardinal Bonpré. English and French socialism, Italian intrigue, murder and priestcraft all take a hand in this ecclesiastical pageant.

Marie Corelli has of late been quarreling with some fellow-authors, her dearest foe just now being Mr. Hall Caine, who, like a gentleman, has lent her part of her newest title. I hope she is on better terms with M. Zola, to whose Rome she is certainly indebted for helpful suggestions, and among them that memorable description of Leo XIII. Miss Corelli's Cardinal pays much the same kind of a visit to the Holy Father as did Zola's young priest, and meets with the same discomfitures

While exploring the realms of philosophy, theology and sociology for the writing of this long book, Miss Corelli has gone in over her goloshes. It has made her solemn. She might learn one lesson from a sex for which she has little use as a rule. When a man has a serious piece of work on hand, like fighting a battle or destroying an institution, for instance, he goes at it with a jocund heart.

Let Marie Corelli press forward in her next charge with an easier mind.—*Lindsay Swift.*

A Snub for Mr. Kipling

Some time ago, around the dinner-table in a literary household in London, a discussion was going on as to what would happen in England were it suddenly metamorphosed into a republic. "We should elect a president," said the hostess, "and I suppose it would be the most popular person in England. Now, who would it be?"

"Well," said a well known novelist, "I suppose it would be Kipling, or," he added laughingly, "Miss Edna May."

And that for a time was certainly somewhere near the truth. But although Mr Kipling's popularity came to some extent from his making literature a political force, and from his putting Imperialistic doctrines with such vigor that many people came to confound the traditional *vox populi, vox Dei* with the voice of Kipling, there are already signs that the public has a lingering feeling that the shoemaker should stick to his last and the novelist to his novels

Mr. Kipling only meant to do a simple kindness when he wrote to the Chichester Town Council recommending Lance-Corporal George Harris, of the First Essex Regiment, as a candidate for the post of school attendance officer for the city. Mr. Kipling stated that he came down in the hospital train with Harris from Modder to Cape Town after the battle of Paardeberg, where he was severely wounded in the right arm. He had now taught himself to write with his left hand, and was well suited to the post. Mr. Kipling added: "My excuse for intruding is the placing and well-being of men who have suffered wounds and mutilation for their country."

There is not much to be said for the Chichester Town Council, which elected a local tradesman, formerly a councilor, to the post. But is it wholly unkind to Mr. Kipling to wonder whether the councilors resented a little the idea of a novelist's telling them what their duty was to the soldier back from the front?

Again the Ruthless Plumber

Mr. Ernest Rhys, whose novel, The Whistling Maid, has during the autumn pleasantly extended the circle of his American readers, lived for a time at Hampstead, one of the northern suburbs of London, in a small cottage which had much interest in a literary way. It had been earlier the residence of Leigh Hunt. It appears that in Leigh Hunt's time there was a widely prevalent theory, to which Hunt subscribed, that the healthiest spot to live in was a sunny hollow in which one's house might be sheltered from the more boisterous gales. On high, windswept Hampstead Heath, on London's northern boundary, there was such a cuplike valley, which had been settled by a few people who called it the Vale of Health, by which name it still goes, although the character of its inhabitants is quite changed. Mr. Rhys experiences in the Vale of Health teach one that steam heating and sanitary plumbing are perhaps in the long run to be weighed carefully against even the most delightful of literary associations. He went into the Leigh Hunt cottage charmed to have the chance of following such a tenant even if many years after. But the cottage proved the dampest habitation ever known, and when Mr. Rhys left he said he was quitting the Vale of Ill-Health

The plumber is pretty sure to have his innings after all.

The New Books of the Week

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus: Henryk Sienkiewicz	Little, Brown & Co.
The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam	Little Brown & Co.
The Cobbler of Nimes: M. Imlay Taylor	A. C. McClurg & Co.
Doctor North and His Friends: S. Weir Mitchell	The Century Company
Oliver Cromwell: John Morley	The Century Company
Colonial Days and Ways: Helen Evertson S[illegible]	The Century Company
Rab and His Friends and Our Dogs: John Brown	The Century Company
Motifs. E. Scott O'Connor	The Century Company
In Hostile Red: J. A. Altsheler	Doubleday, Page & Co.
Newest England: Henry Demarest [illegible]	Doubleday, Page & Co
Tommy and Grizel J. M. Barrie	Charles Scribner's Sons
Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts. A. T. Quiller-Couch	Charles Scribner's Sons
An American Anthology. E. C. Stedman	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Christianity in the Nineteenth Century: George C. Lorimer	American Baptist Publication Society
Among the Mushrooms: Ellen M. Dallas and Caroline A. Burgin	Drexel Biddle
Jimmy, Lucy and All: Sophie May	Lee & Shepard
Between Boer and Briton: Edward Stratemeyer	Lee & Shepard
In the Days of Alfred the Great. Eva March Tappan, Ph. D	Lee & Shepard
Rival Boy Sportsmen. W. Gordon Parker	Lee & Shepard
Boy Donald: Penn Shirley	Lee & Shepard
Heaven's Distant Lamps: Anne E. Mack	Lee & Shepard
The Little Dreamer's Adventure: Frank S. Child	Lee & Shepard
Two Little Street Singers: N. A. N. Roe	Lee & Shepard
The House-Boat on the St. Lawrence Everett T. Tomlinson	Lee & Shepard
Almost as Good as a Boy: Amanda M. Douglas	Lee & Shepard
Aguinaldo's Hostage: H. Irving Hancock	Lee & Shepard
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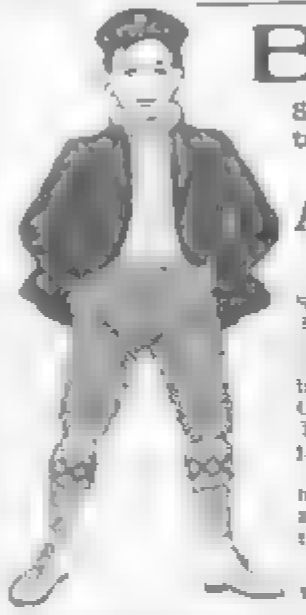

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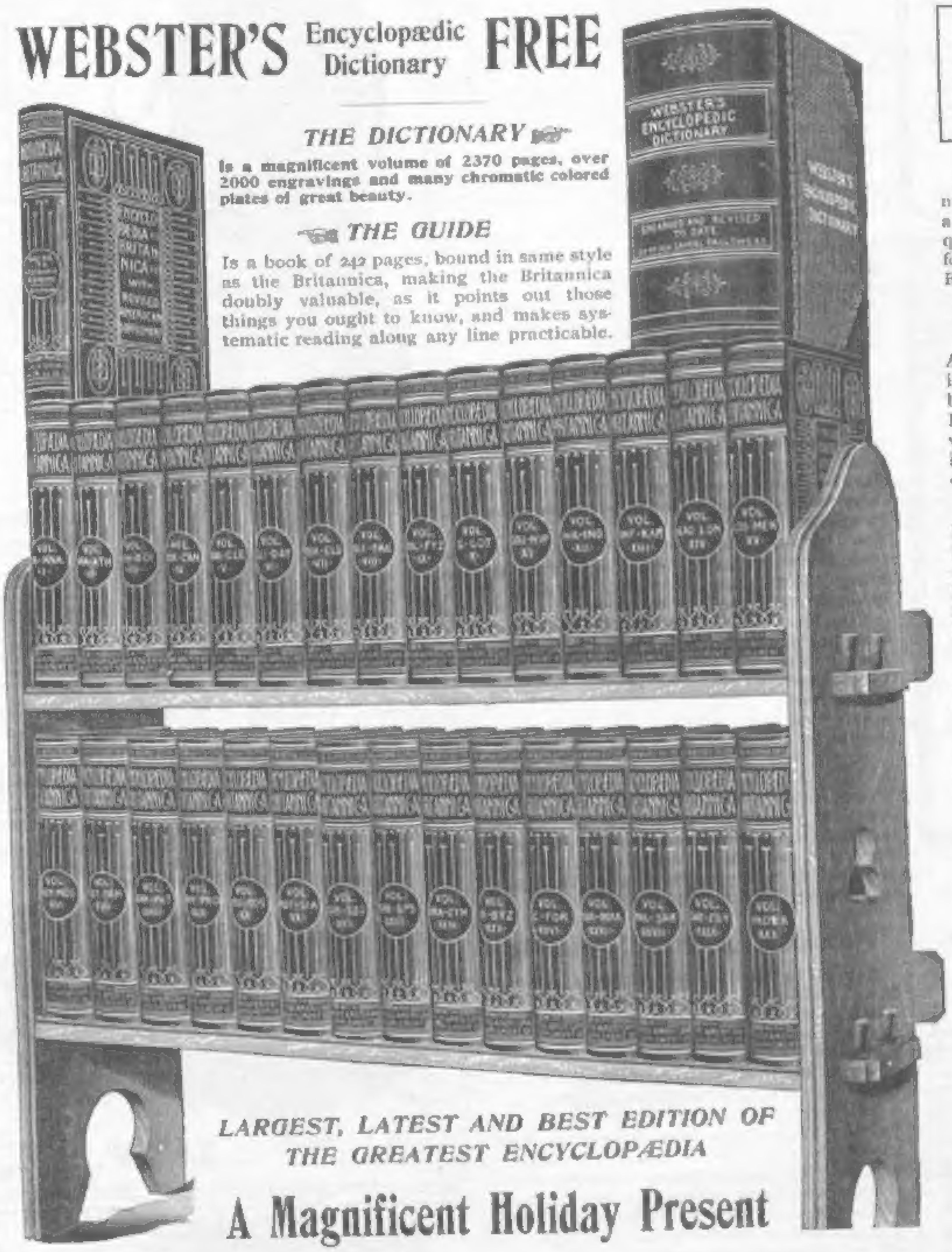

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TO THE MAN WHO WEARS A HAT

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

A Horse's Food and Work

Horses have recently been the subject of some interesting experiments in France, and it is found that one of these animals when trotting performs four and a half times as much work as when walking. It does one and three-quarter times as much work in cantering as in trotting, and two and a half times as much when on a full gallop as on a canter.

It is found that a horse trotting at seven feet a second for seven hours a day, and bearing a weight of 160 pounds (that of an ordinary rider), performs work equal to carrying 8,870,000 pounds a distance of one yard. The Prussian cavalry horse in winter time does work equivalent to carrying 3,000,000 pounds one yard, and in summer, when preparing for the military manœuvres, this is increased to 4,000,000 pounds.

A special effort has been made to ascertain something definite about the alleged "stimulating principle" contained in oats, which has long been supposed to "make the mare go." Owners of race-horses have great faith in it, and on this account will not admit that any other grain is as good feed for their purposes. Nevertheless, all attempts to discover and isolate this substance, called "avenin," have resulted in failure, and the conclusion drawn is that it is purely imaginary.

The value of oats as food for horses seems to have been overestimated. Kernels of that grain are enveloped in a tough hull which resembles straw in composition and is very indigestible. In fact, only about two-thirds of the total weight of oats eaten is digested by the horse.

It appears that, about 1870, the two great cab companies of Paris began to feed their horses on Indian corn, and since that time one of them has almost ceased to use oats. The other company has continued to feed both oats and corn, saving in this way from $200,000 to $300,000 a year. In view of these facts the opponents of corn have been forced to admit that maize is a suitable diet for draft horses. They have insisted, however, that, inasmuch as it does not contain the alleged stimulating principle, "avenin," it ought not to be used for race-horses.

Corn and oats are quite similar in composition, but whereas oats contain from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of indigestible hull, the skin or hull of maize amounts to practically nothing. This shows why horses thrive better, and are more apt to retain their weight, *on corn than on oats*.

Barley is a staple feeding stuff for horses in Italy, Algeria, Spain and other countries where oats cannot be profitably raised. In England, young race-horses in training are subsisted largely on beans, and it is said to be always possible to recognize in the hunting field, by their great endurance, the horses that are fed on these legumes.

Petroleum for Street Sprinkling

Something new in road-making is reported from California, and recommended for adoption in the East. It is a method of converting dusty roads into smooth and excellent pathways for vehicles by the simple process of sprinkling them with petroleum, and wonders are said to be accomplished by it.

Recently some of the railways in the Eastern States have been improving their road-beds by a similar use of mineral oil, which, being applied with a sprinkler twice a year or oftener, serves not only to hold down the dust, thus diminishing the disagreeableness of travel by rail, but acts as a cement, fastening the particles together and making a hard and firm surface.

Sixty barrels (forty-two gallons each) distributed in a fine spray by means of a machine on a cart resembling a street-sprinkler will, as has been found, suffice for one mile, at first. Afterward, two more applications of twenty barrels to the mile are made, and the road is beautifully macadamized to all intents and purposes, with a surface so hard as to be dust-free.

The oil costs only ninety-five cents a barrel, so that the expense for material employed is but ninety-five dollars a mile—a very moderate price for transforming dusty roads into highways smooth and hard as city streets. Petroleum of the kind known in the East has paraffin as its base, but the mineral oil produced in California has for a base asphaltum, so that it serves particularly well for the purpose described, the roads treated being in a manner paved with asphalt.

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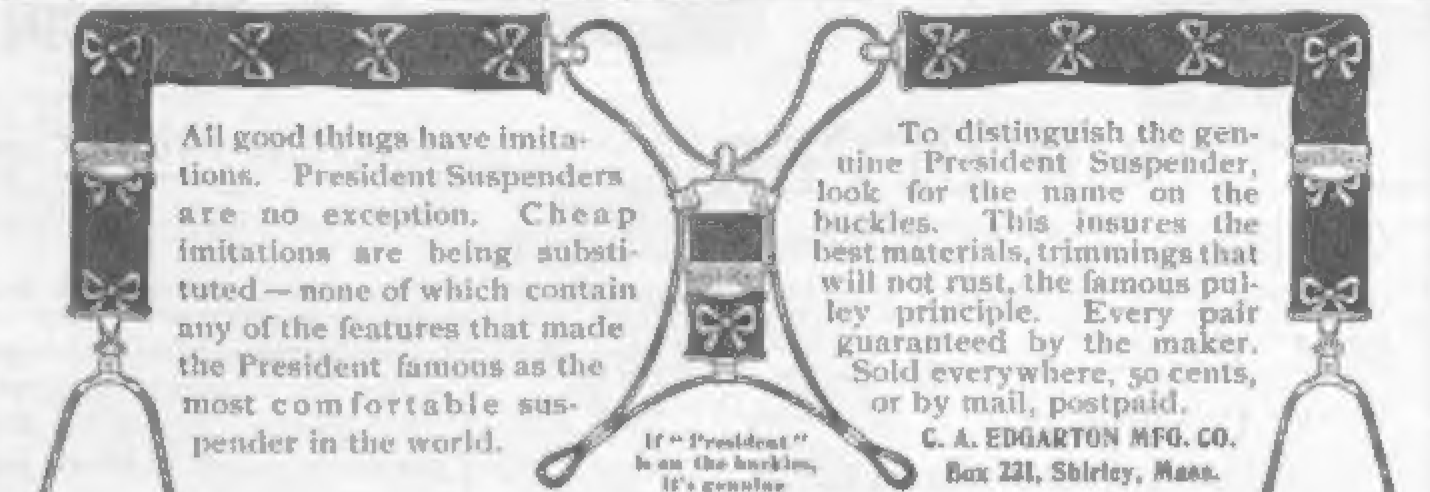
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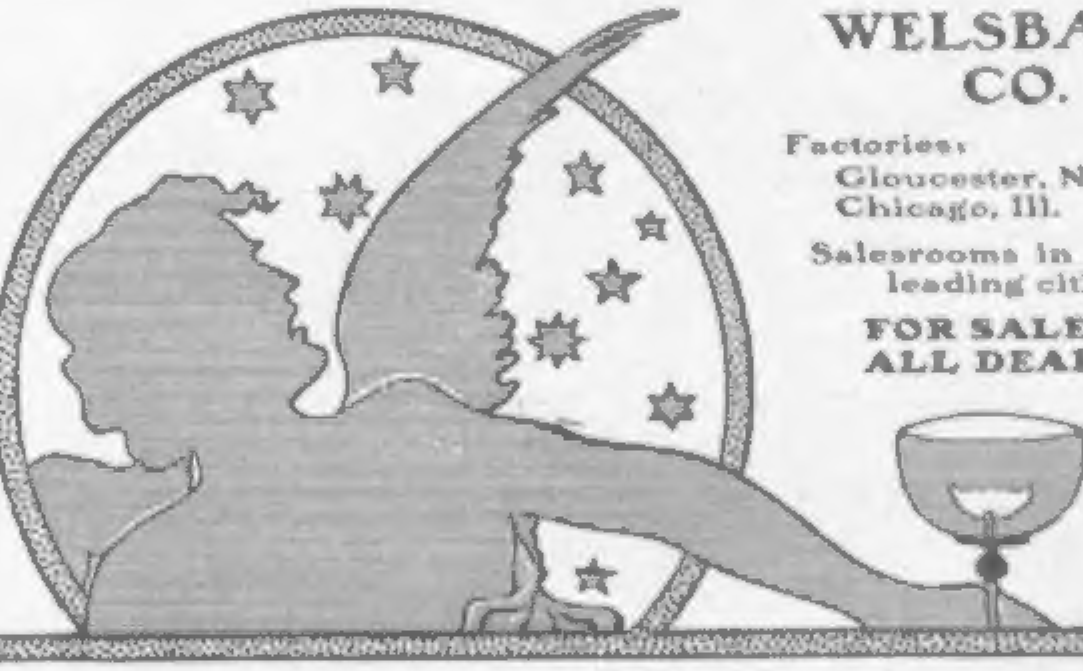

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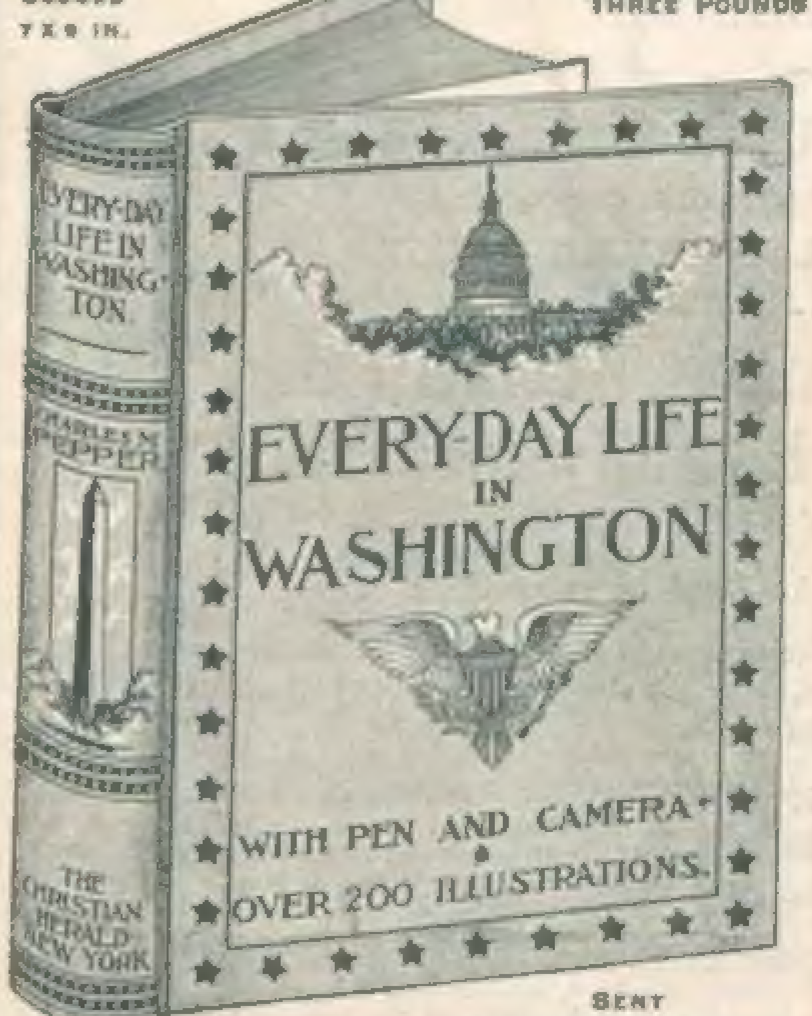
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